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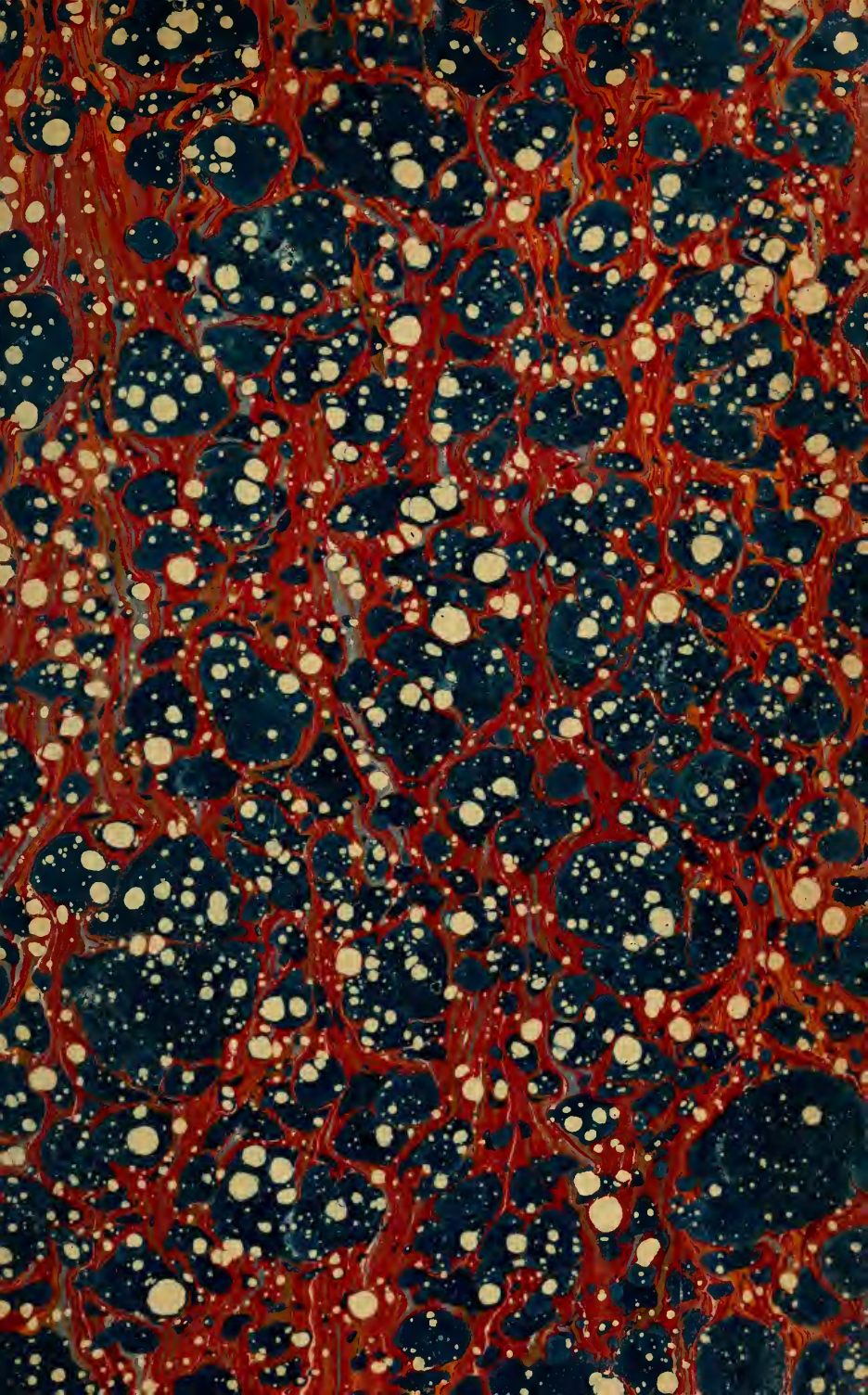
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The Pictorial
Book of Ballads
Traditional & Romantic

Edited by J. S. Moore Esq



v. 1

1849

LONDON.

MENRY WASHBOURNE,

18 NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS.



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P R E F A C E.

THE PICTORIAL BOOK OF BALLADS is intended to supply what is conceived to be a desideratum in English literature, by gathering together, in one 'local habitation,' the ballad lore in which that literature is so rich; and thus presenting the general reader, in a compact form and at a moderate price, with that which has hitherto lain scattered through numerous and costly volumes. Nothing critical, therefore, or recondite, is to be looked for in the work, the object of which is simply to bring under the notice of those who might be considered unlikely to go in quest of it themselves, the ballad literature of their country. At a time, too, when the press teems with cheap publications,—some of them, by the way, of a character calculated to excite in the warmest advocates for its liberty doubts whether that liberty is not degenerating into licentiousness,—it was hoped that those whom it is now the fashion to call 'the million,' might be seduced into purchasing a work of this kind; and so be led gradually, and as it were involuntarily, if not indeed in spite of themselves, to exchange the garbage with which they are but too prodigally gorged, for more wholesome food. The plan of periodical publication was therefore adopted, and at a price which would put it in the power of every one; and, as seeming likely to aid in effecting the object in view, Pictorial Illustrations were employed, with a profusion and excellence never before attempted in similar circumstances. The hope, however, on which this plan was founded, has not been realized; 'the million' have too long 'battered on the moor' to be able to breathe the bracing air of the mountain; the work

has found its patrons amongst a higher class than those for whom it was designed; and it has consequently been determined to discontinue the periodical publication, without, however, in anywise altering the character of the work, which still professes to be, and is, essentially and exclusively popular.

With regard to the sources from which its materials are derived, it may be sufficient to say here, that they are invariably pointed out and referred to in the Introductory Notice prefixed to each ballad; by reference to which it will be seen that not only Percy, Ritson, and such well known sources, have been resorted to, but some others not so accessible and familiar. For these, as far as the present volume is concerned, the Editor is principally indebted to the kindness of his friend, J. H. Dixon, Esq., an active and zealous member of the Percy Society, to whom he begs thus publicly to return his thanks for the warm interest he has ever taken in the success of the work, and the many valuable suggestions by which he has improved it.

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Chevy-Chase.

[THERE are two versions of this ballad. The older, which he calls the 'genuine antique poem, the true original song,' Bishop Percy thinks, was written not later than the time of Henry VI.; and the more modern one, which we have adopted, as more intelligible to the general reader, 'not much later than the time of Queen Elizabeth.' When—if ever—the 'woefull hunting' befell, can only be conjectured. 'This celebrated lay,' says Mr. Hallam, 'relates a totally fictitious event with all historical particularity, and with real names.' Perhaps, however, the ballad had, originally, some foundation in fact. It was a law of the Marches that neither party should hunt on the other's borders without leave from the proprietors or their deputies. Some transgression of this law may be commemorated in 'The Hunting a' the Cheviat'—for such was the original title—and this 'hunting' may have led to the battle of Otterbourne, in 1388, the only one mentioned in history wherein a Douglas was slain fighting with a Percy. Be this, however, as it may, the ballad itself has ever been a general favourite. Sidney, 'the soul of chivalry,' never heard the old song of Percie and Douglas, that he 'found not his heart moved more than with the sound of a trumpet,' and Mr. Addison wrote an elaborate commentary upon it. (Spectator, 70, 74.)



GOD prosper long our noble king,
 Our lives and safeties all;
A woefull hunting once there did
 In Chevy-Chase befell.

To drive the deere with hound and horne,
Erle Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborne
The hunting of that day.

The stout Erle of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summers days to take;

The cheefest harts in Chevy-Chase
To kill and beare away.
These tydings to Erle Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay:

Who sent Erle Percy present word,
He would prevent his sport.
The English erle, not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of neede
To ayme their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran
To chase the fallow deere:
On Munday they began to hunt
Ere daylight did appeare;

And long before high noone they had
An hundred fat buckes slain;
Then having dined, the drovyers went
To rouse the deere again.

The bowmen mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure;
Their backsides all, with speciall care,
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deere to take;
That with their cryes the hills and dales
An eccho shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughterd deere;
Quoth he, Erle Douglas promised
This day to meet me heere:

But if I thought he wold not come,
Noe longer wold I stay.
With that a brave young gentleman
Thus to the erle did say:

Loe, yonder doth Erle Douglas come,
His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish speres
All marching in our sight;

All men of pleasant Tivydale,
Fast by the river Tweede:
O cease your sport, Erle Percy said,
And take your bowes with speede:

And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For never was there champion yett,
In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on horsebacke come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spere.

Erle Douglas on his milke-white steede,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

Show me, sayd hee, whose men you bee,
That hunt so boldly heere,
That, without my consent, doe chase
And kill my fallow deere.

The first man that did answer make,
Was noble Percy hee;
Who sayd, Wee list not to declare,
Nor show whose men wee bee:

Yet will wee spend our deerest blood,
Thy cheefest harts to slay.
Then Douglas swore a solempne oathe,
And thus in rage did say—

Ere thus I will out-braved bee,
One of us two shall dye:
I know thee well, an erle thou art,
Lord Percy, soe am I.

But trust me, Percy, pitye it were,
 And great offence to kill
 Any of these our guiltlesse men,
 For they have done no ill.

Let you and me the battel trye,
 And set our men aside.
 Accurst be he, Erle Percy sayd,
 By whom this is denyed.

Then stept a gallant squier forth,
 Witherington was his name,
 Who said, I wold not have it told
 To Henry, our king, for shame,

That e'er my captain fought on foote,
 And I stood looking on.
 You be two erles, sayd Witherington,
 And I a squier alone:

I'll doe the best that doe I may,
 While I have power to stand:
 While I have power to weeld my sword,
 I'll fight with heart and hand.

Our English archers bent their bowes,
 Their hearts were good and trew ;
 At the first flight of arrowes sent,
 Full fourscore Scotts they slew.

Yet bides Erle Douglas on the bent,
 As chieftain stout and good ;
 As valiant captain, all unmoved,
 The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,
 As leader ware and tryd ;
 And soon his spearmen on their foes
 Bare down on every side.

Throughout the English archery
 They dealt full many a wound ;
 But still our valiant Englishmen
 All firmly kept their ground.

And throwing strait their bowes away,
 They graspt their swords so bright :
 And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,
 On shields and helmets light.

They closed full fast on every side,
Noe slacknes there was found ;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ ! it was a grieft to see,
And likewise for to heare,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scattered here and there.

At last these two stout erles did meet,
Like captaines of great might :
Like lions wode, they layd on lode,
And made a cruell fight.

They fought untill they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steele ;
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feele.

Yeeld thee, Lord Percy, Douglas sayd ;
In faith I will thee bringe
Where thou shalt high advanced bee
By James, our Scottish king.

Thy ransome I will freely give,
And thus report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see.

Noe, Douglas, quoth Erle Percy then,
Thy proffer I doe scorne ;
I will not yeelde to any Scott
That ever yett was borne.

With that there came an arrow keene
Out of an English bow,
Which strucke Erle Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadlye blow :

Who never spake more words than these—
Fight on my merry men all ;
For why, my life is at an end,
Lord Percy sees my fall.

Then leaving liffe, Erle Percy tooke
The dead man by the hand ;
And said, Erle Douglas, for thy life
Wold I had lost my land.

O Christ! my very hart doth bleed
 With sorrow for thy sake ;
 For sure a more redoubted knight
 Mischance cold never take.

A knight amongst the Scotts there was,
 Which saw Erle Douglas dye,
 Who streight in wrath did vow revenge
 Upon the Erle Percy :

Sir Hugh Mountgomerye was he calld,
 Who, with a spere most bright,
 Well mounted on a gallant steed,
 Ran fiercely through the fight ;

And past the English archers all,
 Without all dread or feare ;
 And through Erle Percy's body then
 He thrust his hatefull spere ;

With such a vehement force and might
 He did his body gore,
 The staff went through the other side
 A large cloth-yard and more.

So thus did both these nobles dye,
 Whose courage none could staine :
 An English archer then perceiv'd
 The noble erle was slaine :

He had a bow bent in his hand,
 Made of a trusty tree ;
 An arrow of a cloth-yard long
 Up to the head drew hee :

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomerye
 So right the shaft he sett,
 The gray goose wing that was thereon
 In his hart's bloode was wett.

This fight did last from breake of day
 Till setting of the sun ;
 For when they rung the evening-bell,
 The battel scarce was done.

With brave Erle Percy there was slaine
 Sir John of Egerton,
 Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
 Sir James, that bold baron.

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slaine,
Whose prowesse did surmount.

For Witherington needs I must waile,
As one in doleful dumpes ;
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumpes.

And with Erle Douglas there was slaine
Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,
Sir Charles Murray, that from the feeld
One foote wold never flee.

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff, too,
His sister's sonne was hee;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteemd,
Yet saved cold not bee.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
Did with Erle Douglas dye:
Of twenty hundred Scottish speres,
Scarce fifty-five did flye.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three;
The rest were slaine in Chevy-Chase,
Under the greenewood tree.

Next day did many widowes come,
Their husbands to bewaile;
They washt their wounds in brinish teares,
But all wold not prevayle.

Theyr bodies, bathed in purple gore,
They bare with them away;
They kisst them dead a thousand times,
Ere they were cladd in clay.

This newes was brought to Eddenborrow,
Where Scotland's king did raigne,
That brave Erle Douglas suddenlye
Was with an arrow slaine:

O heavy newes, King James did say,
Scotland can witness bee
I have not any captaine more
Of such account as hee.

Like tydings to King Henry came
 Within as short a space,
 That Percy of Northumberland
 Was slaine in Chevy-Chase:

Now God be with him, said our king,
 Sith it will noe better bee;
 I trust I have within my realme
 Five hundred as good as hee.

Yet shall not Scots or Scotland say
 But I will vengeance take:
 I'll be revenged on them all,
 For brave Erle Percy's sake.

This vow full well the king performd
 After at Humbledowne;
 In one day fifty knights were slayne,
 With lordes of great renowne:

And of the rest, of small account,
 Did many hundreds dye.
 Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chase,
 Made by the Erle Percy.

God save our king, and bless this land,
 In plentye, joye, and peace;
 And grant, henceforth, that foule debate
 'Twixt noblemen may cease.



THE
NUT BROWNE
MAYDE



[This fine old ballad appears to have been first printed, about 1520, in a black-letter book, entitled, 'The Customes of London, or, Arnolde Chronicle;' no earlier copy having been discovered. It was probably an old piece, even then; or an antiquary like Arnolde would hardly have inserted it among his historical Collections. Indeed it has been supposed to have been written as early as the year 1400. It was revived in 'The Muses Mercury' for June, 1707; where it is said to be 'near three hundred years old.' Prior, who founded upon it his 'Henry and Emma,' printed it with his Poems, (1718,) asserting it to have been 'written near three hundred years since;' and Dr. Percy included it in his 'Reliques.' 'Its sentimental beauties,' he says, 'have always recommended it to readers of taste, notwithstanding the rust of antiquity which obscures the style and expression.' We give it in that rust; nothing doubting that every reader will prefer it to any modern polish that could be put upon it.]



BEit ryght or wrong, these men among
On women do complayne;
Affyrmyng this, how that it is
A labour spent in vayne,
To love them wele; for never a dele
They love a man agayne:
For late a man do what he can,
Theyr favour to attayne,
Yet, yf a newe do them pursue,
Theyr first true lover than
Laboureth for nought; for from her thought
He is a banyshed man.

I say not nay, but that all day
 It is bothe writ and sayd
 That womans faith is, as who sayth,
 All utterly decayd;
 But, neverthesse, ryght good wytnesse
 In this case might be layd,
 That they love true and continue:
 Recorde the Not-browne Mayde:
 Which, when her love came, her to prove,
 To her to make his mone,
 Wolde not depart: for in her hart
 She loved but hym alone.

Than betwaine us late us dyscus
 What was all the manere
 Betwayne them two: we wyll also
 Tell all the payne and fere
 That she was in. Nowe I begyn,
 So that ye me answere;
 Wherefore, all ye, that present be,
 I pray you, gyve an ere.
 I am the knyght; I come by nyght,
 As secret as I can;
 Sayinge, Alas! thus standeth the case,
 I am a banyshed man.

And I your wyll for to fulfill
 In this wyll not refuse;
 Trustyng to shewe, in wordes fewe,
 That men have an yll use
 (To theyr own shame) women to blame,
 And causeless them accuse;
 Therfore, to you I answere nowe,
 All women to excuse,—
 Myne owne hart dere, with you what chere?
 I pray you tell anone;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

It standeth so; a deed is do,
 Whereof grete harm shall growe;
 My destiny is for to dy
 A shamefull deth, I trowe;
 Or elles to flee: the one must be.
 None other way I knowe,
 But to withdrawe, as an outlawe,
 And take me to my bowe.

Wherefore adue, my owne hart true!
 None other rede I can:
 For I must to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

O Lord, what is thys worldys blysse,
 That changeth as the mone!
 My somers day in lusty May
 Is derked before the none.
 I hear you say, Farewell! Nay, nay,
 We depart not so sone.
 Why say ye so? wheder wyll ye go?
 Alas! what have ye done?
 All my welfare to sorrowe and care
 Sholde chaunge yf ye were gone;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

I can beleve, it shall you greve,
 And somewhat you dystayne:
 But aftyrwarde, your paynes harde
 Within a day or twayne
 Shall sone aslake; and ye shall take
 Comfort to you agayne.
 Why sholde ye ought? for to make thought,
 Your labour were in vayne.
 And thus I do, and pray you to,
 As hartely as I can;
 For I must to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

Now syth that ye have shewed to me
 The secret of your mynde,
 I shall be playne to you agayne,
 Lyke as ye shall me fynde.
 Syth it is so that ye wyll go,
 I wolle not leve behynde;
 Shall never be sayd, the Not-Browne Mayde
 Was to her love unkynde:
 Make you redy, for so am I,
 Although it were anone;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

Yet I you rede to take good hede
 What men wyll thynke, and say:
 Of yonge and olde it shall be tolde,
 That ye be gone away,

Your wanton wyll for to fulfyll,
 In grene wode you to play ;
 And that ye myght from your delyght
 No longer make delay.
 Rather than ye sholde thus for me
 Be called an yll womàn,
 Yet wolde I to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

Though it be songe of old and yonge,
 That I sholde be to blame,
 Theyrs be the charge, that speke so large
 In hurtyng of my name :
 For I wyll prove, that faythfulle love
 It is devoyd of shame ;
 In your dystresse, and hevynesse,
 To part with you, the same :
 And sure all tho, that do not so,
 True lovers are they none ;
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde,
 I love but you alone.

I counceyle you, remember howe
 It is no mayden's lawe
 Nothyng to dout, but to renne out
 To wode with an outlawe ;
 For ye must there in your hand bere
 A bowe, redy to drawe ;
 And as a thefe, thus must you lyve,
 Ever in drede and awe.
 Whereby to you grete harme myght growe :
 Yet had I lever than,
 That I had to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

I thynke not nay, but as ye say,
 It is no mayden's lore :
 But love may make me for your sake,
 As I have sayd before,
 To come on fote, to hunt and shote
 To get us mete in store ;
 For so that I your company
 May have, I aske no more :
 From which to part it maketh my hart
 As cold as ony stone ;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

For an outlawe this is the lawe,
 That men hym take and bynde ;
 Without pyté, hanged to be,
 And waver with the wynde.
 If I had nede, (as God forbede !)
 What rescous coud ye fynde ?
 Forsoth, I trowe, ye and your bowe
 For fere wolde draw behynde :
 And no mervayle ; for lytell avayle
 Were in your counceyle than :
 Wherefore I wyll to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

Ryght wele knowe ye, that women be
 But feble for to fyght ;
 No womanhede it is indede
 To be bolde as a knyght :
 Yet, in such fere, yf that ye were
 With enemyes day or nyght,
 I wolde withstande, with bowe in hande,
 To greve them as I myght,
 And you to save; as women have
 From deth many one :
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

Yet take good hede, for ever I drede
 That ye coude not sustayne
 The thornie wayès, the depe valèies,
 The snowe, the frost, the rayne.
 The colde, the hete; for dry or wete,
 We must lodge on the playne;
 And us above, none other rofe
 But a brake bush or twayne :
 Which sone sholde greve you, I beleve,
 And ye wolde gladly than
 That I had to the grenewode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

Syth I have here been partynere,
 With you of joy and blysse,
 I must also parte of your wo
 Endure, as reson is.
 Yet I am sure of one plesùre,
 And, shortely, it is this;
 That, where ye be, me seemeth, pardé,
 I colde not fare amysse.

Without more speche, I you beseche
 That we were sone agone,
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

If ye go thyder, ye must consyder,
 When ye have lust to dyne,
 There shall no mete be for to gete,
 Nor drinke, bere, ale, ne wyne,
 No shetes clene, to lye betwene,
 Made of threde and twyne;
 None other house but leves and bowes,
 To cover your hed and myne.
 Oh myne harte swete, this evyll dyete,
 Sholde make you pale and wan;
 Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

Among the wylde dere, such an archére,
 As men say that ye be,
 Ne may not fayle of good vitayle,
 Where is so grete plente.
 And water clere of the ryvére,
 Shall be full swete to me.
 With which in hele, I shall ryght wele
 Endure, as ye shall see;
 And, or we go, a bedde or two
 I can provyde anone;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

Lo yet, before, ye must do more,
 Yf ye wyll go with me;
 As cut your here up by your ere,
 Your kyrtle by the kne;
 With bowe in hande, for to withstande
 Your enemyes, yf nede be;
 And this same nyght, before day-lyght,
 To wode-warde wyll I fle.
 Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill,
 Doit shortely as ye can:
 Els wyll I to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

I shall as nowe do more for you
 Than longeth to womanhede,
 To shorte my here, a bow to bere,
 To shote in tyme of nede.

O, my swete mother, before all other
 For you I have most drede;
 But nowe adue! I must ensue
 Where fortune doth me lede.
 All this make ye: Now let us fle;
 The day cometh fast upon:
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

Nay, nay, not so; ye shall not go,
 And I shall tell ye why:
 Your appetyght is to be lyght
 Of love, I wele espy:
 For lyke as ye have sayed to me,
 In lyke wyse, hardely,
 Ye wolde answe're whosoever it were,
 In way of company.
 It is sayd of old, Sone hot, sone colde;
 And so is a woman ;
 Wherefore I to the wode wyll go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

Yf ye take hede, it is no nede
 Such wordes to say by me ;
 For oft ye prayed and longe assayed,
 Or I you loved, parde :
 And though that I, of auncestry,
 A baron's daughter be,
 Yet have you proved howe I you loved,
 A squyer of low degre ;
 And ever shall, whatso befall ;
 To dye therfore anone ;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

A baron's chylde to be begylde,
 It were a cursed dede !
 To be felawe with an outlawe
 Almighty God forbede !
 Yt beter were, the poor squyère
 Alone to forest yede,
 Than ye sholde say, another day,
 That, by my cursed dede,
 Ye were betrayd : Wherefore, good mayd,
 The best rede that I can,
 Is, that I to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man,

Whatever befall, I never shall
 Of this thyng you upbrayd ;
 But, yf ye go, and leve me so,
 Than have ye me betrayd.
 Remember you wele, howe that ye dele ;
 For yf ye, as ye sayd,
 Be so unkynde to leve behynde
 Your love, the Not-Browne Mayd,
 Trust me truly, that I shall dye
 Sone after ye be gone ;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

Yf that ye went, ye sholde repent ;
 For in the forest nowe
 I have purvayed me of a mayd,
 Whom I love more than you ;
 Another fayrère than ever ye were,
 I dare it wele avowe,
 And of you bothe eche sholde be wrothe
 With other, as I trowe :
 It were myne ese to lyve in pese ;
 So wyll I, yf I ean ;
 Wherefore I to the wode wyll go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

Though in the wode I undyrstode
 Ye had a paramour,
 All this may nought remove my thought,
 But that I wyll be your.
 And she shall fynde me soft and kynde
 And courteys every hour;
 Glad to fulfyll all that she wyll
 Commaunde me to my power.
 For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,
 Of them I wolde be one;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

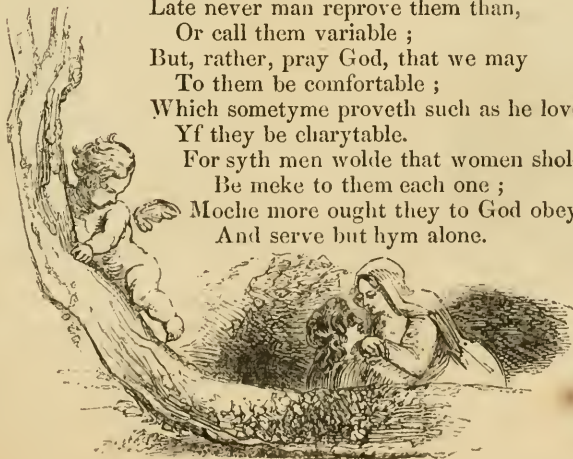
Myne own dere love, I see the prove
 That ye be kynde and true;
 Of mayde and wyfe, in all my lyfe,
 The best that ever I knewe.
 Be merry and glad; be no more sad;
 The case is chaunged newe;
 For it were ruthe, that, for your truthe,
 Ye sholde have cause to rewe.

Be not dismayed ; whatever I sayd
 To you, when I began ;
 I wyll not to the grene wode go,
 I am no banyshed man.

These tydings be more gladd to me,
 Than to be made a quene,
 Yf I were sure they sholde endure :
 But it is often sene,
 When men wyll breke promyse, they speke
 The wordes on the splene.
 Ye shape some wyle me to begyle,
 And stele from me, I wene :
 Than were the case worse than it was,
 And I more wo-begone :
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

Ye shall not nede further to drede :
 I wyll not disparage
 You (God defend !) syth ye descend
 Of so grete a lynage.
 Now undyrstande ; to Westmarlande,
 Which is myne herytage,
 I wyll you brynge ; and with a rynge,
 By way of maryage
 I wyll you take, and lady make,
 As shortely as I can :
 Thus have you won an erlys son,
 And not a banyshed man.

Here may ye se, that women be
 In love, meke, kynde and stable :
 Late never man reprove them than,
 Or call them variable ;
 But, rather, pray God, that we may
 To them be comfortable ;
 Which sometyme proveth such as he loveth,
 Yf they be charytable.
 For syth men wolde that women sholde
 Be meke to them each one ;
 Mochie more ought they to God obey,
 And serve but hym alone.





The Mermaid.

[This ballad, written by Dr. Leyden, was first published in the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.' 'It is founded,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'upon a Gaelic traditional ballad called 'Macphail of Colonsay and the Mermaid of Corrivrekin,' a dangerous gulf, lying between the islands of Jura and Scarba. 'The Gaelic story bears, that Macphail of Colonsay was carried off by a mermaid while passing the gulf above-mentioned; that they resided together, in a grotto beneath the sea, for several years, during which time she bore him five children; but finally, he tired of her society, and having prevailed upon her to carry him near the shore of Colonsay, he escaped to land.' The reader may find more about mermaids in the 'Telliamed' of M. Maillet; in Pontoppidan's 'Natural History of Norway'; and in an old work, the 'Kong's Shuggsio, or Royal Mirror,' written, it is believed, about 1170. Some very remarkable stories are also told of them in Waldron's 'History of the Isle of Man.']



N Jura's heath how sweetly swell
 The murmurs of the mountain bee !
 How softly mourns the writhed shell
 Of Jura's shore, its parent sea !

But softer floating o'er the deep,
The Mermaid's sweet sea-soothing lay,
That charmed the dancing waves to sleep,
Before the bark of Colonsay.

Aloft the purple pennons wave,
As, parting gay from Crinan's shore,
From Morven's wars the seamen brave
Their gallant chieftain homeward bore.

In youth's gay bloom, the brave Macphail
Still blamed the lingering bark's delay ;
For her he chid the flagging sail,
The lovely maid of Colonsay.

And 'raise,' he cried, 'the song of love,
The maiden sung with tearful smile,
When first, o'er Jura's hills to rove,
We left afar the lonely isle !

"When on this ring of ruby red
Shall die," she said, "the crimson hue,
Know that thy favourite fair is dead,
Or proves to thee and love untrue."

Now, lightly poised, the rising oar
Disperses wide the foamy spray,
And, echoing far o'er Crinan's shore,
Resounds the song of Colonsay.

'Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail!
Soothe to rest the furrowy seas,
Before my love, sweet western gale!

Where the wave is tinged with red,
And the russet sea-leaves grow,
Mariners, with prudent dread,
Shun the shelving reefs below.

As you pass through Jura's sound,
Bend your course by Scarba's shore;
Shun, O shun, the gulf profound,
Where Corrivrekin's surges roar!

If from that unbottomed deep,
With wrinkled form and wreathed train,
O'er the verge of Scarba's steep,
The sea-snake heave his snowy mane,

Unwarp, unwind his oozy coils,
Sea-green sisters of the main,
And, in the gulf where ocean boils,
The unwieldy wallowing monster chain.

Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail!
Soothe to rest the furrowed seas,
Before my love, sweet western gale!

Thus, all to soothe the chieftain's woe,
Far from the maid he loved so dear,
The song arose, so soft and slow,
He seemed her parting sigh to hear.

The lonely deck he paces o'er,
Impatient for the rising day,
And still from Crinan's moonlight shore,
He turns his eyes to Colonsay.

The moonbeams crisp the curling surge,
That streaks with foam the ocean green:
While forward still the rowers urge
Their course, a female form was seen.

That sea-maid's form, of pearly light,
Was whiter than the downy spray,
And round her bosom heaving bright
Her glossy yellow ringlets play.

Borne on a foamy crested wave,
She reached amain the bounding prow,
Then clasping fast the chieftain brave,
She, plunging, sought the deep below.

Ah! long beside thy feignéd bier,
The monks the prayer of death shall say;
And long for thee the fruitless tear
Shall weep the maid of Colonsay!

But downward, like a powerless corse,
The eddying waves the chieftain bear;
He only heard the moaning hoarse
Of waters, murmuring in his ear.

The murmurs sink by slow degrees;
No more the waters round him rave;
Lulled by the music of the seas,
He lies within a coral cave.

In dreamy mood reclines he long,
Nor dares his tranced eyes unclose,
'Till, warbling wild, the sea-maid's song
Far in the crystal cavern rose;

Soft as that harp's unseen controul,
In morning dreams which lovers hear,
Whose strains steal sweetly o'er the soul,
But never reach the waking ear.

As sunbeams through the tepid air,
When clouds dissolve the dew's unseen,
Smile on the flowers that bloom more fair,
And fields that glow with livelier green;

So melting soft the music fell;
It seemed to soothe the fluttering spray—
'Say, heardst thou not these wild notes swell?
Ah! 'tis the song of Colonsay.'

Like one that from a fearful dream
Awakes, the morning light to view,
And joys to see the purple beam,
Yet fears to find the vision true,

He heard that strain, so wildly sweet,
Which bade his torpid languor fly;
He feared some spell had bound his feet,
And hardly dared his limbs to try.

'This yellow sand, this sparry cave,
Shall bend thy soul to beauty's sway;
Canst thou the maiden of the wave
Compare to her of Colonsay?'

Roused by that voice of silver sound,
From the paved floor he lightly sprung,
And glancing wild his eyes around
Where the fair nymph her tresses wrung;

No form he saw of mortal mould;
It shone like ocean's snowy foam;
Her ringlets waved in living gold,
Her mirror crystal, pearl the comb.

Her pearly comb the siren took,
And careless bound her tresses wild;
Still o'er the mirror stole her look,
As on the wondering youth she smiled.

Like music from the greenwood tree,
 Again she raised the melting lay;—
 'Fair warrior, wilt thou dwell with me,
 And leave the Maid of Colonsay?

Fair is the crystal hall for me,
 With rubies and with emeralds set;
 And sweet the music of the sea
 Shall sing, when we for love are met.

How sweet to dance with gliding feet
 Along the level tide so green;
 Responsive to the cadence sweet
 That breathes along the moonlight scene!

And soft the music of the main
 - Rings from the motley tortoise-shell;
 While moonbeams o'er the watery plain
 Seem trembling in its fitful swell.

How sweet, when billows heave their head,
 And shake their snowy crests on high,
 Serene in Ocean's sapphire bed
 Beneath the tumbling surge to lie;

To trace, with tranquil step, the deep,
 Where pearly drops of frozen dew
 In concave shells unconscious sleep,
 Or shine with lustre, silvery blue!

Then all the summer sun, from far,
 Pour through the wave a softer ray;
 While diamonds, in a bower of spar,
 At eve shall shed a brighter day.

Nor stormy wind, nor wintry gale,
 That o'er the angry ocean sweep,
 Shall e'er our coral groves assail,
 Calm in the bosom of the deep.

Through the green meads beneath the sea,
 Enamoured we shall fondly stray—
 Then, gentle warrior, dwell with me,
 And leave the Maid of Colonsay!

'Though bright thy locks of glistening gold,
 Fair maiden of the foamy main!
 Thy life-blood is the water cold,
 While mine beats high in every vein:

If I, beneath thy sparry cave,
 Should in thy snowy arms recline,
 Inconstant as the restless wave,
 My heart would grow as cold as thine.'

As cygnet down, proud swelled her breast,
 Her eye confessed the pearly tear:
 His hand she to her bosom presst,—
 'Is there no heart for rapture here?'

These limbs, sprung from the lucid sea,
 Does no warm blood their currents fill;
 No heart-pulse riot, wild and free,
 To joy, to love's delirious thrill?'

'Though all the splendour of the sea
 Around thy faultless beauty shine,
 That heart, that riots wild and free,
 Can hold no sympathy with mine.

These sparkling eyes, so wild and gay,
 They swim not in the light of love:
 The beauteous Maid of Colonsay,
 Her eyes are milder than the dove!

Even now, within the lonely isle,
 Her eyes are dim with tears for me;
 And canst thou think that siren smile
 Can lure my soul to dwell with thee?'

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread,
 Unfolds in length her scaly train;
 She tossed in proud disdain her head,
 And lashed with webbed fin the main.

'Dwell here alone!' the Mermaid cried.
 'And view far off the sea-nymphs play;
 The prison-wall, the azure tide,
 Shall bar thy steps from Colonsay.

Whene'er, like Ocean's scaly brood,
 I cleave with rapid fin the wave,
 Far from the daughter of the flood,
 Conceal thee in this coral cave.

I feel my former soul return,
 It kindles at thy cold disdain:
 And has a mortal dared to spurn
 A daughter of the foamy main?'

She fled; around the crystal cave
 The rolling waves resume their road;
 On the broad portal idly rave,
 But enter not the nymph's abode.

And many a weary night went by,
 As in the lonely cave he lay;
 And many a sun rolled through the sky,
 And poured its beams on Colonsay.

And oft beneath the silver moon,
 He heard afar the Mermaid sing;
 And oft to many a meting tune,
 The shell-formed lyres of ocean ring.

And when the moon went down the sky,
 Still rose, in dreams, his native plain,
 And oft he thought his love was by,
 And charmed him with some tender strain:

And heart-sick, oft he waked to weep,
 When ceased that voice of silver sound,
 And thought to plunge him in the deep
 That walled his crystal cavern round.

But still the ring, of ruby red,
 Retained its vivid crimson hue;
 And each despairing accent fled,
 To find his gentle love so true.

When seven long lonely months were gone,
 The Mermaid to his cavern came,
 No more mis-shapen from the zone;
 But like a maid of mortal frame.

'O give to me that ruby ring,
 That on thy finger glances gay,
 And thou shalt hear the Mermaid sing
 The song thou love-t of Colonsay.'

'This ruby ring, of crimson grain,
 Shall on thy finger glitter gay,
 If thou wilt bear me through the main,
 Again to visit Colonsay.'

'Except thou quit thy former love,
 Content to dwell for aye with me,
 Thy scorn my finny frame might move
 To tear thy limbs amid the sea.'

' Then bear me swift along the main,
The lonely isle again to see;
And when I here return again,
I plight my faith to dwell with thee.'

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread,
While slow unfolds her scaly train;
With gluey fangs her hands were clad;
She lashed with webbed fin the main.

He grasps the Mermaid's scaly sides,
As with broad fin she oars her way;
Beneath the silent moon she glides,
That sweetly sleeps on Colonsay.

Proud swells her heart! she deems at last
To lure him with her silver tongue,
And, as the shelving rocks she past,
She raised her voice and sweetly sung.

In softer, sweeter strains she sung,
Slow gliding o'er the moonlight bay,
When light to land the chieftain sprung,
To hail the Maid of Colonsay.

O sad the Mermaid's gay notes fell,
And sadly sink remote at sea!
So sadly mourns the writhed shell
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea.

And ever as the year returns,
The charm-bound sailors know the day;
For sadly still the Mermaid mourns
The lovely Chief of Colonsay.





ROBIN HOOD.

HIS BIRTH, BREEDING, VALOUR, AND MARRIAGE.

[This ballad is printed from Ritson's 'Robin Hood;' where it is given 'from a black-letter copy in the possession of the Duke of Roxburgh. The full title of the original,' says Ritson, 'is, 'A new ballad of bold Robin Hood: shewing his birth, breeding, valour, and marriage at Titbury Bull-running. Calculated for the meridian of Staffordshire, but may serve for Derbyshire or Kent.' With regard to its antiquity, the editor of the 'Collection of Old Ballads,' 1723, thinks it 'one of the oldest extant on the subject.' On the other hand, to Dr. Percy it 'seems of much later date than most of the others; and can scarce be older,' he says, 'than the reign of King Charles I.' (Reliques, I. cii.) For this opinion, and for 'thinking that it is not found in the Pepys collection,' Ritson, after his manner, falls foul of the Bishop; without, however, doing more than pointing out that 'in the second volume of that collection, any person disposed to the search, will find at least two copies of it, both in black letter.' Be its precise date, however, what it may, the reader will probably agree with Dr. Percy, that 'from this ballad's concluding with an exhortation to 'pray for the king,' &c., it is evidently posterior to the reign of Queen Elizabeth.']



AND gentlemen, will you be patient awhile?
 Ay, and then you shall hear anon
 A very good ballad of bold Robin Hood,
 And of his brave man Little John.

In Locksly town, in merry Nottinghamshire,
In merry sweet Locksly town,
There bold Robin Hood he was born and was bred,
Bold Robin of famous renown.

The father of Robin a forrester was,
And he shot in a lusty strong bow
Two north-country miles and an inch at a shot,
As the Pindar of Wakefield does know.

For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clugh,
And William of Clowdesle,
To shoot with our forrester for forty mark,
And the forrester beat them all three.

His mother was neece to the Coventry knight,
Which Warwickshire men call Sir Guy;
For he slew the blue bore that hangs up at the gate,
Or mine host of the Bull tells a lie.

Her brother was Gamwel, of Great Gamwel-hall,
A noble house-keeper was he,
Ay, as ever broke bread in sweet Nottinghamshire,
And a 'squire of famous degree.

The mother of Robin said to her husband,
My honey, my love, and my dear,
Let Robin and I ride this morning to Gamwel,
To taste of my brother's good cheer.

And he said, I grant thee thy boon, gentle Joan,
Take one of my horses, I pray:
The sun is arising, and therefore make haste,
For to-morrow is Christmas day.

Then Robin Hood's father's grey gelding was brought,
And saddled and bridled was he;
God-wot a blue bonnet, his new suit of cloaths,
And a cloak that did reach to his knee.

She got on her holyday kirtle and gown,
They were of a light Lincoln green;
The cloath was homespun, but for colour and make
It might have beseemed our queen.

And then Robin got on his basket-hilt sword,
And his dagger on his tother side;
And said, My dear mother, let's haste to be gone,
We have forty long miles to ride.

When Robin had mounted his gelding so grey,
His father, without any trouble,
Set her up behind him, and bad her not fear,
For his gelding had oft carried double.

And when she was settled, they rode to their neighbours,
And drank and shook hands with them all;
And then Robin gallopt, and never gave o're,
Till they lighted at Gamwel-hall.

And now you may think the right worshipful 'squire
Was joyful his sister to see;
For he kist her, and kist her, and swore a great oath,
Thou art welcome, kind sister, to me.

To-morrow, when mass had been said at the chappel,
Six tables were covered in the hall,
And in comes the 'squire and makes a short speech,
It was, Neighbours, you're welcome all.

But not a man here shall taste my March beer,
Till a Christmas carrol he does sing.
Then all clapt their hands, and they shouted and sung,
Till the hall and the parlour did ring.

Now mustard and brawn, roast beef and plumb pies,
Were set upon every table;
And noble George Gamwel said, Eat, and be merry,
And drink, too, as long as you're able.

When dinner was ended, his chaplain said grace,
And, Be merry, my friends, said the 'squire;
It rains and it blows, but call for more ale,
And lay some more wood on the fire.

And now call ye Little John hither to me,
For Little John is a fine lad,
At gambols and juggling, and twenty such tricks,
As shall make you both merry and glad.

When Little John came, to gambols they went,
Both gentlemen, yeomen, and clown;
And what do you think? Why, as true as I live,
Bold Robin Hood put them all down.

And now you may think the right worshipful 'squire
Was joyful this sight for to see;
For he said, Cousin Robin, thou'st go no more home,
But tarry and dwell here with me.

Thou shalt have my land when I die, and till then,
Thou shalt be the staff of my age.
Then grant me my boon, dear uncle, said Robin,
That Little John may be my page.

And he said, Kind cousin, I grant thee thy boon ;
With all my heart, so let it be.
Then come hither, Little John, said Robin Hood,
Come hither my page unto me.

Go fetch me my bow, my longest long bow,
And broad arrows one, two, or three,
For when 'tis fair weather we'll into Sherwood,
Some merry pastime to see.

When Robin Hood came into merry Sherwood,
He winded his bugle so clear;
And twice five and twenty good yeomen and bold,
Before Robin Hood did appear.

Where are your companions all ? said Robin Hood,
For still I want forty and three,
Then said a bold yeoman, Lo, yonder they stand,
All under the greenwood tree.

As that word was spoke, Clorinda came by,
The queen of the shepherds was she ;
And her gown was of velvet as green as the grass,
And her buskin did reach to her knee.

Her gate it was graceful, her body was straight,
And her countenance free from pride;
A bow in her hand, and a quiver of arrows
Hung dangling by her sweet side.

Her eyebrows were black, ay, and so was her hair,
And her skin was as smooth as glass ;
Her visage spoke wisdom, and modesty too ;
Sets with Robin Hood such a lass!

Said Robin Hood, Lady fair, whither away ?
O whither, fair lady, away ?
And she made him answer, To kill a fat buck ;
For to-morrow is Titbury day.

Said Robin Hood, Lady fair, wander with me
A li^{tt}l yonder green bower ;
There set down to rest you, and you shall be sure,
Of a brace or a leash in an hour.

And as we were going towards the green bower,
 Two hundred good bucks we espy'd ;
 She chose out the fattest that was in the herd,
 And she shot him through side and side.

By the faith of my body, said bold Robin Hood,
 I never saw woman like thee ;
 And com'st thou from east, or com'st thou from west,
 Thou need'st not beg venison of me.

However, along to my bower you shall go,
 And taste of a forrester's meat ;
 And when we came thither we found as good cheer
 As any man needs for to eat.

For there was hot venison, and warden pies cold,
 Cream clouted, and honeycombs plenty ;
 And the servitors they were, besides Little John,
 Good yeomen at least four and twenty.

Clorinda said, Tell me your name, gentle sir ;
 And he said, 'Tis bold Robin Hood :
 Squire Gamwel's my uncle, but all my delight
 Is to dwell in the merry Sherwood ;

For 'tis a fine life, and 'tis void of all strife,
 So 'tis, sir, Clorinda reply'd.
 But oh! said bold Robin, how sweet would it be,
 If Clorinda would be my bride.

She blusht at the motion; yet, after a pause,
 Said, Yes, sir, and with all my heart.
 Then let us send for a priest, said Robin Hood,
 And be married before we do part.

But she said, It may not be so, gentle sir,
 For I must be at Titbury feast;
 And if Robin Hood will go thither with me,
 I'll make him the most welcome guest.

Said Robin Hood, Reach me that buck, Little John,
 For I'll go along with my dear;
 And bid my yeomen kill six brace of bucks,
 And meet me to-morrow just here.

Before he had ridden five Staffordshire miles,
 Eight yeomen, that were too bold,
 Bid Robin Hood stand, and deliver his buck:
 A truer tale never was told.

I will not, faith, said bold Robin; come, John,
Stand by me, and we'll beat 'em all.
Then both drew their swords, and so cut 'em, and slasht 'em,
That five out of them did fall.

The three that remain'd call'd to Robin for quarter,
And pitiful John begg'd their lives;
When John's boon was granted, he gave them good counsel,
And sent them all home to their wives.

This battle was fought near to Titbury town,
When the bagpipes baited the bull;
I'm the king of the fiddlers, and I swear 'tis truth,
And I call him that doubts it a gull:

For I saw them fighting, and fiddled the while;
And Clorinda sung, 'Hey derry down!
The bunkins are beaten, put up thy sword, Bob,
And now let's dance into the town.'

Before we came in, we heard a great shouting,
And all that were in it look'd madly;
For some were on bull-back, some dancing a morris,
And some singing *Arthur-a-Bradley*.

And there we see Thomas, our justice's clerk,
And Mary, to whom he was kind;
For Tom rode before her, and call'd Mary madam,
And kiss'd her full sweetly behind:

And so may your worships. But we went to dinner,
With Thomas, and Mary, and Nan;
They all drank a health to Clorinda, and told her,
Bold Robin Hood was a fine man.

When dinner was ended, Sir Roger, the parson
Of Dubbridge, was sent for in haste:
He brought his mass-book, and he bad them take hands,
And joyn'd them in marriage full fast.

And then, as bold Robin Hood and his sweet bride
Went hand in hand to the green bower,
The birds sung with pleasure in merry Sherwood,
And 'twas a most joyful hour.

And when Robin came in sight of the bower,
Where are my yeomen? said he:
And Little John answer'd, Lo, yonder they stand,
All under the green-wood-tree.

Then a garland they brought her by two and by two,
And plac'd them all on the bride's head:
The music struck up, and we all fell to dance,
Till the bride and bridegroom were a-bed.

And what they did there must be counsel to me.
Because they lay long the next day;
And I had haste home, but I got a good piece
Of bride-cake, and so came away.

Now, out, alas! I had forgotten to tell ye,
That marry'd they were with a ring;
And so will Nan Knight, or be buried a maiden:
And now let us pray for the king;

That he may have children, and they may have more,
To govern and do us some good:
And then I'll make ballads in Robin Hood's bower,
And sing 'em in merry Sherwood.





OF BEDNAL GREEN

[This ballad is taken from Percy's 'Reliques,' where it is given 'chiefly from his Folio MS., compared with two ancient printed copies.' 'The concluding stanzas, however, which contain the old beggar's discovery of himself,' were substituted by the Doctor, apparently from his own pen, for 'those of the vulgar ballad,' to remove the 'absurdities and inconsistencies' of these latter, and to reconcile the story to 'probability and true history. For this,' he says, 'informs us that at the decisive battle of Evesham, fought August 4, 1265, when Simon de Montfort, the great Earl of Leicester, was slain at the head of the barons, his eldest son, Henry, fell by his side, and in consequence of that defeat, his whole family sunk for ever.' With regard to the date of the ballad, Dr. Percy thinks it was written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, 'from the arms of England being called the 'Queenes Armes,' and from its tune being quoted in other old pieces written in her time.' In the British Museum are two copies, one in black-letter, bearing the following title:— 'The Rarest Ballad that ever was seen Of the Blind Beggars Daughter of Bednal Green.' In both these copies the arms of England are called the 'King's Arms.' The 'Angell' was a gold coin, of the value of about ten shillings.]

FITT FIRST.

TT was a blind beggar, had long lost his sight,
 He had a faire daughter of bewty most bright:
 And many a gallant brave suiter had shee,
 For none was soe comelye as pretty Bessee.



And though shee was of favour most faire,
 Yett seeing shee was but a poor beggar's heyre,
 Of ancyent housekeepers despised was shee,
 Whose sonnes came as suitors to pretty Bessee.

Wherefore in great sorrow faire Bessy did say,
 Good father and mother let me goe away
 To seek out my fortune, whatever itt bee.
 This suite then they granted to pretty Bessee.

Then Bessy, that was of bewtye soe bright,
 All cladd in gray russett, and late in the night,
 From father and mother alone parted shee,
 Who sighed and sobbed for pretty Bessee.

Shee went till shee came to Stratford-le-Bow;
 Then knew shee not whither, nor which way to goe:
 With teares shee lamented her hard destinie,
 Soe sadd and soe heavy was pretty Bessee.

Shee kept on her journey untill it was day,
 And went unto Rumford along the hye way;
 Where at the Queene's Armes entertained was shee:
 Soe faire and wel favoured was pretty Bessee.

Shee had not been there a month to an end,
 But master and mistres and all was her friend:
 And every brave gallant that once did her see,
 Was straightway enamoured of pretty Bessee.

Great gifts they did send her of silver and gold,
 And in their songs daylye her love was extold;
 Her bewtye was blazed in every degree;
 Soe faire and soe comelye was pretty Bessee.

The young men of Rumford in her had their joy;
 Shee shewed herself curteous, and modestlye coy;
 And at her commandment still wold they bee,
 Soe faire and soe comelye was pretty Bessee.

Four e suitors att once unto her did goe;
 They craved her favor, but still shee sayd Noe;
 I wold not wish gentles to marry with mee:
 Yett ever they honoured pretty Bessee.

The first of them was a gallant young knight,
 And he came unto her disguise in the night:
 The second a gentleman of good degree,
 Who wooed and sued for pretty Bessee.

A merchant of London, whose wealth was not small,
 He was the third suiter, and proper withall:
 Her masters own sonne the fourth man must bee,
 Who swore he would dye for pretty Bessee.

And if thou wilt marry with mee, quoth the knight,
 Ile make thee a ladye with joy and delight;
 My heart's so intralled by thy bewtie,
 That soone I shall dye for pretty Bessee.

The gentleman sayd, Come, marry with mee,
 As fine as a ladye my Bessy shal bee;
 My life is distressed: O heare me, quoth hee;
 And grant me thy love, my pretty Bessee.

Let me bee thy husband, the merchant cold say,
 Thou shalt live in London both gallant and gay;
 My shippes shall bring home rych jewells for thee,
 And I will for ever love pretty Bessee.

Then Bessy shee sighed, and thus shee did say:
 My father and mother I meane to obey;
 First gett their good-will, and be faithfull to mee,
 And you shall enjoye your pretty Bessee.

To every one, this answer shee made;
 Wherefore unto her they joyfullye sayd—
 'This thing to fulfill we all doe agree;
 But where dwells thy father, my pretty Bessee?

My father, shee said, is soone to be seene;
 The seely blind beggar of Bednal-Greene,
 That daylye sits begging for charitie,
 He is the good father of pretty Bessee.

His markes and his tokens are knowen very well;
 He always is led with a dogg and a bell:
 A seely olde man, God knoweth, is hee,
 Yet hee is the father of pretty Bessee!

Nay then, quoth the merchant, thou art not for mee;
 Nor, quoth the innholder, my wiffe thou shalt bee:
 I lothe, sayd the gentle, a beggars degree,
 And therefore, adewe, my pretty Bessee!

Why then, quoth the knight, hap better or worse,
 I waighe not true love by the waight of the purse,
 And bewtye is bewtye in every degree;
 Then welcome unto me, my pretty Bessee.

With thee to thy father forthwith I will goe
 Nay soft, said his kinsmen, it must not be soe;
 A poor beggars daughter noe ladye shal bee,
 Then take thy adew of pretty Bessee.

But soone after this, by breake of the day,
 The knight had from Rumford stole Bessy away.
 The younge men of Rumford, as thicke might bee,
 Rode after to feitch againe pretty Bessee.

As swifte as the winde to ryde they were seene,
 Untill they came neare unto Bednal-Greene;
 And as the knight lighted most courteouslie
 They all fought against him for pretty Bessee.

But rescue came speedilye over the plaine,
 Or else the young knight for his love had been slaine.
 This fray being ended, then straitway he see
 His kinsmen come rayling at pretty Bessee.

Then spake the blind beggar, Although I bee poore,
 Yett rayle not against my child at my own doore;
 Though shee be not decked in velvett and pearle,
 Yet will I dropp angells with you for my girle.

And then if my gold may better her birthe,
 And equall the gold that you lay on the earth,
 Then neyther rayle nor grudge you to see
 The blind beggars daughter a lady to bee.

But first you shall promise, and have itt well knowne,
 The gold that you drop shall all be your owne.
 With that they replied, Contented bee wee.
 Then here's, quoth the beggar, for pretty Bessee.

With that an angell he cast on the ground,
 And dropped in angels full three thousand pound;
 And oftentimes itt was proved most plaine,
 For the gentlemens one, the beggar dropt twayne:

Soe that the place wherein they did sitt,
 With gold it was covered every whitt.
 The gentlemen then having dropt all their store,
 Sayd, Now, beggar, hold, for wee have noe more.

Thou hast fulfilled thy promise arright.
 Then marry, quoth he, my girle to this knight;
 And heere, added hee, I will now throwyou downe
 A hundred pounds more to buy her a gowne.

The gentlemen all, that this treasure had seene,
 Admired the beggar of Bednal-Greene;
 And all those that were her suitors before,
 Their fleshe for very anger they tore.

Thus was faire Besse matched to the knight,
 And then made a ladye in others despite:
 A fairer ladye there never was seene,
 Than the blind beggars daughter of Bednal-Greene.

But of their sumptuous marriage and feast,
 What brave lords and knights thither were prest,
 The second fitt shall set forth to your sight,
 With marveilous pleasure and wished delight.

FITT SECOND.

Off a blind beggars daughter most bright,
 That late was betrothed unto a younge knight;
 All the discourse thereof you did see;
 But now comes the wedding of pretty Bessee.

Within a gorgeous palace most brave,
 Adorned with all the cost they cold have,
 This wedding was kept most sumptuouslie,
 And all for the creditt of pretty Bessee.

All kind of dainties, and delicates sweete
 Were bought for the banquet, as it was most meete;
 Partridge, and plover, and venison most free,
 Against the brave wedding of pretty Bessee.

This marriage through England was spread by report,
 Soe that a great number thereto did resort
 Of nobles and gentles in every degree,
 And all for the fame of pretty Bessee.

To church then went this gallant younge knight;
 His bride followed after, an angell most bright,
 With troopes of ladyes, the like nere was seene,
 As went with sweete Bessy of Bednal-Greene.

This marryage being solempnized then,
 With musicke performed by the skilfullest men,
 The nobles and gentles sate downe at that tyde,
 Each one admiring the beautifull bryde.

Now, after the sumptuous dinner was done,
 To talke and to reason a number begunn;
 They talkt of the blind beggars daughter most bright,
 And what with his daughter he gave to the knight.

Then spake the nobles, ' Much marveil have wee,
 This jolly blind beggar wee cannot here see.'
 My lords, quoth the bride, my father's so base,
 He is loth with his presence these states to disgrace.

' The prayse of a woman in questyon to bringe
 Before her own face, were a flattering thinge;
 But wee thinke thy father's baseness,' quoth they,
 ' Might by thy bewtye be cleane put awaye.'

They had noe sooner these pleasant words spoke,
 But in comes the beggar cladd in a silke cloke;
 A faire velvet capp, and a fether had hee;
 And now a musicyan forsooth he wold bee.

He had a daintye lute under his arme,
 He touched the strings, which made such a charme,
 Saies, Please you to heare any musicke of mee,
 Ile sing you a song of pretty Bessee.

With that his lute he twanged straightway,
 And thereon begann most sweetlye to play;
 And after that lessons were playd two or three,
 Ile straynd out this song most delicatelie.

' A poore beggar's daughter did dwell on a greene,
 Who for her fairenesse might well be a queene;
 A blithe bonny lasse, and a daintye was shee,
 And many one called her pretty Bessee.

Her father hee had noe goods, nor noe land,
 But beggd for a penny all day with his hand;
 And yett to her marriage hee gave thousands three,
 And still he hath somewhat for pretty Bessee.

And if any one here her birth doe disdain,
 Her father is ready, with might and with maine,
 To prove shee is come of noble degree:
 Therefore never flout att pretty Bessee.'

With that the lords and the companye round
 With hartty laughter were readye to swound;
 Att last said the lords, Full well wee may see
 The bride and the beggar's behoulden to thee.

On this the bride all blushing did rise,
 The pearlie drops standing within her faire eyes;
 O pardon my father, grave nobles, queth shée,
 That throughe blinde affection thus doteth on mee.

If this be thy father, the nobles did say,
 Well may he be proud of this happy day;
 Yett by his countenance well may wee see,
 His birth and his fortune did never agree:

And therefore, blind man, we pray thee bewray
 (And looke that the truth thou to us doe say),
 Thy birth and thy parentage, what itt may bee,
 For the love that thou bearest to pretty Bessee.

‘Then give me leave, nobles and gentles, each one,
 One song more to sing, and then I have done;
 And if that itt may not winn good report,
 Then doe not give me a groat for my sport.

Sir Simon de Montfort my subject shal bee;
 Once chiefe of all the great barons was hee:
 Yet fortune so cruelle this lorde did abase,
 Now loste and forgotten are hee and his race.

When the barons in armes did King Henrye oppose,
 Sir Simon de Montfort their leader they chose;
 A leader of courage undaunted was hee,
 And oft-times he made their enemyes flee.

At length in the battle on Eveshame plaine,
 The barons were routed, and Montfort was slaine;
 Moste fatall that battel did prove unto thee,
 Thoughe thou wast not borne then, my pretty Bessee!

Along with the nobles that fell at that tyde,
 His eldest son Henrye, who fought by his side,
 Was felde by a blowe he receivde in the fight,
 A blowe that deprivde him for ever of sight.

Among the dead bodyes all lifelesse he laye,
 Till evening drewe on of the following daye,
 When by a young ladye discoverd was hee;
 And this was thy mother, my pretty Bessee

A barons faire daughter stept forth in the nighte
 To search for her father, who fell in the fight,
 And seeing young Montfort, where gasping he laye,
 Was moved with pitye, and brought him awaye.

In secrette she nurst him, and swaged his paine,
While he through the realme was beleevd to be slaine;
At lengthe his faire bride she consented to bee,
And made him glad father of pretty Bessee.

And nowe lest oure foes our lives sholde betraye,
We clothed ourselves in beggars arraye;
Her jewelles shee solde, and hither came wee;
All our comfort and care was our pretty Bessee.

And here have wee lived in fortunes despite,
Thoughe poore, yet contented with humble delight:
Full forty winters thus have I beene
A silly blind beggar of Bednal-Greene.

And here, noble lordes, is ended the song,
Of one that once to your own ranke did belong:
And thus have you learned a secrette from mee
That ne'er had beene knowne, but for pretty Bessee.'

Now when the faire companie everye one,
Had heard the strange tale in the song he had showne,
They all were amazed, as well they might bee,
Both at the blinde beggar and pretty Bessee.

With that the faire bride they all did embrace,
Saying, Sure thou art come of an honourable race;
Thy father likewise is of noble degree,
And thou art well worthy a lady to bee.

Thus was the feast ended with joye and delighte;
A bridegroome most happy then was the younge knighte;
In joy and felicitie long lived hee,
All with his faire ladye, the pretty Bessee.





The Lists of Naseby Wold :

OR,

THE WHITE-ARMED LADY'S OATH

A LEGEND.

[This very spirited and beautiful ballad, or—as its author prefers to call it—'legend,' is taken from 'Friendship's Offering,' for 1828, where, we believe, it originally appeared. We say 'believe,' because we are unable to affirm anything positively upon the subject. To whom we are indebted for this contribution to our ballad-lore; who were Sir Carodac and 'swarthy Britomart,' and who the 'White-Armed Lady,' in what period of the world's history they played their parts; and what, if any, was the occasion of the lists being formed on Naseby Wold, are matters upon which the author has not thought proper to throw any more light than can be obtained from the ballad itself; to which, therefore, we must be content to refer the reader, as to the only source of information respecting them with which we are acquainted.]

INSTRELS are wending from lordly tower,
 Merry maidens from ladye's bower,
 Shaven priest, and bearded knight,
 Courser black, and charger white.

King Richard mounts his palfrey grey,
 And England's best are in array;
 For lordly blood and knighthood bold
 Do mortal fight on Naseby Wold.

Wherefore is Carodac spear in rest?
 Swarthy Britomart targe on breast?
 Not for tilt, or tourney light,
 But in deep defiance of deadly fight.

Horse to horse, and hand to hand,
 God to speed, and his own red brand:—
 Woe worth the day, woe worth the feud,
 When the falcon stoops for the falcon's blood!

'Twas whisperd, somewhat of deadly wrong,
 Of treason foul, and slanderous tongue;—
 Some talkt of woman's wandering eye,
 Far on the shores of Paynimie.

A Palmer spoke of murder's stain,—
 Swords red,—but not on battle plain,
 I reckon not,—'tis as legends tell,—
 None know how so dark a feud befell!

Certes! was seen a ladye there;—
 (When was feud without ladye fair?)
 Darkly bedight in foreign weed,
 And proudly borne on an Eastern steed.

Maidens lip like hers ne'er smiled;
 Maidens eye was ne'er so wild:—
 Saint Mary! yonder lip and eye
 Have more than earthly witchery!

Jesu! 'twas an awful day,
 When spirits mingled with earthly clay:—
 Eastern lore hath sung her birth,
 She was no ladye of nether earth!

Strange legends of her youth were told,
 That India's seas had o'er her rolld;
 That her sire was ruler in Oceans caves,
 O'er Genii of the pearly waves.

Her mother was queen of Fairy Lands,
 Crystal isles, and golden sands;—
 And she,—the child of another sphere
 Loves she?—or why is she mortal here?

Yes! Love,—in pain, in peril proved;—
And who can doubt, that once has loved?
She has left her fathers caverns swart,
And crosst the wave with Sir Britomart.

Queen-like, around the lists she rides;
But her brow is dark as an Afric bride's;
For she has tried her magic power,—
But a mightier spell rules the battle-hour.

Hark! peals the heralds challenge loud,—
The warders are pricking through the crowd,—
The clarion sounds;—with a torrents force
Parts from his stance each barbed horse.

The spurs were red in the coursers side,
Ere the first note of battle died:
A second—and in mid career
Reels the steed, and cracks the spear!

Sir Britomarts horse was a noble one,
Matchless in blood and mighty in bone;
Araby's steeds, he had beaten them all,—
But he was not bred in earthly stall!

There are sprites of the air, and sprites of the sea,
Jesu shield us!—that such should be!—
Now, ladyes all, read me my rede,
Whence came he, that coal-black steed?

But Carodac bore him like stubborn rock:
And the Paynim barb reeld at the shock:
Heaven's own hand was in the deed,
Or he had not quaild to earthly steed.

The girths are snapt on his panting sides.
The hand has dropt from the rein that guides:
Yon ashen lance, so good and so true,
Has pierced Sir Britomart through and through!

The clarions rung, and ladyes wept,
And many a Leech has forward stept,
To staunch and to talk as Leech does now;—
But the sweat of death is on his brow!

In shorter gasps his breath came and went,
Like the forest's groan when the storm is spent,—
And ever, with a torrents flood,
Gusht from his mouth the bubbling blood.

The priest would pray with the dying knight,
 That his soul would pass, as pass it might;
 But better the friar at home may preach,—
 And he swore aloud at the trembling Leech!

His lips are moving, but not in prayer,
 Though the blanch of death is settling there:—
 He is trying to name his ladye's name,—
 Few sounds were heard,—*that* ladye came.

O! Death is deadly wherever he be,
 On the lonely wild, or the pathless sea;
 But deadlier, wilder, in field or hall
 When youth and strength before him fall.

To die, when life is but begun,—
 To look your last on the blessed sun;
 With the charnel-worm long vigils to keep,—
 Or to sleep that last and awful sleep:

To clasp a hand, while your tongue can say—
 A moment—and mine will be but clay;—
 To gaze on the eye that is best and dearest,
 And know, that Night to your own is nearest!

O! this is death in his deadliest mood,—
 Worse than battle, worse than blood;
 Worse than rack, when sinews start:—
 Such was the death of Sir Britomart!

There is a light form oer him bending,—
 There is a breast his pillow lending,
 O! were the snow-wreath half as white,
 No moon would shine on an Alpine night.

There is an eye that looks in his,—
 Glazed and haggard and dim as it is:—
 But the glaze and the dimness awhile can fly,
 When he meets the beam of his Leila's eye.

So dark, so full, in its vivid glowing,
 No light is quencht, though tears are flowing;
 But her cheek is red in a crimson flood,
 And her bosom steeped in his hearts best blood!

She weeps no more on a senseless corse:—
 Mount, gallant knights; to horse! to horse!
 Say not tis woman's wrath you fly,—
 No womans war is in that eye:

Ye have dared the tiger in his den,—
Ye quaild not before the Saracen,—
Ye have heard the Soldans battle-cry,—
Now,—hear the oath of Zatanai!

That oath is one of woe and fear,—
Deadly to speak, and deadly to hear;—
Twas framed in murkiest realms of air,
And sworn by fiends in their despair:

Few lived that heard the first brief word;—
The dark heath rockt before the third:—
Fiendish was it,—fiendish wrought;—
I must do penance for the thought!

Sir Carodac went o'er land and flood,
To fight for his faith, and the holy rood;
He has been six summers in Paynim land,
And deadly and keen was his knightly brand.

The Soldan came with his spear in rest,
And challenged of England's band the best:
But the Soldan fled like the fleecy rack,
For England's best was Sir Carodac.

He was foremost when Salem's towers were won;
He was first on the walls of Ascalon:—
But whether in fight, or in tourney ring,
A solemn voice was whispering;—

'O! the Christian knight of his spear may boast;
He may 'scape the sea, he may 'scape the host;
Pirate and Paynim—one or both—
But he cannot 'scape that Ladye's oath.'

The ships are ploughing the northern foam,
And Carodac is welcomed home;—
His foot is on his own white sand,
And his face is turnd to his fathers land!

Onward they prickt, his good steed and he,
O'er hill and dale, right merrily;—
But the sun went down the hills beneath,
And the moon rose pale on a blasted heath:

Onward he prickt,—but spur and rein
To the weary horse are all in vain;—
And he paused—for, beneath the moon-beam cold,
He knew the lists of Naseby Wold!

Sir Carodac was a warrior brave:
 He had fought the Turk at his Saviours grave;—
 But lip and cheek are blanching both,
 When he thinks of the White-arm'd Lady's oath.

He heard a shriek, and a withering laugh,
 Like the glee of fiends, when the cup they quaff;
 And the lightning fires their red forks sent,
 And the thunder rode in the firmament.

Thrice he spurred his courser good,
 And thrice he signed the blessed rood:—
 Knighthood's heart is steeld to fear;
 But knighthood's heart is useless here!

Beneath the lightnings flickering glare,
 The lists were set, and the tents were there;
 Rung out the trump, and pranced the horse,
 But each rider there was a ghastly corse.

All seem'd as on that fatal day
 When Britomart fell in the bloody fray:
 Names of honour and rank were there,
 And Queen of the lists sat a Lady fair.

But nought of earthly shape was seen,
 Save she alone, that Lady Queen,
 Mid grim and gaunt and ghastly ones,
 For all around were skeletons!

And hark! upon the moaning blast,
 Warrior forms are careering fast,
 With shriek, and with shout, and with wild halloo,
 And well those fiendish yells he knew.

The cymbal rung and the scymitar,
 And gong and drum of Paynim war;—
 He heard the Soldans battle-cry,
 And he manned himself right valiantly.

But his gauntlet graspt at a broken brand,
 And his spear was withered within his hand,
 He would have cried, ' God for St. George!'
 But the accents died in his helmets gorge.

Then slowly rose that Ladye bright,
 Sole empress of the ghastly fight,—
 Thrice waved her arm, and thrice she spoke,
 And thrice the pealing thunder broke.

At the first sound came shapes of fear,
Lion, and gryff, and headless deer;
At the second, volumes of smoke and flame,
And devilries 'twere sin to name.

At the third, yawnd the dark heath wide,
Six long ells from side to side!—
Horse and knight have run their course,
But fathoms deep are knight and horse.

Deep are India's caves of jet,—
Sir Carodac's barb is deeper yet;
Deep rolls the sea, but the founderd bark
Is not so deep as that warrior stark.

Knights have come from a far countrie,
Wizards have connd their gramarye,
Priests have journeyed with pyx and prayer,
But few have seen that Ladye fair.

Yet trembling Serfs the tale have told,
Of fearful sights on Naseby Wold;
Sabres gleaming, horses prancing,
And banners of flame to the night air dancing!

Of shadowy shapes in the cold moonlight,
Of turband Turk and of Christian Knight,
And of one who bears the blessed rood,
On a milk-white charger, mottled with blood.

Ever, ever, careers he fast,
When peals a lonely trumpet blast;—
He bears him well with spear in rest,
But he never wins that dark hills breast.

For, warder in hand, sits a Ladye there,
Queen-like, throned in an ebon chair;
And ere the good steed has run its course
In a fathomless gulph sinks man and horse.

Warders have told it on castle wall,—
Minstrels have sung it in lordly hall;
But priest and warrior cross them both,
Or ere they name that Ladye's oath.

Legends there are for midnight hour,
Song and tale for ladye's bower;
This may be one, or it may not be;—
I would not doubt it for earldoms three.



The Children in the Wood.

[The subject of this ballad was thought by Dr. Percy—who printed it in his 'Reliques, from two ancient copies, one of them in black letter, in the Pepys Collection,—to be taken 'from an old play, of a young child murdered in a wood by two ruffins, with consent of his uncle. By Rob. Yarrington, 1601.' This opinion, however, will probably be thought inconsistent with the fact that the ballad was entered in the Stationers' books in the year 1595; and would therefore seem to have been written before the 'lamentable tragedy' upon which the Doctor considered it to have been founded. Internal evidence, too, seems strong in favour of its originality and thorough English character; whereas the scene of the play is laid in Italy. The present version is chiefly that of Percy, compared, however, with an old copy in the British Museum, bearing this title: 'The Norfolk Gentleman's Last Will and Testament, who on his death-bed committed the keeping of his two children, a boy and a girl, to his own brother, who did most wickedly cause them to be destroyed, that so he might possess himself and children of the estate; but, by the just judgments of the Almighty, himself and all that he had, was destroyed from off the face of the earth. To the tune of Rogero, &c. London: Printed by and for W. D., and sold by C. Boxes, at the Sun and Bible, in Gilt-Spur Street.']

NOW ponder well, you parents deare,
 These wordes which I shall write;
 A doleful story you shall heare,
 In time brought forth to light.
 A gentleman of good account
 In Norfolke dwelt of late,
 Whose wealth and riches did surmount
 Most men of his estate.

Sore sicke he was, and like to dye,
 No helpe his life could save;
 His wife by him as sicke did lye,
 And both possest one grave.
 No love between these two was lost,
 Each was to other kinde,
 In love they lived, in love they dyed,
 And left two babes behinde:

The one a fine and pretty boy,
 Not passing three yeares old;
 The other a girl more young than he,
 And made in beautyes molde.
 The father left his little son,
 As plainlye doth appeare,
 When he to perfect age should come,
 Three hundred poundes a yeare.

And to his little daughter Jane,
 Five hundred poundes in gold,
 To be paid downe on marriage-day,
 Which might not be controlld:
 But if the children chance to dye,
 Ere they to age should come,
 Their uncle should possesse their wealth;
 For so the wille did run.

Now, brother, said the dying man,
 Look to my children deare;
 Be good unto my boy and girl,
 No friendes else have they here:
 To God and you I do commend
 My children deare this day;
 But little while be sure we have
 Within this world to staye.

You must be father and mother both,
 And uncle all in one;
 God knowes what will become of them,
 When I am dead and gone.
 With that bespake their mother deare,
 O brother kinde, quoth shee,
 You are the man must bring my babes
 To wealth or miserie:

If you do keep them carefully,
 Then God will you reward;
 But if you otherwise should deal,
 God will your deedes regard.
 With lippes as cold as any stone,
 They kist their children small:
 God bless you both, my children deare!
 With that the teares did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake
 To this sicke couple there:
 The keeping of your little ones,
 Sweet sister, do not feare:
 God never prosper me nor mine,
 Nor aught else that I have,
 If I do wrong your children deare,
 When you are layd in grave.

The parents being dead and gone,
 The children home he takes,
 And brings them straite unto his house,
 Where much of them he makes.
 He had not kept these pretty babes
 A twelvemonth and a daye,
 But, for their wealth, he did devise
 To make them both awaye.

He bargaind with two ruffians strong,
 Which were of furious mood,
 That they should take the children young,
 And slaye them in a wood:
 He told his wife an artful tale,
 He would the children send
 To be brought up in faire London,
 With one that was his friend.

Away then went those pretty babes,
 Rejoycing at that tide,
 Rejoycing with a merry minde
 They should on cock-horse ride.
 They prate and prattle pleasantly,
 As they rode on the waye,
 To those that should their butchers be,
 And work their lives decaye: ..

So that the pretty speeche they had,
Made Murders heart relent;
And they that undertooke the deed,
Full sore did now repent.
Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
Did vowe to do his charge,
Because the wretch, that hired him,
Had paid him very large.

The other wo'n't agree thereto,
So here they fall to strife;
With one another they did fight
About the childrens life:
And he that was of mildest mood,
Did slaye the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood;
The babes did quake for feare!

He took the children by the hand,
Teares standing in their eye,
And bade them straitwaye follow him,
And look they did not crye:
And two long miles he ledd them on,
While they for food complaine:
Staye here, quoth he, I'll bring you bread,
When I come back againe.

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and downe:
But never more they sawe the man
Approaching from the town:
Their prettye lippes with black-berries
Were all besmeared and dyed,
And when they saw the darksome night,
They sat them downe and cryed.

Thus wandered these two pretty babes,
Till deathe did end their grief,
In one anothers arms they dyed,
As wanting due relief:
No burial these pretty babes
Of any man receives,
Till Robin-red-breast painfully
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrathe of God
 Upon their uncle fell;
 Yea, fearfull fiends did haunt his house,
 His conscience felt an hell:
 His barnes were fired, his goods consumed,
 His landes were barren made,
 His cattle dyed within the field,
 And nothing with him stayd.

And in the voyage to Portugal
 Two of his sonnes did dye;
 And to conclude, himselfe was brought
 To want and miserye:
 He pawnd and mortgaged all his land
 Ere seven yeares came about.
 And now at length this wicked act
 Did by this meanes come out:

The fellowe, that did take in hand
 These children for to kill,
 Was for a robbery judged to dye,
 Such was God's blessed will:
 Who did confess the very truth,
 As here hath been displayd:
 Their uncle having dyed in gaol,
 Where he for debt was layd.

You that executors be made,
 And overseers eke,
 Of children that be fatherless
 And infants mild and meeke;
 Take you example by this thing,
 And yield to each his right,
 Lest God with such like miserye
 Your wicked minds requite.





The Church-Yard Bride.

[This ballad, written by William Carleton, author of 'Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry,' is founded upon a superstition, of which he gives the following account:—'In the church-yard of Erigle Truagh, in the barony of Truagh, county Monaghan, there is said to be a spirit which appears to persons whose families are there interred. Its appearance, which is generally made in the following manner, is uniformly fatal, being an omen of death to those who are so unhappy as to meet with it. When a funeral takes place, it watches the person who remains last in the grave-yard, over whom it possesses a fascinating influence. If the loiterer be a young man, it takes the shape of a beautiful female, inspires him with a charmed passion, and exacts a promise to meet in the church-yard on a month from that day; this promise is sealed by a kiss, which communicates a deadly taint to the individual who receives it. It then disappears, and no sooner does the young man quit the church-yard, than he remembers the history of the spectre—which is well known in the parish—sinks into despair, dies, and is buried in the place of appointment on the day when the promise was to have been fulfilled. If, on the contrary, it appears to a female, it assumes the form of a young man of exceeding elegance and beauty.' Mr. Carleton then mentions two cases of the kind which have come 'within his personal knowledge.' 'It appears,' he adds, 'that the spectre does not confine its operations to the church-yard, as there have been instances mentioned of its appearance at weddings and dances, where it never failed to secure its victims by dancing them into pleuritic fevers. I am unable to say whether this is a strictly local superstition. In its female shape it somewhat resembles the Elle maids of Scandinavia.']



STANFORD, ILL.

HE bride she bound her golden hair—
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And her step was light as the breezy air
When it bends the morning flowers so fair,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

And oh, but her eyes they danced so bright,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
As she longed for the dawn of to-morrow's light,
Her bridal vows of love to plight,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The bridegroom is come with youthful brow,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
To receive from Eva her virgin vow;
'Why carries the bride of my bosom now?'
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy?

A cry! a cry!—'twas her maidens spoke,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
'Ycur bride is asleep—she has not awoke;
And the sleep she sleeps will never be broke,'
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Sir Turlough sank down with a heavy moan,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And his cheek became like the marble stone,
'Oh the pulse of my heart is for ever gone!'
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The keen is loud, it comes again,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And rises sad from the funeral train,
As in sorrow it winds along the plain,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

And oh, but the plumes of white were fair,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
When they flutterd all mournful in the air,
As rose the hymn of the requiem prayer,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

There is a voice that but one can hear,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And it softly pours, from behind the bier,
Its note of death on Sir Turlough's ear,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The keen is loud, but that voice is low,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And it sings its song of sorrow slow,
And names young Turlough's name with woe,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Now the grave is closed, and the mass is said,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And the bride she sleeps in her lonely bed,
The fairest corpse among the dead,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The wreaths of virgin-white are laid,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
By virgin hands, o'er the spotless maid;
And the flowers are strewn, but they soon will fade
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

' Oh! go not yet—not yet away,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
Let us feel that *life* is near our clay,'
The long departed seem to say,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

But the tramp and the voices of *life* are gone,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And beneath each cold forgotten stone,
The mouldering dead sleep all alone,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

But who is he who lingereth yet?
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
The fresh green sod with his tears is wet,
And his heart in the bridal grave is set,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Oh, who but Sir Turlough, the young, the brave,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
Should bend him o'er that bridal grave,
And to his death-bound Eva rave,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

' Weep not—weep not,' said a lady fair,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
' Should youth and valour thus despair,
And pour their vows to the empty air?'
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

There's charmed music upon her tongue,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
Such beauty—bright and warm and young—
Was never seen the maids among,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

A laughing light, a tender grace,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy!
 Sparkled in beauty around her face,
 That grief from mortal heart might chase,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The charm is strong upon Turlough's eye,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy!
 His faithless tears are already dry,
 And his yielding heart has ceased to sigh,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

' The maid for whom thy salt tears fall,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy!
 Thy grief or love can ne'er recall;
 She rests beneath that grassy pall,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

' My heart it strangely cleaves to thee,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy!
 And now that thy plighted love is free,
 Give its unbroken pledge to me,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.'

' To thee,' the charmed chief replied,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy!
 ' I pledge that love o'er my buried bride;
 Oh! come, and in Turlough's hall abide,'
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Again the funeral voice came o'er
 Killeevy, O Killeevy!
 The passing breeze, as it wailed before,
 And streams of mournful music bore,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

' If I to thy youthful heart am dear,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy!
 One month from hence thou wilt meet me here,
 Where lay thy Eva's bridal bier,'
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

He prest her lips as the words were spoken,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy!
 And his banshee's wail—now far and broken—
 Murmurd ' Death!'—as he gave the token,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

‘ Adieu! adieu!’ said this lady bright,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy!
 And she slowly past like a thing of light,
 Or a morning cloud, from Sir Turlough’s sight,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Now Sir Turlough has death in every vein,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy!
 And there’s fear and grief o’er his wide domain,
 And gold for those who will calm his brain,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

‘ Come, haste thee, leech, right swiftly ride,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy!
 Sir Turlough the brave, Green Truagh’s pride,
 Has pledged his love to the church-yard bride,’
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The leech groand loud, ‘ Come tell me this,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy!
 By all thy hopes of weal and bliss,
 Has Sir Turlough given the fatal kiss?’
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

‘ The banshee’s cry is loud and long,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy!
 At eve she weeps her funeral song,
 And it floats on the twilight breeze along,’
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

‘ Then the fatal kiss is given;—the last,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy!
 Of Turlough’s race and name is past,
 His doom is sealed, his die is cast,’
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

‘ Leech, say not that thy skill is vain,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy!
 O, calm the power of his frenzied brain,
 And half his lands thou shalt retain,’
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The leech has failed, and the hoary priest,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy!
 With pious shrift his soul released,
 And the smoke is high of his funeral feast,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The Shanachies now are assembled all,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy!
 And the songs of praise, in Sir Turlough's hall,
 To the sorrowing harp's dark music fall,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

And there is trophy, banner, and plume,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy!
 And the pomp of death, with its deepest gloom,
 O'ershadows the Irish chieftain's tomb,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The month is closed, and Green Truagh's pride,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy!
 Is married to Death—and, side by side,
 He slumbers now with his church-yard bride,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

[Stanza 6. The 'keen' is the Irish cry, or wailing for the dead. For a very interesting notice of this practice, which still prevails in many parts of Ireland, the reader is referred to Mr. Carleton's 'Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.'

Stanza 7. 'It is usual in the North of Ireland to celebrate mass for the dead in some green field between the house in which the deceased lived and the grave-yard. For this the shelter of a grove is usually selected, and the appearance of the ceremony is highly picturesque and solemn.'

Stanza 25. 'What rank the 'banshee' holds in the scale of spiritual beings,' says Miss Balfour, 'it is not easy to determine: but her favourite occupation seems to be that of foretelling the death of the different branches of the families over which she presided, by the most plaintive cries. Every family had formerly its 'banshee,' but the belief in her existence is now fast fading away, and in a few more years she will only be remembered in the storied records of her marvellous doings in days long since gone by.']

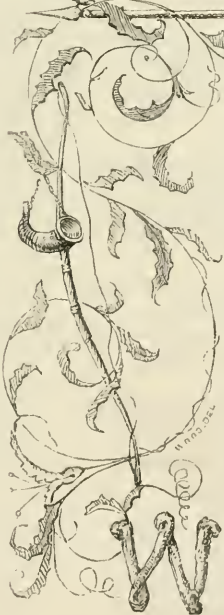


Robin Hood
AND
Guy of Gisborne.



[This ballad was first printed, 'from the Editor's Folio MS.,' in Percy's 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.' In his opinion it 'carries marks of much greater antiquity than any of the common popular songs on this subject.' In the fourth edition of his work, the Doctor states that 'some liberties' had been taken by him with this ballad; which in that edition had been 'brought nearer to the Folio MS.' The changes by which it was thus 'brought nearer' to the original may, of course, be seen by comparing the two editions together; but the nature and extent of the 'liberties' taken with the ballad as it stood in the 'Folio MS.,' must remain a secret until an opportunity shall be afforded of examining that celebrated volume. Whatever they were, they called forth the anger of Ritson, who speaks of them as 'wanton, arbitrary, and injudicious;' and of justifying such conduct as 'beyond the conception of a person not habituated to liberties of this nature, nor destitute of all manner of regard to truth and probity.' Of the hero of this and so many other ballads, the reader may find every known particular, collected with indefatigable perseverance and research, in Ritson's 'Robin Hood,' 8vo, London, 1832.]

WHEN shaws beene sheene, and shradds
full fayre,
And leaves both large and longe,
It is merrye walking in the fayre forrest
To heare the small birdes songe.



The woodweele sang, and wold not cease,
 Sitting upon the spraye,
 Soe lowde, he wakened Robin Hood,
 In the greenwood where he lay.

Now by my faye, sayd jollye Robin,
 A sweaven I had this night;
 I dreamt me of tow wighty yemen,
 That fast with me can fight.

Methought they did mee beate and binde,
 And tooke my bow mee froe;
 Iff I be Robin alive in this lande,
 Ile be wroken on them towe.

Sweavens are swift, master, quoth John,
 As the wind blowes ore the hill;
 For if itt be never so loude this night,
 To-morrow it may be still.

Buske yee, bowne yee, my merry men all,
 And John shall goe with mee,
 For Ile goe seeke yond wight yeomen,
 In greenwood where the bee.

Then they cast on their gownes of grene,
 And tooke theyr bowes each one;
 And they away to the greene forrèst
 A shooting forth are gone;

Untill they came to the merry greenwood,
 Where they had gladdest to bee,
 There, were the ware of a wight yeoman,
 That body leaned to a tree.

A sword and a dagger he wore by his side,
 Of manye a man the bane;
 And he was clad in his capull hyde
 Topp and tayll and maync.

Stand you still, master, quoth Little John,
 Under this tree so grene,
 And I will go to yond wight yeoman
 To know what he doth meane.

Ah! John, by me thou settest noe store,
 And that I farley finde:
 How oft send I my men beffore,
 And tarry my selfe behinde?

It is no cunning a knave to ken,
And a man but heere him speake;
And itt were not for bursting of my bowe,
John, I thy head wold breake.

As often wordes they breeden bale,
So they parted Robin and John;
And John is gone to Barnesdale:
The gates he knoweth eche one.

But when he came to Barnesdale,
Great heavinesse there hee hadd,
For he found tow of his owne fellows
Were slaine both in a slade.

And Scarlette he was flying a-foote
Faste over stocke and stone,
For the proud sheriffe with seven score men
Fast after him is gone.

One shoote now I will shoote, quoth John,
With Christ his might and mayne;
He make yond fellow that flies soe fast,
To stopp he shall be fayne.

Then John bent up his long bende-bowe,
And fetteled him to shoote:
The bow was made of tender boughe,
And fell down at his foote.

Woe worth, woe worth thee, wicked wood,
That ere thou grew on a tree;
For now this day thou art my bale,
My boote when thou shold bee.

His shoote it was but loosely shott,
Yet flewe not the arrowe in vaine,
For itt mett one of the sherriffes men,
Good William a Trent was slaine.

It had bene better of William a Trent
To have bene abed with sorrowe,
Than to be that day in the green wood slade
To meet with Little Johns arrowe.

But as it is said, when men be mett
Fyve can doe more than three,
The sheriffe hath taken Little John,
And bound him fast to a tree.

Thou shalt be drawn by dale and downe,
 And hanged hie on a hill.
 But thou mayst fayle of thy purpose, quoth John,
 If itt be Christ his will.

Let us leave talking of Little John,
 And thinke of Robin Hood,
 How he is gone to the wight yeoman,
 Where under the leaves he stood.

Good morrowe, good fellowe, sayd Robin so fayre,
 Good morrowe, good fellow, quoth he:
 Methinkes by this bowe thou beares in thy hande
 A good archere thou sholdst bee.

I am wilfulle of my waye, quo' the yeman,
 And of my morning tyde.
 He lead thee through the wood, sayd Robin;
 Good fellow, He be thy guide.

I seeke an outlawe, the straunger sayd,
 Men call him Robin Hood;
 Rather Ild meet with that proud outlawe
 Than fortye pound soe good.

Now come with me, thou wighty yeman,
 And Robin thou soone shalt see:
 But first let us some pastime find
 Under the greenwood tree.

First let us some masterye make
 Among the woods so even,
 We may chance to meet with Robin Hood
 Here att some unsett steven.

They cutt them down two summer shroggs,
 That grew both under a breere,
 And sett them threescore rood in twaine
 To shoote the prickes y-fere.

Leade on, good fellowe, quoth Robin Hood,
 Leade on, I doe bidd thee.
 Nay by my faith, good fellowe, hee sayd,
 My leader thou shalt bee.

The first time Robin shot at the pricke,
 He mist but an inch it free;
 The yeoman he was an archer good,
 But he cold never shoote soe.

The second shoote had the wightye yeman,
He shot within the garlände;
But Robin he shott far better than hee,
For he clave the good pricke wande.

A blessing upon thy heart, he sayd;
Goode fellowe, thy shooting is goode;
For an thy hart be as good as thy hand,
Thou wert better than Robin Hoode.

Now tell me thy name, good fellowe, sayd he,
Under the leaves of lyne.
Nay by my faith, quoth bolde Robìn,
Till thou have told me thine.

I dwell by dale and downe, quoth hee,
And Robin to take Ime sworne;
And when I am called by my right name
I am Guy of good Gisbørne.

My dwelling is in this wood, sayes Robin,
By thee I set right nought:
I am Robin Hood of Barnèsdale,
Whom thou so long hast sought.

He that had neyther beene kithe nor kin,
Might have seen a full fayre sight,
To see how together these yeomen went
With blades both browne and bright.

To see how these yeomen together they fought
Two howres of a summers day:
Yett neither Robin Hood nor sir Guy
Them fettled to flye away.

Robin was reachles on a roote,
And stumbled at that tyde;
And Guy was quicke and nimble with-all,
And hitt him ore the left side.

Ah deere Lady, sayd Robin Hood thou,
Thou art but mother and may',
I think it was never mans destinye
To dye before his day.

Robin thought on our lady deere,
And soone leapt up againe,
And strait he came with a 'backward' stroke,
And he sir Guy hath slayne.

He took sir Guys head by the hayre,
 And stuck itt upon his bowes end;
 Thou hast beene a traytor all thy life,
 Which thing must have an ende.

Robin pulled forth an Irish knife,
 And nicked sir Guy in the face,
 That he was never on woman born,
 Cold tell whose head it was.

Saies, Lye there, lye there, now sir Guye,
 And with me be not wrothe;
 If thou have had the worst strokes at my hand,
 Thou shalt have the better clothe.

Robin did off his gowne of greene,
 And on sir Guy did throwe,
 And hee put on that capull hyde,
 That cladd him topp to toe.

The bowe, the arrowes, and little horne,
 Now with me I will beare;
 For I will away to Barnèsdale,
 To see how my men doe fare.

Robin Hood sett Guyes horne to his mouth,
 And a loud blast in it did blow,
 That beheard the sheriffe of Nottingham,
 As he leaned under a lowe.

Hearken, hearken, sayd the sheriffe,
 I heare nowe tydings good,
 For yonder I heare sir Guyes horne blowe,
 And he hath slayne Robin Hoode.

Yonder I heare sir Guyes horne blowe,
 Itt blowes soe well in tyde,
 And yonder comes that wightye yeoman,
 Cladd in his capull hyde.

Come hyther, come hyther, thou good sir Guy,
 Aske what thou wilt of mee.
 O I will none of thy gold, sayd Robin,
 Nor I will none of thy fee:

But now I have slaine the master, he sayes,
 Let me goe strike the knave;
 For this is all the rewarde I aske;
 Nor noe other will I have.

Thou art a madman, said the sheriffe,
Thou shouldst have had a knightes fee:
But seeing thy asking hath beene soe bad,
Well granted it shale be.

When Little John heard his master speake,
Well knewe he it was his steven:
Now shall I be looset, quoth Little John,
With Christ his might in heaven.

Fast Robin hee hyed him to Little John,
He thought to loose him belive:
The sheriffe and all his companye
Fast after him can drive.

Stand abacke, stand abacke, sayd Robin;
Why draw you mee so neere?
Itt was never the use in our countrye,
Ones shrift another shold heere.

But Robin pulled forth an Irysh knife,
And losed John hand and foote,
And gave him sir Guyes bow into his hand,
And bade it be his boote.

Then John he took Guyes bow in his hand,
His boltes and arrowes eche one:
When the sheriffe saw Little John bend his bow,
He fettled him to be gone.

Towards his house in Nottingh am
towne,
He fled full fast away;
And soe did all the companye:
Not one behind wold stay.

But he cold neither runne soe fast,
Nor away soe fast cold ryde,
But Little John with an arrowe soe
broad,
He shott him into the backe-syde.



Sir Aldingar.

[‘This old fabulous legend,’ as it is styled by Dr. Percy, is taken from his ‘Reliques,’ where it was first printed ‘from the Editor’s Folio MS., with conjectural emendations, and the insertion of some additional stanzas to supply and complete the story.’ And, with this single item of information, Dr. Percy left it to the reader to form his own conjectures concerning as well his ‘conjectural emendations and additional stanzas’ as the ballad itself generally. The only other remark he makes is, that it had been suggested to him ‘that the author of the poem seems to have had in his eye the story of Gunhilda, who is sometimes called Eleanor, and was married to the Emperor (here called King) Henry.’ Some light may be thought to have been thrown upon the matter, by the publication, in the ‘Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,’ of a ballad, entitled ‘Sir Hugh le Blond,’ which, says Sir Walter Scott, ‘seems to have been the original of the legend of Sir Aldingar. The incidents are nearly the same in both ballads, excepting that in Sir Hugh a mortal champion combats for the queen. Of this the reader may judge for himself, by comparing this ballad with that of ‘Sir Hugh,’ which will be found in the Appendix.]

UR king he kept a false stewarde,
 Sir Aldingar they him call;
 A falsar steward than he was one,
 Servde not in bower nor hall.



He wolde have layne by our comelye queene,
Her deere worshippe to betraye:
Our queene she was a good womàn,
And evermore said him naye.

Sir Aldingar was wrothe in his mind,
With her hee was never content,
Till traiterous meanes he colde devyse,
In a fyer to have her brent.

There came a lazar to the king's gate,
A lazar both blinde and lame:
He tooke the lazar upon his backe,
Him on the queenes bed has layne.

'Lye still, lazàr, wheras thou lyst,
Looke thou goe not hence away;
He make thee a whole man and a sound
In two howers of the day.'

Then went him forth Sir Aldingar,
And hyed him to our king:
'If I might have grace, as I have space,
Sad tydings I could bring.'

Say on, say on, Sir Aldingar,
Saye on the soothe to mee.
'Our queene hath chosen a new new love,
And shee will have none of thee.

If shee had chosen a right good knight,
The lesse had beene her shame;
But she hath chose her a lazar man,
A lazar both blinde and lame.'

If this be true, then Aldingar,
The tyding thou tellest to me,
Then will I make thee a rich rich knight,
Rich both of golde and fee.

But if it be false, Sir Aldingar,
As God nowe grant it bee!
Thy body, I sweare by the holye rood,
Shall hang on the gallows tree.

He brought our king to the queenes chambèr,
And opend to him the dore.
A lodlye love, King Harry says,
For our queene dame Elinore!

If thou were a man, as thou art none,
 Here on my sword thoust dye;
 But a payre of new gallows shall be built,
 And there shalt thou hang on hye.

Forth then hyed our king, I wysse,
 And an angry man was hee;
 And soone he found queene Elinore,
 That bride so bright of blee.

Now God you save, our queene, madame,
 And Christ you save and see;
 Here you have chosen a newe newe love,
 And you will have none of mee.

If you had chosen a right good knight,
 The lesse had been your shame:
 But you have chose you a lazar man,
 A lazar both blinde and lame.

Therefore a fyer there shall be built,
 And brent all shalt thou bee.—
 ‘Now out alacke!’ said our comly queene,
 Sir Aldingar’s false to mee.

Now out alacke! sayd our comlye queene,
 My heart with griefe will brast.
 I had thought swevens had never been true,
 I have proved them true at last.

I dreamt in my sweven on Thursday eve,
 In my bed wheras I laye,
 I dreamt a grype and a grimlie beast
 Had carryed my crowne awaye;

My gorgett and my kirtle of golde,
 And all my faire head-geere;
 And he wold worrye me with his tush,
 And to his nest y-beare:

Saving there came a little gray hawke,
 A merlin him they call,
 Which untill the grounde did strike the grype,
 That dead he downe did fall.

Giffe I were a man, as now I am none,
 A battell wold I prove,
 To fight with that traitor Aldingar:
 Att him I cast my glove.

But seeing I me able noe battell to make,
 My liege, grant me a knight
 To fight with that traitor, Sir Aldingar,
 To maintaine me in my right.'

'Now forty dayes I will give thee
 To seeke thee a knight therin:
 If thou find not a knight in forty dayes,
 Thy bodye it must brenn.'

Then shee went east, and shee went west,
 By north and south bedeene:
 But never a champion colde shee find,
 Wolde fight with that knight soe keene.

Now twenty dayes were spent and gone,
 Noe helpe there might be had;
 Many a teare shed our comelye queene
 And aye her heart was sad.

Then came one of the queenes damsèlles,
 And knelt upon her knee—
 'Cheare up, cheare up, my gracious dame,
 I trust yet helpe may be.

And here I will make mine avowe,
 And with the same me binde;
 That never will I return to thee,
 Till I some helpe may finde.'

Then forth shee rode on a faire palfraye,
 O'er hill and dale about:
 But never a champion colde shee finde,
 Wolde fighte with that knight so stout.

And nowe the daye drewe on a pace,
 When our good queene must dye;
 All woe-begone was that fair damsèlle,
 When shee found no helpe was nye.

All woe-begone was that faire damsèlle,
 And the salt teares fell from her eye:
 When lo! as shee rode by a river side,
 Shee met with a tinye boye.

A tinye boye shee mette, God wot,
 All clad in mantle of golde;
 He seemed noe more in mans likenesse,
 Than a childe of four yeere olde.

Why grieve you, damselle faire? he sayd,
 And what doth cause you moane?
 The damsell scant wolde deigne a looke,
 But fast she pricked on.

Yet turne againe, thou faire damselle,
 And greete thy queene from mee;
 When bale is at hvest, boote is nyest,
 Nowe helpe enoughe may bee.

Bid her remember what she dreamt
 In her bedd, wheras shee laye;
 How when the grype and the grimly beast
 Wolde have carried her crowne awaye,

Even then there came the little gray hawke,
 And saved her from his clawes:
 Then bidd the queene be merry at hart,
 For heaven will fende her cause.

Back then rode that fair damselle,
 And her hart it lept for glee:
 And when she told her gracious dame,
 A gladd woman then was shee.

But when the appointed day was come,
 No helpe appeared nye:
 Then woeful, woeful was her hart,
 And the teares stood in her eye.

And nowe a fyer was built of wood,
 And a stake was made of tree;
 And now queene Elinor forth was led,
 A sorrowful sight to see.

Three times the herault he waved his hand,
 And three times spake on hve:
 Giff any good knight will fende this dame,
 Come forth, or shee must dye.

No knight stood forth, no knight there came,
 No helpe appeared nye:
 And now the fyer was lighted up,
 Queene Elinor she must dye.

And now the fyer was lighted up,
 As hot as hot might bee;
 When riding upon a little white steed,
 The tynye boye they see.

‘ Away with that stake, away with those brands,
 And loose our comelye queene:
 I am come to fight with Sir Aldingar,
 And prove him a traitor keene.’

Forth then stood Sir Aldingar;
 But when he saw the chylde,
 He laughed, and scoffed, and turned his backe,
 And weened he had been beguylde.

‘ Now turne, now turne thee, Aldingar,
 And eyther fighte or flee;
 I trust that I shall avenge the wronge,
 Thoughe I am so small to see.’

The boye pulld forth a well good sworde
 So gilt it dazzled the ee;
 The first stroke stricken at Aldingar
 Smote off his leggs by the knee.

‘ Stand up, stand up, thou false traitòr,
 And fighte upon thy feete,
 For and thou thrive, as thou beginst,
 Of height wee shall be meete.’

A priest, a priest, sayes Aldingar,
 While I am a man alive;
 A priest, a priest, sayes Aldingar,
 Me for to houzle and shrive.

I wolde have laine by our comlie queene,
 But shee wolde never consent;
 Then I thought to betraye her unto our kinge,
 In a fyer to have her brent.

There came a lazar to the kings gates,
 A lazar both blind and lame:
 I tooke the lazar upon my backe,
 And on her bedd had him layne.

Then ranne I to our comlye king,
 These tidings sore to tell.
 But ever alacke! sayes Aldingar,
 Falsing never doth well.

Forgive, forgive me, queene, madame,
 The short time I must live.
 ‘ Nowe Christ forgive thee, Aldingar,
 As freely I forgive.’

Here take thy queene, our King Harryè,
 And love her as thy life,
 For never had a king in Christentye,
 A truer and fairer wife.

King Harrye ran to claspe his queene,
 And loosed her full sone:
 Then turnd to look for the tinye boye:—
 The boye was vanisht and gone.

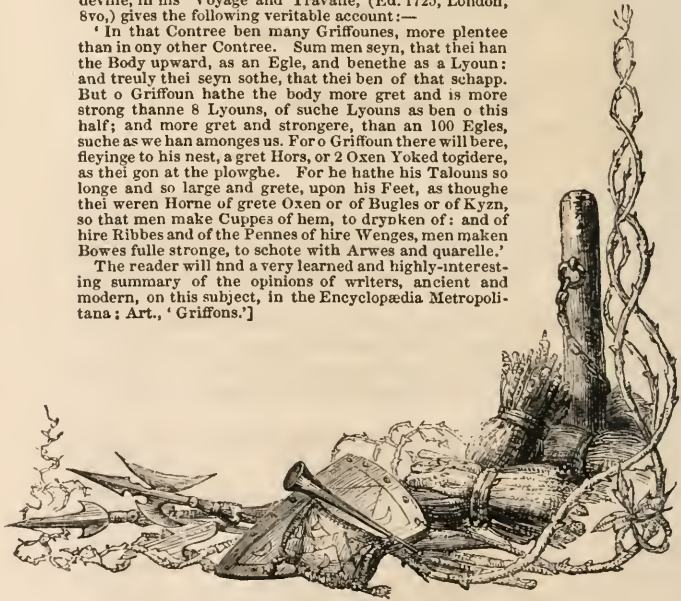
But first he had touchd the lazar man,
 And stroakt him with his hand:
 The lazar under the gallowes tree
 All whole and sounde did stand.

The lazar under the gallowes tree
 Was comelye, straight, and tall:
 King Henrye made him his head stewårde,
 To wayte withinn his hall.

[Stanza 18. Of the 'grype,' or 'griffin', Sir John Mandeville, in his 'Voyage and Travaile,' (Ed. 1725, London, 8vo.) gives the following veritable account:—

'In that Contree ben many Griffounes, more plentee than in any other Contree. Sum men seyn, that thei han the Body upward, as an Egle, and benethe as a Lyoun: and treuly thei seyn sothe, that thei ben of that schapp. But o Griffoun hathe the body more gret and is more strong thanne 8 Lyouns, of suche Lyouns as ben o this half; and more gret and strongere, than an 100 Egles, suche as we han amonges us. For o Griffoun there will bere, fleying to his nest, a gret Hors, or 2 Oxen Yoked togidere, as thei gon at the plowghe. For he hathe his Talouns so longe and so large and grete, upon his Feet, as though thei weren Horne of grete Oxen or of Bugles or of Kyzn, so that men make Cuppes of hem, to drynken of: and of hire Ribbes and of the Pennes of hire Wenges, men maken Bowes fulle stronge, to schote with Arwes and quarelle.'

The reader will find a very learned and highly-interesting summary of the opinions of writers, ancient and modern, on this subject, in the Encyclopædia Metropolitana: Art., 'Griffons.']



Glenfinlas:
OR
Lord Ronald's Coronach.



F. RUSSELL

[This ballad, 'the first original poem he ventured to compose,' was written by Sir—then Mr.—Walter Scott, 'with a design that it should be supposed a translation from the Gaelic,' and first appeared in Lewis' 'Tales of Wonder,' (1801.) 'The simple tradition,' he says, 'upon which it is founded, runs thus:—While two Highland hunters were passing the night in a solitary bothy, (a hut built for the purpose of hunting,) and making merry over their venison and whisky, one of them expressed a wish that they had pretty lasses to complete their party. The words were scarcely uttered, when two beautiful young women, habited in green, entered the hut, dancing and singing. One of the hunters was seduced by the syren, who attached herself particularly to him, to leave the hut; the other remained, and, suspicious of the fair seducers, continued to play upon a trumpet, or Jew's harp, some strain consecrated to the Virgin Mary. Day at length came, and the temptress vanished. Searching in the forest, he found the bones of his unfortunate friend, who had been torn to pieces and devoured by the fiend into whose toils he had fallen. The place was from thence called the Glen of the Green Women.']



HONE a rie! O hone a rie!
The pride of Albin's line is o'er,
And fallen Glenartney's stateliest tree;
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more!

O, sprung from great Macgillianore,
 The chief that never feard a foe,
 How matchless was thy broad claymore,
 How deadly thine unerring bow!

Well can the Saxon widows tell
 How, on the Teith's resounding shore,
 The boldest Lowland warriors fell,
 As down from Lenny's pass you bore.

But o'er his hills, on festal day,
 How blazed Lord Ronald's beltane tree;
 While youths and maids the light strathspey
 So nimbly danced with Highland glee.

Cheerd by the strength of Ronald's shell,
 E'en age forgot his tresses hoar;
 But now the loud lament we swell,
 O ne'er to see Lord Ronald more!

From distant isles a chieftain came,
 The joys of Ronald's halls to find,
 And chase with him the dark-brown game
 That bounds o'er Albin's hills of wind.

'Twas Moy; whom in Columba's isle
 The Seer's prophetic spirit found,
 As, with a minstrel's fire the while,
 He waked his harp's harmonious sound.

Full many a spell to him was known,
 Which wandering spirits shrink to hear;
 And many a lay of potent tone,
 Was never meant for mortal ear.

For there, 'tis said, in mystic mood
 High converse with the dead they hold,
 And oft espy the fated shroud
 That shall the future corpse enfold.

O so it fell, that on a day,
 To rouse the red deer from their den,
 The chiefs have ta'en their distant way,
 And scourd the deep Glenfinlas glen.

No vassals wait their sports to aid,
 To watch their safety, deck their board;
 Their simple dress, the Highland plaid;
 Their trusty guard, the Highland sword.

Three summer days, through brake and dell,
 Their whistling shafts successful flew;
 And still, when dewy evening fell,
 The quarry to their hut they drew.

In grey Glenfinlas' deepest nook
 The solitary cabin stood,
 Fast by Moneira's sullen brook,
 Which murmurs through that lonely wood.

Soft fell the night, the sky was calm,
 When three successive days had flown;
 And summer mist in dewy balm
 Steept heathy bank and mossy stone.

The moon, half hid in silvery flakes,
 Afar her dubious radiance shed,
 Quivering on Katrine's distant lakes,
 And resting on Benledi's head.

Now in their hut, in social guise,
 Their sylvan fare the chiefs enjoy,
 And pleasure laughs in Ronald's eyes,
 As many a pledge he quaffs to Moy.

' What lack we here to crown our bliss,
 While thus the pulse of joy beats high?
 What but fair woman's yielding kiss,
 Her panting breath, and melting eye?

' To chase the deer of yonder shades,
 This morning left their father's pile
 The fairest of our mountain maids,
 The daughters of the proud Glengyle.

' Long have I sought sweet Mary's heart,
 And dropt the tear, and heaved the sigh;
 But vain the lover's wily art,
 Beneath a sister's watchful eye.

' But thou mayst teach that guardian fair,
 While far with Mary I am flown,
 Of other hearts to cease her care,
 And find it hard to guard her own.

' Touch but thy harp, thou soon shalt see
 The lovely Flora of Glengyle,
 Unmindful of her charge and me,
 Hang on thy notes 'twixt tear and smile.

‘ Or if she choose a melting tale,
 All underneath the greenwood bough,
 Will good St. Oran’s rule prevail,
 Stern huntsman of the rigid brow?’—

‘ Since Enrick’s fight, since Morna’s death,
 No more on me shall rapture rise,
 Responsive to the panting breath,
 Or yielding kiss, or melting eyes.

‘ E’en then, when o’er the heath of woe,
 Where sunk my hopes of love and fame,
 I bade my harp’s wild wailings flow,
 On me the Seer’s sad spirit came.

‘ The last dread curse of angry Heaven,
 With ghastly sights, and sounds of woe,
 To dash each glimpse of joy, was given
 The gift, the future ill to know.

‘ The bark thou sawst, yon summer morn,
 So gaily part from Oban’s bay,
 My eye beheld her dasht and torn
 Far on the rocky Colonsay.

‘ The Fergus, too—thy sister’s son,
 Thou sawst with pride the gallant’s power,
 As, marching ’gainst the Laird of Downe,
 He left the skirts of huge Benmore.

‘ Thou only sawst their tartans wave,
 As down Benvoirlich’s side they wound,
 Heardst but the pibroch, answering brave
 To many a target clanking round.

‘ I heard the groans, I markt the tears,
 I saw the wound his bosom bore,
 When on the serried Saxon spears
 He pourd his clan’s resistless roar.

‘ And thou who bidst me think of bliss,
 And bidst my heart awake to glee,
 And court, like thee, the wanton kiss,—
 That heart, O Ronald, bleeds for thee!

‘ I see the death-damps chill thy brow,
 I hear thy warning spirit cry;
 The corpse-lights dance—they’re gone, and now . . . !
 No more is given to gifted eye!’—

' Alone enjoy thy dreary dreams,
 Sad prophet of the evil hour!
 Say, should we scorn joy's transient beams,
 Because to-morrow's storm may lour?

' Or sooth or false thy words of woe,
 Clangillian's chieftain ne'er shall fear;
 His blood shall bound at rapture's glow,
 Though doomd to stain the Saxon spear.

' E'en now, to meet me in yon dell,
 My Mary's buskins brush the dew.'
 He spoke, nor bade the chief farewell,
 But calld his dogs, and gay withdrew.

Within an hour returnd each hound,
 In rusht the rousers of the deer;
 They howld in melancholy sound,
 Then closely coucht beside the Seer.

No Ronald yet—though midnight came,
 And sad were Moy's prophetic dreams,
 As, bending o'er the dying flame,
 He fed the watch-fire's quivering gleams.

Sudden the hounds erect their ears,
 And sudden cease their moaning howl;
 Close prest to Moy, they mark their fears
 By shivering limbs, and stifled growl.

Untoucht the harp began to ring,
 As softly, slowly, oped the door;
 And shook responsive every string,
 As light a footstep prest the floor.

And by the watch-fire's glimmering light,
 Close by the Minstrel's side was seen
 An huntress maid, in beauty bright,
 All dropping wet her robes of green.

All dropping wet her garments seem,
 Child was her cheek, her bosom bare,
 As, bending o'er the dying gleam,
 She wrung the moisture from her hair.

With maiden blush she softly said,
 ' O gentle huntsman, hast thou seen,
 In deep Glenfinlas' moon-light glade,
 A lovely maid in vest of green:

- ‘ With her a chief in Highland pride;
His shoulders bear the hunter’s bow;
The mountain dirk adorns his side,
Far on the wind his tartans flow?’
- ‘ And who art thou; and who are they?’
All ghastly gazing, Moy replied;
‘ And why, beneath the moon’s pale ray,
Dare ye thus roam Glenfinlas’ side?’
- ‘ Where wild Loch Katrine pours her tide,
Blue, dark, and deep, round many an isle,
Our father’s towers o’erhang her side,
The castle of the bold Glengyle.
- ‘ To chase the dun Glenfinlas deer,
Our woodland course this morn we bore,
And haply met, while wandering here,
The son of great Macgillianore.
- ‘ O aid me, then, to seek the pair,
Whom, loitering in the woods, I lost;
Alone I dare not venture there,
Where walks, they say, the shrieking ghost.’
- ‘ Yes, many a shrieking ghost walks there;
Then, first, my own sad vow to keep,
Here will I pour my midnight prayer,
Which still must rise when mortals sleep.’
- ‘ O first, for pity’s gentle sake,
Guide a lone wanderer on her way!
For I must cross the haunted brake,
And reach my father’s towers ere day.’
- ‘ First, three times tell each Ave-bead,
And thrice a Pater-noster say,
Then kiss with me the holy reed,
So shall we safely wind our way.’
- ‘ O shame to knighthood, strange and foul!
Go, doff the bonnet from thy brow,
And shroud thee in the monkish cowl,
Which best befits thy sullen vow.
- ‘ Not so, by high Dunlathmon’s fire,
Thy heart was froze to love and joy,
When gaily rung thy raptured lyre,
To wanton Morna’s melting eye.’

Wild stared the Minstrel's eyes of flame,
And high his sable locks arose,
And quick his colour went and came,
As fear and rage alternate rose.

'And thou! when by the blazing oak
I lay, to her and love resign'd,
Say, rode ye on the eddying smoke,
Or saild ye on the midnight wind?

'Not thine a race of mortal blood,
Nor old Glengyle's pretended line;
Thy dame, the Lady of the Flood,
Thy sire, the Monarch of the Mine.'

He mutterd thrice St. Oran's rhyme,
And thrice St. Fillan's powerful prayer;
Then turnd him to the eastern clime,
And sternly shook his coal-black hair:

And, bending o'er his harp, he flung
His wildest witch-notes on the wind,
And loud, and high, and strange, they rung,
As many a magic change they find.

Tall waxt the Spirit's altering form,
Till to the roof her stature grew;
Then, mingling with the rising storm,
With one wild yell away she flew.

Rain beats, hail rattles, whirlwinds tear,
The slender hut in fragments flew,
But not a lock of Moy's loose hair
Was waved by wind, or wet by dew.

Wild mingling with the howling gale,
Loud bursts of ghastly laughter rise,
High o'er the Minstrel's head they sail,
And die amid the northern skies.

The voice of thunder shook the wood,
As ceased the more than mortal yell,
And, spattering foul, a shower of blood
Upon the hissing firebrands fell.

Next dropt from high a mangled arm,
The fingers strain'd an half-drawn blade:
And last, the life-blood streaming warm,
Torn from the trunk, a gasping head.

Oft o'er that head, in battling field,
 Stream'd the proud crest of high Benmore;
 That arm the broad claymore could wield,
 Which dyed the Teith with Saxon gore.

Woe to Moncira's sullen rills!
 Woe to Glenfinlas' dreary glen!
 There never son of Albin's hills
 Shall draw the hunter's shaft agen!

E'en the tired pilgrim's burning feet
 At noon shall shun that sheltering den,
 Lest, journeying in their rage, he meet
 The wayward Ladies of the Glen.

And we—behind the chieftain's shield
 No more shall we in safety dwell;
 None leads the people to the field—
 And we the loud lament must swell.

O hone a rie! O hone a rie!
 The pride of Albin's line is o'er;
 And fallen Glenartney's stateliest tree;
 We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more!

[Stanza 1. *O hone a rie* signifies 'Alas for the prince, or chief.'

Stanza 4. The fires lighted by the Highlanders on the first of May, in compliance with a custom derived from the Pagan times, are so called. It is a festival celebrated, with various superstitious rites, both in the north of Scotland and in Wales.

Stanza 22. St. Oran was a friend and follower of St. Columba, and was buried in Icolmkill. In memory of his rigid celibacy, no female was permitted to pay her devotions, or be buried, in the chapel, or the cemetery, called, after him, *Reilig Ouran*. This is the 'rule' alluded to in the poem.

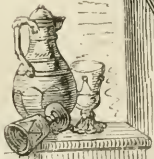
Stanza 55. St. Fillan has given his name to many chapels, holy fountains, &c., in Scotland.—*Scott.*]



King Estmere.



[' This old romantic legend' is taken from Percy's ' Reliques,' where it was given ' from two copies, one of them in the Editor's Folio MS., but which contained very great variations.' In an old book, entitled, ' The Complaynt of Scotland,'—one of the earliest productions of the Scottish Press now to be found, supposed to have been printed about 1540'—an ancient romance is mentioned, under the title, ' How the King of Estmureland married the King's daughter of Westmureland,' which Sir Walter Scott suggested might possibly have been ' the original of the beautiful legend of King Estmere.' Be this as it may, the legend itself ' bears marks,' as Bishop Percy says, ' of great antiquity.' In his opinion ' it would seem to have been written while a great part of Spain was in the hands of the Saracens or Moors: whose empire there was not fully extinguished before the year 1491. The Mahometans are spoken of in v. 49, &c., just in the same terms as in all other old romances.']



W. L. M. S. P.

EARKEN to me, gentlemen,
Come and you shall heare;
Ile tell you of two of the boldest
brethren,
That ever born y-were.

The tone of them was Adler yonge,
 The tother was kyng Estmere;
 The were as bolde men in their deedes,
 As any were farr and neare.

As they were drinking ale and wine
 Within kyng Estmeres halle:
 When will ye marry a wyfe, brothèr,
 A wyfe to gladd us all?

Then bespake him kyng Estmere,
 And answered him hastilee:
 I knowe not that ladye in any lande,
 That is able to marry with mee.

Kyng Adland hath a daughter. brother,
 Men call her bright and sheene;
 If I were kyng here in your stead,
 That ladye shold be queene.

Sayes, Reade me, reade me, deare brother,
 Throughout merry England,
 Where we might find a messenger
 Betweene us two to sende.

Sayes, Yóu shall ryde yourselfe, brothèr,
 Ile beare you companè;
 Many throughe fals messengers are deceived,
 And I feare lest soe shold wee.

Thus the renisht them to ryde
 Of twoe good renisht steedes,
 And when they came to kyng Adlands halle,
 Of red golde shone their weedes.

And when the came to kyng Adlands halle
 Before the goodlye yate,
 Ther they found good kyng Adlånd
 Rearing himselfe theratt.

Nowe Christ thee save, good kyng Adlånd;
 Nowe Christ thee save and see.
 Sayd, You be welcome, kyng Estmere,
 Right hartilye to mee.

You have a daughter, sayd Adler yonge,
 Men call her bright and sheene,
 My brother wold marrye her to his wiffe,
 Of Englande to be queene.

Yesterdaye was att my dere daughtèr
Syr Bremor the kyng of Spayne;
And then she nicked him of naye,
I feare sheele do youe the same.

The kyng of Spayne is a foule paynim,
And leeveth on Mahound;
And pitye it were that fayre ladyè
Shold marrye a heathen hound.

But grant to me, sayes kyng Estmere,
For my love I you praye;
That I may see your daughter dere
Before I goe hence awaye.

Althoughe itt is seven yeare and more
Syth my daughter was in halle,
She shall come downe once for your sake
To glad my guestès alle.

Downe then came that mayden fayre,
With ladyes lacede in pall,
And halfe a hondred of bolde knightes,
To bring her from bowre to hall;
And eke as many gentle squieres,
To waite upon them all.

The talents of golde, were on her head sette,
Hunge lowe downe to her knee;
And everye rynge on her small fingèr,
Shone of the chrystall free.

Sayes, Christ you save, my deare madàme;
Sayes, Christ you save and see.
Sayes, You be welcome, kyng Estmere,
Right welcome unto mee.

And iff you love me, as you saye,
So well and hartilèe,
All that ever you are comen about
Soone sped now itt may bee.

Then bespake her father deare:
My daughter, I saye naye;
Remember well the kyng of Spayne,
What he sayd yesterdaye.

He wold pull downe my halles and castles,
And reave me of my lyfe:

And ever I feare that paynim kyng,
Iff I reave him of his wyfe.

Your castles and your towres, father,
Are stronglye built about;e;
And therefore of that foule paynim
Wee neede not stande in doubt.

Plyght me your troth, nowe, kyng Estmère,
By heaven and your righte hande,
That you will marrye me to your wyfe,
And make me queene of your land.

Then kyng Estmere he plight his troth
By heaven and his righte hand,
That he wolde marrye her to his wyfe,
And make her queene of his land.

And he tooke leave of that ladye fayre,
To goe to his owne countree,
To fetche him dukes and lordes and knightes,
That married the might bee.

They had not ridden scant a myle,
A myle forthe of the towne,
But in did come the kyng of Spayne,
With kempès many a one.

But in did come the kyng of Spayne,
With manye a grimme baròne,
Tone day to marrye kyng Adlands daughter,
T other daye to carrye her home.

Then shee sent after kyng Estmère
In all the spede might bee,
That he must either returne and fighte,
Or goe home and lose his ladyè.

One whyle then the page he went,
Another whyle he ranne;
Till he had oretaken king Estmere,
I wis, he never blanne.

Tydinges, tydinges, kyng Estmere!
What tydinges nowe, my boye?
O tydinges I can tell to you,
That will you sore annoye.

You had not ridden scant a myle,
A myle out of the towne,

But in did come the kyng of Spayne
With kempès many a one:

But in did come the kyng of Spayne
With manye a grimme baròne,
Tone day to marrye kyng Adlands daughter,
T other daye to carrye her home.

That ladye fayre she greetes you well,
And ever-more well by mee:
You must either turne againe and fighte,
Or goe home and lose your ladyè.

Sayes, Reade me, reade me, deare brothèr,
My reade shall ryde at thee,
Whiche way we best may turne and fighte,
To save this fayre ladyè.

Now hearken to me, sayes Adler yonge,
And your reade must rise at me,
I quicklye will devise a waye
To sette thy ladye free.

My mother was a westerne woman,
And learned in gramaryè,
And when I learned at the schole,
Something shee taught itt me.

There groweth an hearbe within this fiede,
And iff it were but knowne,
His color, which is whyte and redd,
It will make blacke and browne:

His color, which is browne and blacke,
Itt will make redd and whyte;
That sword is not in all Englande,
Upon his coate will byte.

And you shal be a harper, brother,
Out of the north countrée;
And Ile be your boye, so faine of fighte,
To beare your harpe by your knee.

And you shall be the best harpèr,
That ever tooke harpe in hand;
And I will be the best singèr,
That ever sung in this land.

Itt shal be written in our foreheads
All and in grammaryè,

That we towe are the boldest men,
That are in all Christentyè.

And thus they renisht them to ryde,
On towe good renish steedes;
And whan they came to kyng Adlands hall,
Of redd gold shone their weedes.

And whan the came to kyng Adlands hall
Untill the fayre hall yate,
There they found a proud portèr
Rearing himselfe theratt.

Sayes, Christ thee save, thou proud portèr;
Sayes, Christ thee save and see.
Nowe you be welcome, sayd the portèr.
Of what land soever ye bee.

We been harpers, sayd Adler yonge,
Come out of the northe countrèe;
We beene come hither untill this place,
This proud weddinge for to see.

Sayd, And your color were white and redd,
As it is blacke and browne,
Ild saye king Estmere and his brother
Were comen untill this towne.

Then they pulled out a ryng of gold,
Layd itt on the porters arme:
And ever we will thee, proud portèr,
Thow wilt saye us no harme.

Sore he looked on kyng Estmère,
And sore he handled the ryng,
Then opened to them the fayre hall yates,
He lett for no kind of thyng.

Kyng Estmere he light off his steede
Up att the fayre hall board;
The frothe, that came from his brydle bitte,
Light on kyng Bremors beard.

Sayes, Stable thy steede, thou proud harpèr,
Go stable him in the stalle;
Itt doth not beseeme a proud harpèr
To stable him in a kyngs halle.

My ladd he is so lither, he sayd,
He will do nought that's meete;

And aye that I cold but find the man,
Were able him to beate.

Thou speakst proud words, sayd the Paynim king,
Thou harper here to mee:
There is a man within this halle,
That will beate thy lad and thee.

O lett that man come downe, he sayd,
A sight of him wold I see;
And whan hee hath beaten well my ladd,
Then he shall beate of mee.

Downe then came the kemperye man,
And looked him in the eare;
For all the gold, that was under heaven,
He durst not neigh him neare.

And how nowe, kempe, sayd the kyng of Spayne,
And how what aileth thee?
He sayes, Itt is written in his forhead
All and in gramaryè,
That for all the gold that is under heaven,
I dare not neigh him nye.

Kyng Estmere then pulled forth his harpe,
And playd thereon so sweete:
Upstarte the ladye from the kynge,
As hee sate at the meate.

Now stay thy harpe, thou proud harper,
Now stay thy harpe, I say;
For an thou playest as thou beginnest,
Thou'lt till my bride awaye.

He strucke upon his harpe agayne,
And playd both fayre and free;
The ladye was so pleasde theratt,
She laught loud laughters three.

Nowe sell me thy harpe, sayd the kyng of Spayne,
Thy harpe and stryngs eche one,
And as many gold nobles thou shalt have,
As there be stryngs thereon.

And what wold ye doe with my harpe, he sayd,
Iff I did sell it yee?
' To playe my wiffe and me a fitt,
When abed together we bee.'

Now sell me, quoth hee, thy bryde soe gay,
 As shee sitts laced in pall,
 And as many gold nobles I will give,
 As there be rings in the hall.

And what wold ye doe with my bryde soe gay,
 Iff I did sell her yee?
 More seemelye it is for her fayre bodye
 To lye by mee than thee.

Hee played agayne both loud and shrille,
 And Adler he did syng,
 ' O ladye, this is thy owne true love;
 Noe harper, but a kyng.

O ladye, this is thy owne true love,
 As playnlye thou mayest see;
 And Ile rid thee of that foule paynim,
 Who partes thy love and thee.'

The ladye looked, the ladye blushte,
 And blushte and lookt agayne,
 While Adler he hath drawne his brande,
 And hath the Sowdan slayne.

Up then rose the kemperye men,
 And loud they gan to crye:
 Ah! traytors, yee have slayne our kyng,
 And therefore yee shall dye.

Kyng Estmere threwe the harpe asyde,
 And swith he drew his brand;
 And Estmere he, and Adler yonge
 Right stiffe in stour can stand.

And aye their swordes soe sore can byte,
 Throughe help of Gramaryè,
 That soone they have slayne the kemperye men,
 Or forst them forth to flee.

Kyng Estmere tooke that fayre ladyè,
 And marryed her to his wyfe,
 And brought her home to merrye England
 With her to leade his lyfe.

[In this ballad, the reader will see the character of the old minstrels, those successors of the bards, placed in a very respectable light: one of them being represented mounted on a fine horse, accompanied with an attendant to bear his harp after him, and to sing the poems of his composing; and mixing in the company of kings without ceremony; no mean proof of the great antiquity of this poem. As to Estmere's riding into the hall while the kings were at table, this was usual in the ages of chivalry; and even to this day we see a relic of this custom still kept up, in the Champion's riding into Westminster Hall during the Coronation dinner.—*Percy*.]

The Court of Keeldar.



[This ballad was written by Dr. Leyden, and first published in 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.' 'The tradition,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'on which it is founded, derives considerable illustration from the argument of 'Lord Soulis'—(see next ballad.) 'It is necessary to add, that the most redoubted adversary of Lord Soulis was the chief of Keeldar, a Northumbrian district, adjacent to Cumberland, who perished in a sudden encounter on the banks of the Hermitage. Being arrayed in armour of proof, he sustained no hurt in the combat; but, stumbling in retreating across the river, the hostile party held him down below water with their lances till he died; and the eddy, in which he perished, is still called the Court of Keeldar's Pool. His grave, of gigantic size, is still pointed out on the banks of the Hermitage, at the western corner of a wall, surrounding the burial-ground of a ruined chapel. As an enemy of Lord Soulis, his memory is revered; and the popular epithet of Court, i. e. Colt, is expressive of his strength, stature, and activity. The Keeldar Stone, by which the Northumbrian chief passed in his incursion, is still pointed out, as a boundary mark, on the confines of Jed forest and Northumberland. It is a rough insulated mass, of considerable dimensions, and it is held unlucky to ride thrice *withershins*—in a direction, that is, contrary to the course of the sun—around it. The Brown Man of the Muirs is a Fairy of the most malignant order.']



THE eiry blood-hound howled by night,
The streamers flaunted red,
Till broken streaks of flaky light
O'er Keeldar's mountains spread.

The lady sighed as Keeldar rose:

‘Come tell me, dear love mine,
Go you to hunt where Keeldar flows,
Or on the banks of Tyne?’

‘The heath-bell blows where Keeldar flows,
By Tyne the primrose pale;
But now we ride on the Scottish side,
To hunt in Liddesdale.’

‘Gin you will ride on the Scottish side,
Sore must thy Margaret mourn;
For Soulis abhorred is Lyddall’s Lord,
And I fear you’ll ne’er return.

The axe he bears, it hacks and tears;
’Tis formed of an earth-fast flint;
No armour of knight, though ever so wight,
Can bear its deadly dint.

No danger he fears, for a charmed sword he wears,
Of adderstone the hilt;
No Tynedale knight had ever such might
But his heart-blood was spilt.’

‘In my plume is seen the holly green,
With the leaves of the rowan tree;
And my casque of sand, by a mermaid’s hand,
Was formed beneath the sea.

Then Margaret, dear, have thou no fear;
That bodes no ill to me,
Though never a knight, by mortal might,
Could match his gramarye.’—

Then forward bound both horse and hound,
And rattle o’er the vale;
As the wintry breeze, through leafless trees,
Drives on the pattering hail.

Behind their course the English fells
In deepening blue retire;
Till soon before them boldly swells
The muir of dun Redswire.

And when they reacht the Redswire high,
Soft beamed the rising sun;
But formless shadows seemed to fly
Along the muirland dun.

And when he reacht the Redswire high,
 His bugle Keeldar blew;
 And round did float, with clamorous note,
 And scream, the hoarse curlew.

The next blast that young Keeldar blew,
 The wind grew deadly still;
 But the sleek fern with fingery leaves,
 Waved wildly o'er the hill.

The third blast that young Keeldar blew,
 Still stood the limber fern;
 And a wee man, of swarthy hue,
 Up started by a cairn.

His russet weeds were brown as heath
 That clothes the upland fell;
 And the hair of his head was frizzly red,
 As the purple heather bell.

An urchin, clad in prickles red,
 Clung cowering to his arm;
 The hounds they howld, and backward fled,
 As struck by Fairy charm.

'Why rises high the stag-hounds' cry,
 Where stag-hound ne'er should be?
 Why wakes that horn the silent morn,
 Without the leave of me?'

'Brown dwarf, that o'er the muirland strays,
 Thy name to Keeldar tell!—
 'The Brown Man of the Muirs, who stays
 Beneath the heather-bell.

'Tis sweet, beneath the heather-bell,
 To live in autumn brown;
 And sweet to hear the laverocks swell
 Far, far from tower and town.

But woe betide the shrilling horn,
 The chase's surly cheer!
 And ever that hunter is forlorn,
 Whom first at morn I hear.'

Says, 'Weal nor woe, nor friend nor foe,
 In thee we hope nor dread.'—
 But, ere the bugles green could blow,
 The wee Brown Man had fled.

And onward, onward, hound and horse,
 Young Keeldar's band have gone;
 And soon they wheel, in rapid course,
 Around the Keeldar Stone.

Green vervain round its base did creep,
 A powerful seed that bore;
 And oft, of yore, its channels deep,
 Were stained with human gore.

And still, when blood drops, clotted thin,
 Hung the grey moss upon,
 The spirit murmurs from within,
 And shakes the rocking stone.

Around, around young Keeldar wound,
 And called, in scornful tone,
 With him to pass the barrier ground,
 The spirit of the Stone.

The rude crag rockt; 'I come for death,
 I come to work thy woc!—
 And 'twas the Brown Man of the Heath,
 That murmured from below.

But onward, onward Keeldar past,
 Swift as the winter wind,
 When, hovering on the driving blast,
 The snow-flakes fall behind.

They past the muir of berries blae,
 The stone cross on the lee;
 They reacht the green, the bonnie brae,
 Beneath the birchen tree.

This is the bonnie brae, the green,
 Yet sacred to the brave,
 Where, still, of ancient size, is seen
 Gigantic Keeldar's grave.

The lonely shepherd loves to mark
 The daisy springing fair,
 Where weeps the birch of silver bark,
 With long dishevelled hair.

The grave is green, and round is spread
 The curling lady-fern;
 That fatal day the mould was red,
 No moss was on the cairn.

And next they past the chapel there;
The holy ground was by,
Where many a stone is sculptured fair,
To mark where warriors lie.

And here, beside the mountain flood,
A massy castle frownd,
Since first the Pictish race, in blood,
The haunted pile did found.

The restless stream its rocky base
Assails with ceaseless din;
And many a troubled spirit strays
The dungeons dark within.

Soon from the lofty tower there hied
A knight across the vale;
'I greet your master well,' he cried,
'From Soulis of Liddesdale.

He heard your bugle's echoing call,
In his green garden bower;
And bids you to his festive hall
Withlin his ancient tower.'

Young Keeldar called his hunter train:—
'For doubtful cheer prepare;
And, as you open force disdain,
Of secret guile beware.

'Twas here, for Mangerton's brave lord
A bloody feast was set,
Who, weetless, at the festal board
The bull's broad frontlet met.

Then ever, at uncourteous feast,
Keep every man his brand;
And, as you mid his friends are placed,
Range on the better hand.

And, if the bull's ill-omened head
Appear to grace the feast,
Your whingers, with unerring speed,
Plunge in each neighbour's breast.'—

In Hermitage they sat at dine,
In pomp and proud array;
And oft they filled the blood-red wine,
While merry minstrels play.

And many a hunting song they sung,
 And song of game and glee;
 Then tuned to plaintive strains their tongue,
 'Of Scotland's luv and lee.'

To wilder measures next they turn;
 'The Black, Black Bull of Noroway!'
 Sudden the tapers cease to burn,
 The minstrels cease to play.

Each hunter bold, of Keeldar's train,
 Sat an enchanted man;
 For, cold as ice, through every vein
 The freezing life-blood ran.

Each rigid hand the whinger wrung,
 Each gazed with glaring eye;
 But Keeldar from the table sprung,
 Unharm'd by Gramarye.

He burst the doors; the roofs resound;
 With yells the castle rung;
 Before him, with a sudden bound,
 His favourite blood-hound sprung.

Ere he could pass, the door was barred;
 And, grating harsh from under,
 With creaking, jarring noise, was heard
 A sound like distant thunder.

The iron clash, the grinding sound,
 Announce the dire sword-mill;
 The piteous howlings of the hound
 The dreadful dungeon fill.

With breath drawn in, the murderous crew
 Stood listening to the yell;
 And greater still their wonder grew,
 As on their ear it fell.

They listened for a human shriek
 Amidst the jarring sound;
 They only heard in echoes weak
 The murmurs of the hound.

The death-bell rung, and wide were flung
 The castle gates amain;
 While hurry out the armed rout,
 And marshal on the plain.

Ah! ne'er before in Border feud
Was seen so dire a fray!
Through glittering lances Keeldar hewed
A red corse-paven way.

His helmet, formed of mermaid sand,
No lethal brand could dint;
No other arms could e'er withstand
The axe of earth-fast flint.

In Keeldar's plume the holly green
And rowan leaves nod on,
And vain Lord Soulis' sword was seen,
Though the hilt was adderstone.

Then up the Wee Brown Man he rose,
By Soulis of Liddesdale;—
'In vain,' he said, 'a thousand blows
Assail the charmed mail;

In vain by land your arrows glide,
In vain your falchions gleam—
No spell can stay the living tide,
Or charm the rushing stream.'

And now young Keeldar reacht the stream,
Above the foamy lin;
The Border lances round him gleam,
And force the warrior in.

The holly floated to the side,
And the leaf of the rowan pale.
Alas! no spell could charm the tide,
Nor the lance of Liddesdale.

Swift was the Cout o' Keeldar's course
Along the lily lee;
But home came never hound nor horse,
And never home came he.

Where weeps the birch with branches green,
Without the holy ground,
Between two old gray stones is seen
The warrior's ridgy mound.

And the hunters bold, of Keeldar's train,
Within yon castle's wall,
In deadly sleep must aye remain,
Till the ruined towers down fall.

Each in his hunter's garb arrayed,
 Each holds his bugle horn;
 Their keen hounds at their feet are laid,
 That ne'er shall wake the morn.

[Stanza 1. 'Streamers'—northern lights.

St. 5. 'Earth-fast flint'—an insulated stone inclosed in a bed of earth. Its blow is reckoned uncommonly severe.

St. 6. 'Adderstone'—a name applied to celts and other round perforated stones. The vulgar suppose them to be perforated by the stings of adders. Among the Scottish peasantry it is held in high veneration.

St. 7. The 'Rowan tree,' or mountain ash, is still used by the peasantry, to avert the effects of charms and witchcraft.

St. 16. 'Urchin'—hedge-hog.

St. 24. The 'rocking stone,' commonly held a Druidical monument, has always been held in superstitious veneration by the people, who suppose it to be inhabited by spirits.

St. 33. Castles remarkable for size, strength, and antiquity, are by the common people commonly attributed to the Picts, or Pechs, who are not supposed to have trusted solely to their skill in masonry in constructing these edifices, but are believed to have bathed the foundation-stone with human blood, in order to propitiate the spirit of the soil.

St. 40. To present a bull's head before a person at a feast, was, in the ancient turbulent times of Scotland, a common signal for his assassination. Thus, Lindsay of Pitseottie relates in his History, p. 17, that 'after the dinner was endit, once alle the delicate courses taken away, the chancellor (Sir William Crichton) presentit the bullis head befor the Earle of Douglas, in signe and toaken of condemnation to the death.'

St. 42. The most ancient Scottish song known is here alluded to, and is given by Wintoun, in his 'Chronykil,' vol. i. p. 401: that alluded to in the following verse is a wild fanciful popular tale of enchantment, termed, 'The Black Bull of Norway.' It is probably the same with the romance of the 'Three Futtit Dog of Norway,' mentioned in the 'Complaynt of Scotland.'

St. 56. That no species of magic had any effect over a running stream was a common opinion among the vulgar, and is alluded to in Burns' admirable tale of 'Tam o' Shanter.'—*Scott.*]



Lord Soulis.



[This ballad, like the preceding, was written by Dr. Leyden, and first published in 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.' The hero, according to Sir Walter Scott, was William, Lord Soulis, a powerful baron, descended from Alexander II. Local tradition represents him 'as a cruel tyrant and sorcerer; constantly employed in oppressing his vassals, harassing his neighbours, and fortifying his castle of Hermitage against the King of Scotland, for which purpose he employed all means, human and infernal; invoking the fiends, by his incantations, and forcing his vassals to drag materials, like beasts of burden. Tradition proceeds to relate, that the Scottish king, irritated by reiterated complaints, peevishly exclaimed to the petitioners, 'Boil him, if you please, but let me hear no more of him.' Satisfied with this answer, they proceeded with the utmost haste to execute the commission; which they accomplished, by boiling him alive on the Nine-stane Rig, in a cauldron, said to have been long preserved at Skelf-hill, a hamlet betwixt Hawick and the Hermitage. Messengers, it is said, were immediately despatched by the king, to prevent the effects of such a hasty declaration, but they only arrived in time to witness the conclusion of the ceremony. The Nine-stane Rig is a declivity about one mile in breadth, and four in length, descending upon the Water of Hermitage from the range of hills which separate Liddesdale and Teviotdale. It derives its name from one of those circles of large stones, which are termed Druidical, nine of which remained till a late period. Five of these stones are still visible, and two are particularly pointed out, as those which supported the iron bar, upon which the fatal cauldron was suspended. *Redcap* is a popular appellation of that class of spirits which haunt old castles. Every ruined tower in the south of Scotland is supposed to have an inhabitant of this species.]

ORD SOULIS he sat in Hermitage castle,
 And beside him Old Redcap sly;—
 'Now, tell me, thou sprite who art meikle
 of might,
 The death that I must die?

‘ While thou shalt bear a charmed life,
 And hold that life of me,
 ’Gainst lance and arrow, sword and knife,
 I shall thy warrant be.

Nor forged steel, nor hempen band,
 Shall e’er thy limbs confine,
 Till threefold ropes of sifted sand
 Around thy body twine.

If danger press fast, knock thrice on the chest,
 With rusty padlocks bound;
 Turn away your eyes, when the lid shall rise,
 And listen to the sound.’

Lord Soulis he sat in Hermitage castle,
 And Redcap was not by;
 And he called in a page, who was witty and sage,
 To go to the barnkin high.

‘ And look thou east, and look’ thou west,
 And quickly come tell to me,
 What troopers haste along the waste,
 And what may their livery be.’

He looked o’er fell, and he looked o’er flat,
 But nothing, I wist, he saw,
 Save a pyot on a turret that sat
 Beside a corby crow.

The page he lookt at the skrieh of day,
 But nothing, I wist, he saw,
 Till a horseman gay, in the royal array,
 Rode down the Hazel-shaw.

‘ Say, why do you cross o’er muir and moss?’
 So loudly cried the page:
 ‘ I tidings bring, from Scotland’s king,
 To Soulis of Hermitage.

He bids me tell that bloody warden,
 Oppressor of low and high,
 If ever again his lieges complain,
 The cruel Soulis shall die.’

By traitorous sleight they seized the knight,
 Before he rode or ran,
 And through the key-stone of the vault
 They plunged him, horse and man.

O May she came, and May she gaed,
By Goranberry green;
And May she was the fairest maid
That ever yet was seen.

O May she came, and May she gaed,
By Goranberry tower;
And who was it but cruel Lord Soulis,
That carried her from her bower.

He brought her to his castle gray,
By Hermitage's side;
Says, 'Be content, my lovely May,
For thou shalt be my bride.'

With her yellow hair, that glittered fair,
She dried the trickling tear;
She sighed the name of Branxholme's heir,
The youth that loved her dear.

'Now, be content, my bonnie May,
And take it for your hame;
Or ever and aye shall ye rue the day,
You heard young Branxholme's name.

O'er Branxholme tower, ere the morning hour,
When the lift is like lead so blue,
The smoke shall roll white on the weary night,
And the flame shine dimly through.'

Syne he's ca'd on him Ringan Red,
A sturdy kemp was he;
From friend or foe, in border feid,
Who never a foot would flee.

Red Ringan sped, and the spearmen led,
Up Goranberry Slack;
Aye, many a wight, unmatched in fight,
Who never more came back.

And bloody set the westering sun,
And bloody rose he up;
But little thought young Branxholme's heir
Where he that night should sup.

He shot the roe-buck on the lee,
The dun deer on the law;
The glamour sure was in his ee,
When Ringan nigh did draw.

O'er heathy edge, through rustling sedge,
 He sped till day was set;
 And he thought it was his merry men true,
 When he the spearmen met.

Far from relief, they seized the chief;
 His men were far away;
 Through Hermitage Slack they sent him back
 To Soulis' castle gray;
 Sync onward fine for Branxholme tower,
 Where all his merry men lay.

' Now, welcome, noble Branxholme's heir!
 Thrice welcome,' quoth Soulis, ' to me!
 Say, dost thou repair to my castle fair,
 My wedding guest to be?
 And lovely May deserves, per fay,
 A brideman such as thee!'

And broad and bloody rose the sun,
 And on the barmkin shone;
 When the page was aware of Red Ringan there,
 Who came riding all alone.

To the gate of the tower Lord Soulis he speeds,
 As he lighted at the wall,
 Says, ' Where did ye stable my stalwart steeds,
 And where do they tarry all?'

' We stabled them sure on the Tarras Muir;
 We stabled them sure,' quoth he:
 ' Before we could cross that quaking moss,
 They all were lost but me.'

He clencht his fist, and he knockt on the chest,
 And he heard a stifled groan;
 And, at the third knock, each rusty lock
 Did open one by one.

He turnd away his eyes, as the lid did rise,
 And he listend silentlie;
 And he heard, breathed slow, in murmurs low,
 ' Beware of a coming tree!'

In muttering sound the rest was drown'd;
 No other word heard he;
 But slow as it rose, the lid did close,
 With the rusty padlocks three.

Now rose with Branxholme's ae brother,
The Teviot, high and low:
Bauld Walter by name, of meikle fame,
For none could bend his bow.

O'er glen and glade, to Soulis there sped
The fame of his array,
And that Teviotdale would soon assail
His towers and castle gray.

With clenched fist he knockt on the chest,
And again he heard a groan;
And he raised his eyes as the lid did rise,
But answer heard he none.

The charm was broke, when the spirit spoke,
And it murmurd sullenlie;—
'Shut fast the door, and for evermore,
Commit to me the key.

Alas! that ever thou raisedst thine eyes,
Thine eyes to look on me!
Till seven years are o'er, return no more,
For here thou must not be.'

Think not but Soulis was wae to yield
His warlock chamber o'er;
He took the keys from the rusty lock,
That never was ta'en before.

He threw them over his left shoulder,
With meikle care and pain;
And he bade it keep them fathoms deep,
Till he returnd again.

And still when seven years are o'er,
Is heard the jarring sound;
When slowly opes the charmed door
Of the chamber underground.

And some within the chamber door
Have cast a curious eye;
But none dare tell, for the spirits in hell,
The fearful sights they spy.

When Soulis thought on his merry men now,
A woeful wight was he;
Says,—'Vengeance is mine, and I will not repine!
But Branxholme's heir shall die.'

Says—‘What would you do, young Branxholme,
Gin ye had me, as I have thee?’

‘I would take you to the good greenwood,
And gar your ain hand wale the tree.’

‘Now shall thine ain hand wale the tree,
For all thy mirth and meikle pride;
And May shall chuse, if my love she refuse,
A scrog bush thee beside.’

They carried him to the good greenwood,
Where the green pines grew in a row;
And they heard the cry, from the branches high,
Of the hungry carrion crow.

They carried him on from tree to tree,
The spiry boughs below:
‘Say, shall it be thine, on the tapering pine,
To feed the hooded crow?’

‘The fir-tops fall by Branxholme wall,
When the night blast stirs the tree,
And it shall not be mine to die on the pine
I loved in infancie.’

Young Branxholme turnd him, and oft lookt back,
And aye he past from tree to tree;
Young Branxholme peept, and puirly spake,
‘O sic a death is no for me!’

And next they past the aspen gray,
Its leaves were rustling mournfullie;
‘Nōw, chuse thee, chuse thee, Branxholme gay,
Say, wilt thou never chuse the tree?’

‘More dear to me is the aspen gray,
More dear than any other tree;
For beneath the shade that its branches made,
Have past the vows of my love and me.’

Young Branxholme peept, and puirly spake,
Until he did his ain men see,
With witches hazel in each steel cap,
In scorn of Soulis’ grammarye;
Then shoulder height for glee he lap,
‘Methinks I spy a coming tree!’

‘Aye, many, many come, but few return,’
Quo’ Soulis, the lord of grammarye;

' No warrior's hand in fair Scotland
Shall ever dint a wound on me.'

' Now, by my sooth,' quo' bauld Walter,
' If that be true we soon shall see.'
His bent bow he drew, and the arrow was true,
But never a wound or scar had he.

Then up bespake him true Thomas,
He was the lord of Ersyltoun:
' The wizard's spell no steel can quell,
'Till once your lances bear him down.'

They bore him down with lances bright,
But never a wound or scar had he;
With hempen bands they bound him tight,
Both hands and feet on the Nine-stane lee.

That wizard accurst, the bands he burst;
They moulderd at his magic spell;
And neck and heel, in the forged steel,
They bound him against the charms of hell.

That wizard accurst, the bands he burst,
No forged steel his charms could bide;
Then up bespake him true Thomas,
' We'll bind him yet, whatever betide.'

The black spae-book from his breast he took,
Impresst with many a warlock spell;
And the book it was wrote by Michael Scott,
Who held in awe the fiends of hell.

They buried it deep, where his bones they sleep,
That mortal man might never it see;
But Thomas did save it from the grave,
When he returned from Faerie.

The black spae-book from his breast he took,
And turnd the leaves with curious hand;
No ropes, did he find, the wizard could bind,
But threefold ropes of sifted sand.

They sifted the sand from the Nine-stane burn,
And shaped the ropes so curiouslie;
But the ropes would neither twist nor twine,
For Thomas true and his gramarye.

The black spae-book from his breast he took,
And again he turned it with his hand;

And he bade each lad of Teviot add
The barley chaff to the sifted sand.

The barley chaff to the sifted sand
They added still by handfulls nine;
But Redcap sly unseen was by,
And the ropes would neither twist nor twine.

And still beside the Nine-stane burn,
Ribbed like the sand at mark of sea,
The ropes, that would not twist nor turn,
Shaped of the sifted sand you see.

The black spae-book true Thomas he took;
Again its magic leaves he spread;
And he found that to quell the powerful spell,
The wizard must be boiled in lead.

On a circle of stones they placed the pot,
On a circle of stones but barely nine;
They heated it red and fiery hot,
Till the burnisht brass did glimmer and shine.

They rolld him up in a sheet of lead,
A sheet of lead for a funeral pall;
They plunged him in the cauldron red,
And melted him, lead, and bones and all.

At the Skelf-hill, the cauldron still,
The men of Liddesdale can show;
And on the spot, where they boild the pot,
The spreath and the deer-hair ne'er shall grow.

['The tradition,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'regarding the death of Lord Soulis, however singular, is not without a parallel in the real history of Scotland. The same extraordinary mode of cookery was actually practised (*horresco referens*) upon the body of a sheriff of the Mearns. This person, whose name was Melville of Glenbervie, bore his faculties so harshly, that he became detested by the barons of the country. Reiterated complaints of his conduct having been made to James I. (or, as others say, to the Duke of Albany,) the monarch answered, in a moment of unguarded impatience, 'Sorrow gin the sheriff were sodden, and supped in broo!' The complainers retired, perfectly satisfied. Shortly after, the lairds of Arbuthnot, Mather, Laureston, and Pittaraw decoyed Melville to the top of the hill of Garvoek, above Laurencekirk, under pretence of a grand hunting party. Upon this place, still called the *Sheriff's Pot*, the barons had prepared a fire and a boiling cauldron, into which they plunged the unlucky sheriff. After he was *sodden* (as the king termed it) for a sufficient time, the savages, that they might literally observe the royal mandate, concluded the scene of abomination by actually partaking of the hell-broth.']





John Gilpin.

['The Diverting History of John Gilpin, showing how he went farther than he intended, and came safe home again,' was written, as probably every reader knows, by William Cowper. The story was related to him by Lady Austen, who had heard it in her childhood, and made so vivid an impression upon the poet, that the next morning he told her the ludicrous incident had kept him awake with laughter during the night, and that he had converted it into a ballad. It first appeared, anonymously, in the 'Public Advertiser,' 1782; and, with the help of the public recitations given of it by Henderson the comedian, with all the humour his comie powers could throw into it, speedily obtained, and has ever since enjoyed, unrivalled popularity. It was first published, as Cowper's avowed production, in the second volume of his 'Poems.']

JOHAN GILPIN was a citizen
 Of credit and renown,
 A train-band captain eke was he
 Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise ; so you must ride
On horseback after we.

He soon replied, I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear ;
Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go.

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, That's well said ;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnisht with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.

John Gilpin kist his loving wife ;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in ;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad ;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride ;
But soon came down again;

For saddle-tree scarce reacht had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind;
When Betty screaming came down stairs,
'The wine is left behind!'

Good lack! quoth he—yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise.

Now Mistress Gilpin, careful soul,
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipt from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brusht and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, fair and softly, John he cried,
But John he cried in vain; ·
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He graspt the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, which never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt when he set out
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
'Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, Well done!
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around;
He carries weight! he rides a race!
’Tis for a thousand pound!

And still, as fast as he drew near,
’Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the Wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house—
They all aloud did cry;
The dinner waits, and we are tired:
Said Gilpin—So am I!

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there ;
For why? his owner had a house
Full ten miles off at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

What news? what news? your tidings tell—
 Tell me you must and shall—
 Say why bareheaded you are come,
 Or why you come at all?

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
 And loved a timely joke;
 And thus unto the calender
 In merry guise he spoke :

I came because your horse would come;
 And, if I well forebode,
 My hat and wig will soon be here—
 'They are upon the road.

The calender, right glad to find
 His friend in merry pin,
 Returned him not a single word,
 But to the house went in.

Whence straight he came with hat and wig;
 A wig that flowed behind,
 A hat not much the worse for wear,
 Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
 Thus showed his ready wit,
 My head is twice as big as yours,
 They therefore needs must fit.

But let me scrape the dirt away
 That hangs upon your face;
 And stop and eat, for well you may
 Be in a hungry case.

Said John, It is my wedding day,
 And all the world would stare
 If wife should dine at Edmonton,
 And I should dine at Ware.

So turning to his horse, he said,
 I am in haste to dine;
 'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
 You shall go back for mine.

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!
 For which he paid full dear;
 For, while he spake, a braying ass
 Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And gallopt off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig:
He lost them sooner than at first;
For why?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well.

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels,
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:—

Stop thief! stop thief! a highwayman!
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The tollmen thinking as before
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
 For he got first to town;
 Nor stopt till where he had got up
 He did again get down.

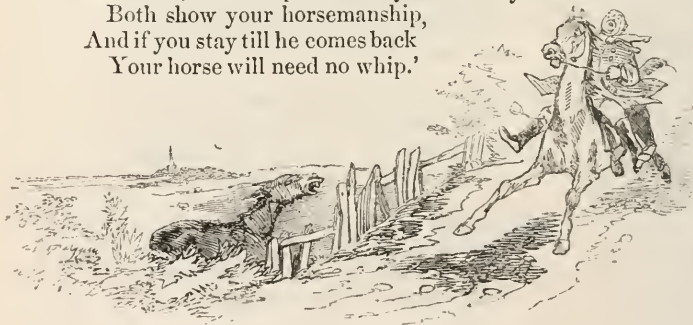
Now let us sing, long live the king,
 And Gilpin, long live he;
 And, when he next doth ride abroad,
 May I be there to see!

[In Hone's 'Table Book,' ii. 79, the three following stanzas are stated to have been 'found, in the handwriting of Cowper, among the papers of Mrs. Unwin.' In the opinion of Mr. Hone's correspondent 'they evidently formed part of an intended episode to the Diverting History of John Gilpin.' They are not given in any edition of the poet's works.]

Then Mrs. Gilpin sweetly said
 Unto her children three,
 'I'll clamber o'er this stile so high;
 And you climb after me.'

But having climbed unto the top,
 She could no farther go,
 But sate, to every passer by,
 A spectacle and show :

Who said, 'Your spouse and you this day
 Both show your horsemanship,
 And if you stay till he comes back
 Your horse will need no whip.'



The Bristowe Tragedie;
OR.
THE DETHE OF SIR CHARLES BAWDIN.



[This ballad was written by the 'marvellous boy,' Thomas Chatterton, who died, by his own hand, it would seem, in 1770, aged seventeen years, nine months, and some days. It is one of the 'Poems' which he gave to the world as having been written by Thomas

Rowley, 'parish preeste of St. John's, in the city of Bristol, in the fifteenth century;' and found by himself among some parchments taken by his father,—whose uncle was the sexton,—from the Muniment Room of St. Mary Redcliffe church, at Bristol. The literary controversy to which these poems gave rise is well known. Probably, however, it would be difficult now-a-days to find a believer in 'Rowley the priest.' When and where the Ballad first appeared is a matter upon which editors and biographers seem one and all to be ignorant. It is here taken from the edition of 1777 (Lond. 8vo.), where it is stated to be 'reprinted from the copy printed at London in 1772, with a few corrections from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's handwriting.' In all probability, however, it was first published in Chatterton's life-time, having been given by him to Mr. Catcott. The person here celebrated under the name of Sir Charles Bawdin, was probably Sir Baldewyn Fulford, Knt., a zealous Lancastrian, who was executed at Bristol in the latter end of 1461, the first year of Edward the Fourth.]



HE featherd songster chaunticleer
Han wounde hys bugle-horne,
And tolde the earlie villager
The commynge of the morne.

Kynge Edwarde sawe the ruddie streakes
 Of lyghte eclipse the greie,
 And herde the raven's croakyng throte
 Proclayme the fated daie.

'Thou'rt ryght,' quod hee, 'for by the Godde
 That syttes enthron'd on hyghe!
 Charles Bawdin, and hys fellowes twaine,
 To-daie shall surelie die.'

Thenne wythe a jugge of nappy ale
 Hys knyghts dydd onne hymm waite;
 'Goe tell the traytour thatt to-daie
 Hee leaves thys mortall state.'

Syr Canterlone thenne bendedd lowe,
 Wythe harte brymmfulle of woe;
 Hee journey'd to the castle-gate,
 And to Syr Charles dydd goe.

But whenne hee came, hys children twaine,
 And eke hys lovyng wyfe,
 Wyth brinie tears dydd wett the floore,
 For goode Syr Charleses lyfe.

'O goode Syr Charles!' sayd Canterlone,
 'Badde tydings I doe brynge.'
 'Speke boldlie, manne,' sayd brave Syr Charles;
 'Whatte says thie traytor kynge?'

'I greeve to telle; before yonne sonne
 Does fromme the welkin flye,
 Hee hathe uponne hys honnour sworn,
 Thatt thou shalt surelie die.'

'Wee all must die,' quod brave Syr Charles;
 'Of thatte I'm not affearde;
 Whatte bootes to lyve a little space?
 Thanke Jesu, I'm prepard:

Butt telle thye kynge, for myne hee's not,
 I'de sooner die to-daie,
 Thanne lyve hys slave, as manie are,
 Tho' I shoulde lyve for aie.'

Thenne Canterlone hee dydd goe out,
 To tell the maior straite,
 To gett all thynges ynne reddyness
 For goode Syr Charles's fate.

Thenne Maister Canynge saughte the kyng,
And felle down onne hys knee;
'I'm come,' quod hee, 'unto your grace,
To move your clemencye.'

'Thenne,' quod the king, 'youre tale speke out,
You have been much oure friend;
Whatever youre request may bee,
Wee wyll to ytte attende.'

'My nobile leige! alle my request
Ys for a nobile knyghte,
Who, tho' mayhap hee has donne wrong,
Hee thoughte ytte style was ryghte.

Hee has a spouse and children twaine;
Alle rewynd are for aie,
Yf thatt you are resolvd to lett
Charles Bawdin die to-daie.'

'Speke nott of such a traytour vile,'
The kyng ynnie furie sayd;
'Before the evening starre doth sheene,
Bawdin shall loose hys hedde.

Justice does loudlie for hym call,
And hee shalle have hys meede;
Speke, Maister Canynge! whatte thyng e else
Att present doe you neede?'

'My nobile leige!' goode Canynge sayde,
'Leave justice to our Godde,
And laye the yronne rule asyde;
Be thyne the olyve rodde.

Was Godde to searche our hertes and reines,
The best were synners grete;
Christ's vycarr only knowes ne synne,
Ynne alle thys mortall state.

Lette mercie rule thyne infante reigne,
'T'wylle faste thye crowne fulle sure;
From race to race thy familie
Alle sov'reigns shall endure:

But yffe withe bloode and slaughter thou
Beginne thy infante reigne,
Thy crowne uponne thy childrennes brows
Wylle never long remayne.'

‘Canynge, awaie! Thys traytour vile
 Has scorn’d my power and mee;
 Howe canst thou thenne for such a manne
 Intreate my clemencye?’

‘Mie nobile leige! the trulie brave
 Wylle val’rous actions prize;
 Respect a brave and nobile mynde
 Altho’ ynne enemies.’

‘Canynge, awaie! By Godde ynne Heav’n,
 Thatte dydd mee being gyve,
 I wylle nott taste a bitt of breade,
 Whilst thys Syr Charles dothe lyve!

Bie Marie, and alle Seinetes ynne Heav’n,
 Thys sunne shall be hys laste!
 Thenne Canynge droppt a brinie teare,
 And from the presence paste.

Wyth herte brymfulle of gnawyng grief,
 Hee to Syr Charles dydd goe,
 And satt hymm downe uponne a stooile,
 And teares beganne to flowe.

‘Wee alle must die,’ quod brave Syr Charles;
 Whatte bootes ytte howe or whenne?
 Dethe ys the sure, the certaine fate,
 Of alle wee mortall menne.

Saye why, my friend, thie honest soul
 Runns overr att thyne eye;
 Is ytte for my most welcome doome,
 Thatt thou doste child-lyke crye?’

Quod godlie Canynge, ‘I doe weepe,
 Thatt thou soe soone must dye,
 And leave thy sonnes and helpless wyfe;
 ’Tys thys that wettes myne eye.’

‘Thenne drie the teares that out thyne eye
 From godlie fountaines sprynge;
 Dethe I despise, and alle the power
 Of Edwarde, traytor kynge.

Whan through the tyrant’s welcom means
 I shall resigne my lyfe,
 The Godde I serve wylle soone provyde
 For bothe mye sonnes and wyfe.

Before I sawe the lyghtsome sunne,
 Thys was appointed mee;
 Shall mortal manne repyne or grudge
 Whatt Godde ordeynes to bee?

Howe oft ynne battaile have I stooede,
 Whan thousands dy'd arounde;
 Whan smokyng streemes of crimson bloode
 Imbrew'd the fatten'd grounde:

Howe dydd I knowe thatt.ev'ry darte
 That cutte the airie waie,
 Myghte nott fynde passage toe my herte,
 And close myne eyes for aie?

And shall I nowe, forr feere of dethe,
 Looke wanne and bee dysmay'd?
 Ne! fromme my herte fie childishe feere;
 Bec alle the manne display'd.'

' Ah, goddelike Henrie! Godde forfende,
 And garde thee and thie sonne,
 Yff 'tis hys wylle; but yff 'tis nott,
 Why, thenne hys wylle bee donne.'

' My honest friende, my faulte has beene
 To serve Godde and mye prynee;
 And thatt I no tyme-server am,
 My dethe wylle soone convynce.

Ynne London citye was I borne,
 Of parents of grete note;
 My fadre dyd a nobile armes
 Emblazon onne hys cote;

I make ne doubtte butt hee ys gone
 Where soone I hope to goe,
 Where wee for ever shall bee blest,
 From oute the reech of woe.

Hee taughte mee justice and the laws
 Wyth pitie to unite;
 And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe
 The wronge cause fromme the ryghte:

Hee taughte mee wyth a prudent hande
 To feede the hungrie-poore,
 Ne lette mie servants dryve awaie,
 The hungrie fromme my doore:

And none can say butt alle mye lyfe
 I have hys wordyes kept:
 And summ'd the actyonns of the daie
 Eache nyghte before I slept.

I have a spouse, goe aske of her
 Yff I defyl'd her bedde?
 I have a kynge, and none can laie
 Blacke treason onne my hedde.

Ynne Lent and onne the holie eve,
 Fromme fleshe I dydd refrayne;
 Whie should I thenne appeare dismay'd
 To leave thys worlde of payne?

Ne! hapless Henrie! I rejoyce
 I shalle ne see thie dethe;
 Moste willynglie ynne thye juste cause
 Doe I resign my brethe.

Oh, fickle people! rewyn'd londe!
 Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe;
 Whyle Richard's sonnes exalt themselves,
 Thye brookes wyth bloude wylle flowe.

Saie, were ye tyr'd of godlie peace,
 And godlie Henrie's reigne,
 Thatt you dydd choppe youre easie daies
 For those of bloude and payne?

Whatte tho' I onne a sledde bee drawne,
 And mangled by a hynde,
 I doe defye the traytor's power,
 Hee can ne harm my mynde:

Whatte tho', uphoisted onne a pole,
 Mye lymbes shall rotte ynne ayre,
 And ne ryche monument of brasse
 Charles Bawdin's name shall bear;

Yette ynne the holie booke above,
 Whyche tyme can't eate awaie,
 There wythe the servants of the Lorde
 Mye name shall lyve for aie.

Thenne welcome dethe! for lyfe eterne
 I leave thys mortall lyfe:
 Farewelle vayne worlde, and alle that's deare,
 Mye sonnes and lovyng wyfe!

Nowe dethe as welcome to mee comes
As e'er the moneth of Maie;
Nor woulde I even wyshe to lyve,
Wyth my dere wyfe to staie.'

Quod Canynge, ' 'Tys a goodlie thyng,
To bee prepared to die;
And from thys world of peyne and greefe
To Godde ynne heav'n to flie.'

And nowe the bell beganne to tolle,
And claryonnes to sounde;
Syr Charles hee herde the horses' feete
A-prauncing onne the grounde.

And just before the officers
His lovyng wyfe came ynne,
Weepyng unfeigned teeres of woe
Wythe loude and dysmalle dynne.

' Sweet Florence! nowe I praie forbere,
Ynne quiet lett mee die;
Praie Godde thatt ev'ry Christian soule
Maye looke onne dethe as I.

Sweet Florence! why these brinie teeres?
Theye washe my soule awaie,
And almost make mee wyshe for lyfe,
Wythe thee, sweete dame, to staie.

'Tys butt a journie I shalle goe
Untoe the lande of blysse;
Nowe, as a prooffe of husbande's love
Receive thys holie kysse.'

Thenne Florence, fault'ring ynne her saie,
Tremblyng these wordes spoke:
' Ah, cruele Edwarde! bloudie kyng!
My herte ys welle nyghe broke.

Ah, sweete Syr Charles! why wylt thou goe
Wythoute thye lovyng wyfe?
The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thye necke,
Ytte eke shall ende mye lyfe.'

And nowe the officers came ynne,
To bryng Syr Charles awaie,
Whoe turnedd toe hys lovyng wyfe,
And thus to her dydd saie:

‘ I goe to lyfe, and not to dethe,
 Truste thou ynne Godde above,
 And teache thye sonnes to feare the Lorde,
 And ynne theyre hertes hym love.

Teache them to runne the nobile race
 Thatt I theyre fader runne,
 Florence! shou’d dethe thee take—adiou!
 Yee officers leade onne.’

Thenne Florence raved as anie madde,
 And dydd her tresses tere;
 ‘ Oh staie, mie husbande, lorde, and lyfe !’
 Syr Charles thenne droppt a tere.

‘ Tyll tyredd oute wythe ravyngge loud,
 Shee fellen onne the flore ;
 Syr Charles exerted alle hys myghte,
 And march’d fromme oute the dore.

Uponne a sledde hee mounted thenne,
 Wythe lookes fulle brave and swete;
 Lookes that enshone ne more concern
 Thanne anie ynne the strete.

Before hym went the council-menne,
 Ynne scarlett robes and golde,
 And tassils spanglyng ynne the sunne,
 Muche glorious to beholde :

The freers of Seincte Augustyne next
 Appeared to the syght,
 Alle cladd ynne homelie russett weedes,
 Of godlie monkysh plyght.

Ynne diff’rent partes a godlie psaulme,
 Most sweetlie theye dydd chaunt;
 Behynde theyr backe syx mynstrelles came,
 Who tuned the strunge bataunt.

Thenne fyve-and-twentye archers came;
 Eachone the bowe dydd bende,
 From rescue of Kynge Henrie’s friends,
 Syr Charles forr to defend.

Bolde as a lyon came Syr Charles,
 Drawne onne a clothe-layde sledde,
 Bye two blacke stedes ynne trappynge white,
 Wyth plumes uponne theyre hedde.

Behynde hym fyve-and-twentye moe
 Of archers stronge and stoute,
 Wythe bended bowe eachone ynne hande,
 Marched ynne goodlie rout.

Seincte Jameses freers marched next,
 Eachone hys parte dydd chaunt;
 Behynde theyre backes syx mynstrelles came,
 Who tuned the strunge bataunt.

Then came the maior and eldermenne,
 Ynne clothe of scarlett deckt;
 And theyre attendyng menne eachone,
 Lyke easterne princes trickt.

And after them a multitude
 Of citizenns dydd thronge;
 The wyndowes were alle fulle of heddes,
 As hee dydd passe alonge.

And whenne hee came to the hyghe crosse
 Syr Charles dydd turne and saie,
 ‘ O thou thatt savest manne fromme sinne,
 Washe mye soule clean thys daie.’

At the grete mynsterr wyndowe sate,
 The kynge ynne myckle state,
 To see Charles Bawdin goe alonge
 To hys most welcom fate.

Soone as the sledde drewe nyghe enowe,
 Thatt Edwarde, hee myghte here,
 The brave Syr Charles hee dydd stande uppe,
 And thus hys words declare:

‘ Thou seest me, Edward! traytour vile!
 Exposed to infamie;
 Butt bee assured, disloyall manne,
 I’m greaterr nowe thanne thee.

Bye foule procedyngs, murdre, bloude,
 Thou wearest nowe a crowne;
 And hast appoynted mee to dye,
 By power nott thyne owne.

Thou thynkest I shall dye to daie;
 I have beene dede till nowe,
 And soone shall lyve to weare a crowne
 For aie uponne my browe;

Whylst thou, perhaps, for som few yeares,
 Shalt rule thys fyckle lande,
 To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule
 'Twixt kynge and tyrant hande;

Thye power unjust, thou traytour slave!
 Shall falle onne thye owne hedde—'
 Fromme out of hearyng of the kynge,
 Departed thenne the sledde.

Kynge Edwardes soule rush'd to hys face,
 Hee turn'd hys hedde awaie,
 And to hys broder Gloucester
 Hee thus dydd speke and saie:

' To hym that soe-much-dreaded dethe
 Ne ghasstlie terrors brynge;
 Beholde the manne! hee spake the truthe;
 Hee's greater thanne a kynge!'

' Soe lett hym die!' Duke Richard sayde;
 ' And maye eachone oure foes
 Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie axe,
 And feede the carryon crows.'

And nowe the horses gentlie drewe
 Syr Charles uppe the hyghe hylle;
 The axe dyd glysterr ynne the sunne,
 Hys pretious bloude to spylle.

Syr Charles dydd uppe the scaffolde goe,
 As uppe a gilded carre
 Of victorye, bye val'rous chiefs
 Gayn'd ynne the bloudie warre.

And to the people hee dydd saie:
 ' Beholde you see mee dye,
 For servynge loyally mye kynge,
 My kynge most rightfullie.

As long as Edwarde rules thys land,
 Ne quiet you wylle knowe;
 Youre sonnes and husbandes shalle bee slaine,
 And brookes wythe bloude shalle flowe.

You leave youre goode and lawfull kyng,
 Whenne ynn adversitye;
 Lyke mee, untoe the true cause styck;
 And for the true cause dye.'

Thenne hee, wythe preestes, uponne hys knees,
A prayer to Godde dydd make,
Beseechyng hym unto hymselfe,
Hys partyng soule to take.

Thenne kneelyng downe, hee layde hys hedde,
Most seemlie onne the blocke;
Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once
The able heddesmanne stroke:

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,
And rounde the scaffolde twyne;
And teares, enow to wash't awaie,
Dydd flowe fromme each manne's eyne.

The bloudie axe hys bodie fayre
Ynto foure parties cutte;
And everye parte and eke hys hedde,
Uponne a pole was putte.

One parte dydd rotte onne Kynwulph-hylle,
One onne the mynster-tower,
And one from off the castle-gate
The crowen dydd devoure.

The other onne Seincte Poules goode-gate,
A dreery spectacle;
Hys hedde was placed onne the hyghe crosse,
Ynne hyghe streete most nobile.

Thus was the ende of Bawdin's fate;
Godde prosper longe oure kynge,
And grante hee maye wythe Bawdin's soule,
Ynne Heav'n Godde's mercie syng!



The Feaste of Alle Deuiles.



[This 'Ancient Ballad,' as it is there called, is taken from 'Legends of the Library at Lilies, by the Lord and Lady there,' London, 1832. The only information afforded respecting it is as follows:—'To such as are well read in the rare work of autobiography lately published by Sir Jonah Barrington, so singular will the coincidence appear between the relation he gives of the strange fate of Mr. Joseph Kelly and Mr. Peter Alley, in 'My Brother's Hunting Lodge,' and the catastrophe of the following tale, that, except for the doubtless authenticity of the first-mentioned narrative, it might almost be thought to have been founded on this ancient ballad, which bears evidence of having been written about the middle of the sixteenth century, by a person who was himself a witness of the event he celebrates. As it is, the two stories will probably be taken as equally true, and strongly confirmatory of each other.']

GOODLYE romaunte you shal
 heere, I wis,
 Tisycleped of Alle Deuiles Halle,
 Likewyse of the Feaste of Alle
 Deuiles it is,
 And of what dyd there befall.

For a pleasaunte thyng is this historye,
 And much delyte doe I
 In one so straunge, yett so true perdie
 That noe man can ytt denye.

O the boarde is sette, and the gwestes are mett
 To drinke in Alle Deuiles' Halle,
 The gwestes are drye, but the walles are wett,
 And the doores are barred on alle.

And why are the tables in orderc sett,
 And why is the wassaile spredd,
 And why are they mett while the walles are wett
 To carouse o'er the uaultes of the dedd?

The Baronne of Hawkesdenne rose wyth the sunne
 On the daye of Alle Sayntes in the morne.
 A terrible feate hee had thoughte uponne,
 And a terrible oathe he had sworne.

From holye church full manie a roode
 Hee had ravishede of landys fayre,
 And where Alle Saintes abbaye had latelye stode
 Hys holde hee had builded there.

For to hym our good Kynge Harrye had given
 For hys fee that rich Abbaye,
 When the Angels bequeathed for the service of Heuen
 Were ta'en from the Church awaye.

Yett firmlye and well stode the proude Chappell,
 Though ne monk ne preeste was there,
 Butt for festival nowe was hearde the bell
 That wont to be hearde for prayer.

And those sayntelye walles of olde gray stone
 Dyd witnessse foul revelrye,
 And they shooke to heare their echoes owne
 Wordes of ribaulderie.

' Now builde mee a Halle,' the Baronne sayde,
 ' And builde ytt both wide and high,
 And builde ytt mee ouer the moulderinge dedde,
 As they rotte in cemeterye.

For long haue I lacked a banquettinge Halle,
 Meete for my feeres and me;
 For our mirthe the olde Chappell is alle too smalle,
 Soc our butterye-hatch ytt shal bee.

Thys aunciente place I wyl newlye calle,
 And christene ytt in goode wyne,
 Thys church of Alle Sayntes shall be Alle Deuiles' Halle,
 And the daye, too, Alle Deuiles and myne.

On the firste of Nouembre thys lordeshippe fayre
 My heritage was made,
 From noe Saynte dydd I craue ytt by vowe or by prayere,
 But I called to the Deuile for ayde.

Longe, longe did I striue, and on hope I leaned,
 And att Courte I dyd uainlye toyle,
 And his Highnesse was harde tyll I uowed to the fiende
 A share in the Churches' spoyle.

Nowe, onn thys daye beginneth a moneth of cloudes,
 And of deedes that mayne not bee forgiuen,
 When the self-sleyne dedde looke upp from their shroudes,
 See no blew, and despaire of heuen.

And eache yeare thys festiuall daye wee wyl keepe,
 Saynte nor angelle a place shal haue,
 Butt darke spiritts wyth us shal carouse, pottle deepe,
 And we'll welcome suche from the graue.

O there wyll wee mocke the skulles belowe,
 And we'll grinne more wyde than theye,
 And we'll synge more loude thann the owletts doe,
 And louder than preestes wolde praye.

And our dogges wyth eache pate that is bleached and bare
 Shall sporte them rounde and rounde,
 Or tangle their jaws in the drye dedde haire,
 As theye route in the hollowe grounde.

Att the wildered batte wee wyl loudlye laugh,
 As hee flitts rounde hys mansyons olde,
 And the earthe worme shal learne the redde wyne to quaff,
 As he reeles in his slymie folde.

We wyl barre oute the blessedde lyghte fulle welle,
 And we'll heare noe lark to disturbe us,
 For the lark synges to heuen, butt wee to helle,
 Noe hymminge fooles shal curbe us.

A frend in our neede is indeede a frend,
 And suche frend was the Deuile to mee;
 And thys halle I wyll builde, to thys dutyfulle ende,
 That my cuppe fellowe hee may bee.'

O Nouembre is neare wythe the elosinge yeare,
 And the Halle is unfinishede quite,
 And what liuinge menne dyd reare in the day, ytt dyd appeare
 That dedde handes dyd undoe at nighte.

O the ceilinge and walles theye are rough and bare,
 And the gwestes they are comynge nowe;
 O how shal the Baronne feaste them there,
 And how shal hee keepe hys vowe?

Att the builders hee raued furiouslye,
 Nor excuse wolde hee graunte att alle;
 Butt, as one poore wretch low bent on hys knee,
 He strake oute hys braynes wyth hys malle.

And, highe as he raysed his bloudie hande,
 Ryght fearfullie thus spake hee:
 ' Yff at eue thys halle unfinishede stande,
 Not one knave of yee liuinge shal bee!'

Thenn the builders theye playstered dilligentlye,
 For lyfe or deth playstered theye,
 And, a dagger's depthe, thicke coates three
 Theye had spredde on the walles that daye.

' Sore feare worketh welle !' quoth the proude Baronne,
 As he strode to the festall chayre,
 And loude laughed the gwestes to looke uponne
 The worke so smoothe and fayre.

The pine torches rounde a braue lighte dydd flynge,
 A redd noone through the darke nighte streaminge,
 And small thoughte hadd the gwestes of the waynscottinge,
 Howe wette, and softe, and steaminge.

Now theye have barred faste the doores belowe,
 And eke the windowes on highe ;
 And withoute stooede tremblinge the vassailes a rowe
 Att the bolde impietie.

O wee tremblede to heare their reuelrie,
 (For I was there that nighte,)
 A sabbath ytt seemede of Deuilrie,
 And of Witches att theyre delyte.

There was chauntinge thenne amayne, butt the pure and holie
 strayne
 Of sweete musicke had loste ytt's feelinge,
 And there was harpe and lute, but lyttel dyd ytt boote,
 For the daunce was butt beastlie reelinge.

And the feates were ille tolde of chiuallrye olde,
 Amiddste dronkenesse and dinne,
 And the softe laye of loue colde noe tendernesse moue
 Ynn hartes of ryott and sinne.

Three nightes ytt endured, and the staringe owle
 Was scared from hys ivye throne,
 And the poore currs dismallie answered a howle
 More senselesse thanne theyre own.

And dronker theye waxed, and dronker yett,
 And each manne dyd uainly laboure,
 By reason of manie speakers, to gett
 Meet audience from his neybour.

These wordes thenn stammerede the loude Baronne,
 ' May I ne'er quitt thys goode cheere,
 Tyll our maystere come to feaste wyth hys owne !'
 And thatt was the laste wee colde heare.

The third morne rose full fayre, and the torches ruddye
 glare,
 Through the windowes streamed noe more,
 And, when the smalle birde rose from hys chambere in
 the boughes,
 The festiuall shout was o'er.

The smalle birde gaylye sunge, and the merrylarke uppe
 sprunge,
 And the dewe droppe spangled the spraye,
 And the blessedde sunne, that stille shines the same on
 goode and ille,
 Smyled thatt morne onn the old Abbaye.

O longe dydd we listene, in doubt and feare,
 Att thatt unholye doore,
 And, ere wee essayed to enter there,
 Ytt was full highe noone and more.

Butt stille colde we gaine noe answere att alle,
 Though wee asked continuallye;
 And I that telle was the urchin smalle
 Thatt was thruste through the windowe to see.

O I hadde quayled in Saynte Quentin's fighte,
 Where I rode in that Baronne's trayne,
 And hadd shrunke to see the slayne att nighte,
 As they laye onn the bloudye playne.

I hadde sickennede to see eache pale face bare,
 And eache staringe glassie eye,
 As the moone was dimmlye reflectede there,
 Farre from agreeablye.

Butt ne'er hadde I seene suche a syghte before
 As thatt whyche dydd thenn befallē,
 Of grimme and ghashtlye dedd heddes a score
 Mortared into a walle!

Theye were helde as theye dronkenlye backe dydd leane,
 Ynn deadlye payne and despayre,
 And the redd wyne was clottede their jawes betwene,
 And the mortare was growne to the hayre.

Full ofte haue I hearde thatt wyse menne doe saye
 'Manie heddes are bettere thanne one;'
 Butt, O, thanne wyth suche gaunt heddes as theye
 Ytt were bettere to liue wyth none.

And stille the gaye fruites blushedē on the boarde,
 As in scorne of the sadde arraye,
 And the sparklinge flaggons, wyth wyne halfe stored,
 Beamed oute to the sunne alwaye.

Nowe Time hath rolled onne for three score yeare,
 And the olde walle standeth yett;
 And, deepe, in rowes, rounde thatt dred chambere,
 Eache darke browne skulle is sett.

The ivye hath wreathede a coronett grene
 For the grimlye Baronne's browe;
 And, where once the dais carpett flaunted shene,
 The ranke grass waveth nowe.

In the sockett where rowled eache dronken eye
 Hath the martlett builded her holde;
 And, aye, midde the whyte teeth, gallantlye
 The walle flowere twisteth ytt's folde.

And, in place of the torches of pine-tree made,
 The pale moone quivereth o'er themme,
 And the scritch owle, wyth sorrye serenade,
 Mocketh the mynstrell before themme.

And there muste they staye, tyll the dredful daye
 When their maystere claymeth hys dole!
 O Gentles beeware of suche doome, and praye
 Grammereye onne eache poore soule.

Butt, euermore, to your dyinge hower,
 Remembere, whate'er befalle,
 Keepe free your hartes from the foule fiende's power,
 And your heddes from newe mortared-walle.

Thenne of Alle Deuiles' Daye thys the storye is,
 And of Alle Deuiles' Halle lykewyse;
 A wonderous tale, yett soe trewe ytt is,
 That noe bodye it denyes.

[Stanza 7. 'Good Kynge Harrye'—Henry VIII.—whom the ordinary reader may, perhaps, not at once recognise under that epithet.

St. 7. 'Angels'—metallic currency, not spirits of another world.

St. 9. 'Ribaulderie'—a sort of converse much in use among the soldiers of the Pays des Ribauds; desultory troops under the command of the Duke of Burgundy in the holy wars.—*Du Cange*.

St. 15. 'Despaire of heuen'—'Que faut-il faire pour dissiper l'ennuie? C'est le mois de Novembre. Il fait mauvais temps—temps de brouillards. Que faut-il faire pour dissiper l'ennuie? Les Anglois se pendent. Que faut-il faire, dis-je, pour dissiper l'ennuie? Il faut boire du ponche!—*Almanach des Gourmands.*']



The Child of Elle.



[This ballad is taken from Percy's 'Reliques,' where it was 'given from a fragment in the Editor's folio MS. ; which, though extremely defective and mutilated, appeared to have so much merit, that it excited a strong desire to attempt a completion of the story. The reader,' says Dr. Percy, 'will easily discover the supplemental stanzas by their inferiority, and at the same time be inclined to pardon it, when he considers how difficult it must be to imitate the affecting simplicity and artless beauties of the original.' Probably, however, the reader will be inclined to agree with Sir Walter Scott ('Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border') in 'ascribing its greatest beauties to the poetical taste of the ingenious Editor. They are,' he says, 'in the true style of Gothic embellishment.' In the same work was published a ballad, entitled 'Erlinton,' which Sir Walter considered to be 'the rude original, or, perhaps, a corrupted and imperfect copy of 'The Child of Elle.' It will be found in the Appendix. 'Child,' says Dr. Percy, 'was a title sometimes given to a knight.']



N yonder hill a castle standes,
With walles and towres bedight,
And yonder lives the Child of Elle,
A younge and comely knighte.

The Child of Elle to his garden wente,
 And stood at his garden pale,
 Whan, lo! he beheld fair Emmelines page
 Come trippinge downe the dale.

The Child of Elle he hyed him thence,
 Y-wis he stode not stille,
 And soone he mette faire Emmelines page
 Come climbing up the hille.

Nowe Christe thee save, thou little foot-page,
 Now Christe thee save and see!
 Oh telle me how does thy ladye gaye,
 And what may thy tydinges bee?

My lady shee is all woe-begone,
 And the teares they falle from her eyne;
 And aye she laments the deadlye feude
 Betweene her house and thine.

And here shee sends thee a silken scarfe
 Bedewde with many a teare,
 And biddes thee sometimes thinke on her,
 Who loved thee so deare.

And here shee sends thee a ring of golde
 The last boone thou mayst have,
 And biddes thee weare it for her sake,
 Whan she is layde in grave.

For, ah! her gentle heart is broke,
 And in grave soone must shee bee,
 Sith her father hath chose her a new new love,
 And forbidde her to think of thee.

Her father hath brought her a carlish knight,
 Sir John of the north countraye,
 And within three dayes shee must him wedde,
 Or he vowes he will her slaye.

Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,
 And greet thy ladye from mee,
 And telle her that I her owne true love
 Will dye, or sette her free.

Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,
 And let thy fair ladye know
 This night will I bee at her bowre-windowe,
 Betide me weale or woe.

The boye he tripped, the boye he ranne,
 He neither stint ne stayd
 Untill he came to fair Emmelines bowre,
 Whan kneeling downe he sayd,

O ladye, Ive been with thy own true love,
 And he greets thee well by mee;
 This night will he bee at thy bowre-windowe,
 And dye or sette thee free.

Nowe daye was gone, and night was come,
 And all were fast asleepe,
 All save the ladye Emmeline,
 Who sate in her bowre to weepe:

And soone shee heard her true loves voice
 Lowe whispering at the walle,
 Awake, awake, my deare ladye,
 Tis I thy true love call.

Awake, awake, my ladye deare,
 Come, mount this faire palfraye:
 This ladder of ropes will lette thee downe,
 Ile carrye thee hence awaye.

Nowe nay, nowe nay, thou gentle knight,
 Nowe nay, this may not bee;
 For aye sould I tint my maiden fame,
 If alone I should wend with thee.

O ladye, thou with a knighte so true,
 Mayst safelye wend alone,
 To my ladye mother I will thee bringe,
 Where marriage shall make us one.

‘ My father he is a baron bolde,
 Of lynage proude and hye;
 And what would he saye if his daughter
 Awaye with a knight should fly?’

Ah! well I wot, he never would rest,
 Nor his meate should doe him no goode,
 Till he had slayne thee, Child of Elle,
 And scene thy deare hearts bloode.’

O ladye, wert thou in thy saddle sette,
 And a little space him fro,
 I would not care for thy cruel fathèr,
 Nor the worst that he could doe.

O ladye, wert thou in thy saddle sette,
 And once without this walle,
 I would not care for thy eruel fathèr,
 Nor the worst that might befallè.

Faire Emmeline sighed, faire Emmeline wept,
 And aye her heart was woe:
 At length he seizde her lilly-white hand,
 And downe the ladder he drewe:

And thrice he claspde her to his breste,
 And kist her tenderlie:
 The teares that fell from her fair eyes,
 Ranne like the fountayne free.

Hee mounted himselfe on his steede so talle,
 And her on a faire palfràye,
 And slung his bugle about his necke,
 And roundlye they rode awaye.

All this beheard her owne damsèlle,
 In her bed whereas shèe ley,
 Quoth shèe, My lord shall knowe of this,
 Soe I shall have golde and fee.

Awake, awake, thou baron bolde!
 Awake, my noble dame!
 Your daughter is fledde with the Childe of Elle,
 To doe the deede of shame.

The baron he woke, the baron he rose,
 And called his merrye men all:
 'And come thou forth, Sir John the knighte,
 The ladye is carried to thrall.'

Faire Emmeline scant had ridden a mile,
 A mile forth of the towne,
 When she was aware of her fathers men
 Come galloping over the downe:

And foremost came the earlish knight,
 Sir John of the north countràye:
 'Nowe stop, nowe stop, thou false traitoure,
 Nor carry that ladye awaye.'

For she is come of hye lynàge,
 And was of a ladye borne,
 And ill it beseems thee a false churles sonne
 To carrye her hence to scorne.'

Nowe loud thou lyeſt, Sir John the knight,
Nowe thou doeſt lye of mee;
A knight mee gott, and a ladye me bore,
Soe never did none by thee.

But light nowe downe, my ladye faire,
Light downe, and hold my ſteed,
While I and this discourteous knight
Doe trye this arduous deede.

But light now downe, my deare ladyè,
Light downe, and hold my horſe;
While I and this discourteous knight
Doe trye our valours force.

Fair Emmeline ſighde, fair Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was woe,
While twixt her love and the carliſh knight
Paſt many a baleful blowe.

The Child of Elle hee fought ſoe well,
As his weapone he wayde amaine,
That ſoone he had ſlaine the carliſh knight,
And layde him upon the plaine.

And nowe the baron, and all his men
Full faſt approached nye:
Ah! what may ladye Emmeline doe?
Twere now no boote to flye.

Her lover he put his horne to his mouth,
And blew both loud and ſhrill,
And ſoone he ſaw his owne merry men
Come ryding over the hill.

‘ Nowe hold thy hand, thou bold baròn,
I pray thee, hold thy hand,
Nor ruthleſſ rend two gentle hearts,
Faſt knit in true loves band.

Thy daughter I have dearly lovde
Full long and many a day;
But with ſuch love as hely kirke
Hath freelye ſayd wee may.

O give conſent, ſhee may be mine,
And bleſſe a faithfull paire:
My lands and livings are not ſmall,
My houſe and lynage faire:

My mother she was an earles daughter,
 And a noble knyght my sire——
 The baron he frownde, and turnde away
 With mickle dole and ire.

Fair Emmeline sighde, faire Emmeline wept,
 And did all trembling stand:
 At lengthe she sprange upon her knee,
 And held his lifted hand.

Pardon, my lorde and father deare,
 This faire yong knyght and mee:
 Trust me, but for the carlish knyght,
 I never had fled from thee.

Oft have you callde your Emmeline
 Your darling and your joye;
 O let not then your harsh resolves
 Your Emmeline destroye.

The baron he stroakt his dark-brown checke,
 And turnde his heade asyde
 To whipe awaye the starting teare,
 He proudly strave to hyde.

In deepe revolving thought he stode,
 And musde a little space:
 Then raise faire Emmeline from the grounde,
 With many a fond embrace.

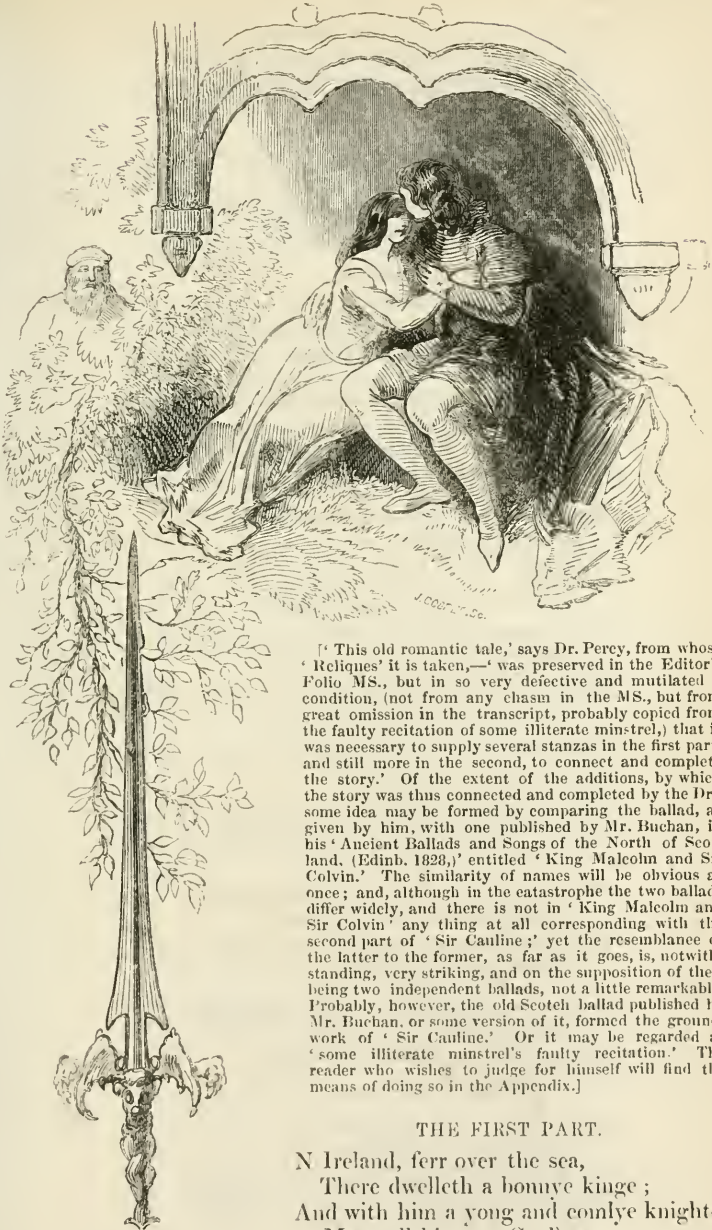
Here take her, Child of Elle, he sayd,
 And gave her lillye hand;
 Here take my deare and only child,
 And with her half my land:

Thy father once mine honour wrongde
 In dayes of youthful pride;
 Do thou the injurye repayre
 In fondnesse for thy bride.

And as thou love her, and hold her deare,
 Heaven prosper thee and thine:
 And nowe my blessing wend wi' thee,
 My lovelye Emmeline.

[Stanza 40. ' From the word *kirke*, this hath been thought to be a Scottish ballad; but it must be acknowledged that the line referred to is among the additions supplied by the Editor: besides, in the northern counties of England, *kirk* is used in the common dialect for *church*, as well as beyond the Tweed.'—*Percy*.]

Sir Cauline.



[' This old romantic tale,' says Dr. Percy, from whose ' Reliques' it is taken,—' was preserved in the Editor's Folio MS., but in so very defective and mutilated a condition, (not from any chasm in the MS., but from great omission in the transcript, probably copied from the faulty recitation of some illiterate minstrel,) that it was necessary to supply several stanzas in the first part, and still more in the second, to connect and complete the story.' Of the extent of the additions, by which the story was thus connected and completed by the Dr., some idea may be formed by comparing the ballad, as given by him, with one published by Mr. Buchan, in his ' Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland. (Edinb. 1828,)' entitled ' King Malcolm and Sir Colvin.' The similarity of names will be obvious at once; and, although in the catastrophe the two ballads differ widely, and there is not in ' King Malcolm and Sir Colvin' any thing at all corresponding with the second part of ' Sir Cauline;' yet the resemblance of the latter to the former, as far as it goes, is, notwithstanding, very striking, and on the supposition of their being two independent ballads, not a little remarkable. Probably, however, the old Scotch ballad published by Mr. Buchan, or some version of it, formed the groundwork of ' Sir Cauline.' Or it may be regarded as ' some illiterate minstrel's faulty recitation.' The reader who wishes to judge for himself will find the means of doing so in the Appendix.]

THE FIRST PART.

N Ireland, ferr over the sea,
There dwelleth a bonnye kinge ;
And with him a yong and comlye knighte,
Men call hin syr Caulne.

The kinge had a ladye to his daughter,
 In fashyon she hath no peere ;
 And princely wightes that ladye wooed
 To be theyr wedded feere.

Syr Cauline loveth her best of all,
 But nothing durst he saye ;
 Ne descreewe his counsayl to no man,
 But deerlye he lovde this may.

Till on a daye it so beffell,
 Great dill to him was dight ;
 The maydens love removde his mynd,
 To care-bed went the knighte.

One while he spred his armes him fro,
 One while he spred them nye :
 And aye ! but I winue that ladyes love,
 For dole now I mun dye.

And whan our parish-masse was done,
 Our kinge was bowne to dyne :
 He says, Where is syr Cauline,
 That is wont to serve the wyne ?

Then aunswerde him a courteous knighte,
 And fast his handes gan wringe :
 Sir Cauline is sicke, and like to dye
 Without a good leechinge.

Fetch me downe my daughter deere,
 She is a leeche fulle fine :
 Goe take him doughe, and the baken bread,
 And serve him with the wyne soe red ;
 Lothe I were him to tine.

Fair Christabelle to his chaumber goes,
 Her maydens followyng nye :
 O well, she sayth, how doth my lord ?
 O sicke, thou fayr ladyè.

Nowe ryse up wightlye, man, for shame,
 Never lye soe cowardlee ;
 For it is told in my fathers halle,
 You dye for love of mee.

Fayre ladye, it is for your love
 That all this dill I drye :
 For if you wold comfort me with a kisse,
 Then were I brought from bale to blisse,
 No lenger wold I lye.

Sir knighte, my father is a kinge,
 I am his onlye heire ;
 Alas ! and well you knowe, syr knighte,
 I never can be youre fere.

O ladye, thou art a kinges daughtèr,
 And I am not thy peere,
 But let me doe some deedes of armes
 To be your bacheleere.

Some deedes of armes if thou wilt doe,
 My bacheleere to bee,
 (But ever and aye my heart wold rue,
 Giff harm shold happe to thee,)

Upon Eldridge hill there groweth a thorne,
 Upon the mores brodinge ;
 And dare ye, syr knighte, wake there all nighte
 Untill the fayre mornìnge ?

For the Eldridge knighte, so mickle of mighte,
 Will examine you before ;
 And never man bare life awaye,
 But he did him scath and scorne.

That knighte he is a foul paynim,
 And large of limb and bone ;
 And but if heaven may be thy speede,
 Thy life it is but gone.

Nowe on the Eldridge hilles Ile walke,
 For thy sake fair ladie ;
 And Ile either bring you a ready tokèn,
 Or Ile never more you see.

The lady is gone to her own chaumbère,
 Her maydens following bright :
 Syr Cauline lope from care-bed soone,
 And to the Eldridge hills is gone,
 For to wake there all night.

Unto midnight, that the moone did rise,
 He walked up and downe ;
 Then a lightsome bugle heard he blowe
 Over the bents soc browne :
 Quoth hee, If cryance come till my heart,
 I am ffar from any good towne.

And soone he spyde on the mores so broad,
 A furyous wight and fell ;
 A ladye bright his brydle led,
 Clad in a fayre kyrtell :

And soe fast he called on syr Cauline,
 O man, I rede thee flye,
 For, 'but' if cryance come till thy heart,
 I weene but thou mun dye.

He sayth, 'No' cryance comes till my heart,
 Nor, in faith, I wyll not flee ;
 For, cause thou minged not Christ before,
 The less me dreadeth thee.

The Eldridge knyghte, he pricked his steed ;
 Syr Cauline bold abode :
 Then either shooke his trustye speare,
 And the timber these two children bare
 Soe soone in sunder slode.

Then tooke they out theyr two good swordes,
 And layden on full faste,
 Till helme and hawberke, mail and sheelde,
 They all were well-nye brast.

The Eldridge knight was mickle of might,
 And stiffe in stower did stande,
 But syr Cauline with a 'backward' stroke,
 He smote off his right-hand ;
 That soone he with paine and lacke of bloud
 Fell downe on that lay-land.

Then up syr Cauline lift his brande
 All over his head so hye :
 And here I swear by the holy roode,
 Nowe, caytiffe, thou shalt dye.

Then up and came that ladye brighte,
 Faste wringing of her hande :
 For the maydens love, that most you love,
 Withold that deadlye brande :

For the maydens love, that most you love,
 Nowe smyte no more I praye ;
 And aye whatever thou wilt, my lord,
 He shall thy hests obeye.

Nowe swear to mee, thou Eldridge knyghte,
 And here on this lay-land,
 That thou wilt believe on Christ his laye,
 And thereto plight thy hand :

And that thou never on Eldridge come
To sporte, gamon, or playe :
And that thou here give up thy armes
Until thy dying daye.

The Eldridge knighte gave up his armes
With many a sorrowfulle sighe ;
And sware to obey syr Caulines hest,
Till the tyme that he shold dye.

And he then up and the Eldridge knighte
Sett him in his saddle anone,
And the Eldridge knighte and his ladye
To theyr castle are they gone.

Then he tooke up the bloody hand,
That was so large of bone,
And on it he founde five ringes of gold
Of knightes that had be slone.

Then he tooke up the Eldridge sworde,
As hard as any flint :
And he tooke off those ringes five,
As bright as fyre and brent.

Home then pricked syr Cauline
As light as leafe on tree :
I-wys he neither stint ne blanne,
Till he his ladye see.

Then downe he knelt upon his knee
Before that lady gay :
O ladye, I have bin on the Eldridge hills :
These tokens I bring away.

Now welcome, welcome, syr Cauline,
Thrice welcome unto mee,
For now I perceive thou art a true knighte,
Of valour bolde and free.

O ladye, I am thy own true knighte,
Thy bests for to obaye :
And mought I hope to winne thy love !—
No more his tonge colde say.

The ladye blushed scarlette redde,
And fette a gentill sighe :
Alas ! syr knight, how may this bee,
For my degree's soe highe !

But sith thou hast hight, thou comely youth,
 To be my batchilere,
 Ile promise if thee I may not wedde,
 I will have none other fere.

Then shee held forthe her lilly-white hand
 Towards that knighte so free :
 He gave to it one gentill kisse,
 His heart was brought from bale to blisse,
 The teares sterte from his ee.

But keep my counsayl, syr Cauline,
 Ne let no man it knowe ;
 For and ever my father sholde it ken,
 I wot he wolde us sloe.

From that daye forthe that ladye fayre
 Lovde syr Cauline the knighte :
 From that daye forthe he only joyde
 Whan shee was in his sight.

Yea and oftentimes they mette
 Within a fayre arboùre,
 Where they in love and sweet daliaunce
 Past manye a pleasaunt houre.

PART THE SECOND.

EVERYE white will have its blacke,
 And everye sweete its sowre :
 This founde the ladye Christabelle
 In an untimely howre.

For so it befelle as syr Cauline
 Was with that ladye faire,
 The kinge her father walked forthe
 To take the evenyng aire :

And into the arboùre as he went
 To rest his wearye feet,
 He found his daughter and syr Cauline
 There sette in daliaunce sweet.

The kinge hee sterted forthe, i-wys,
 And an angrye man was hee :
 Nowe, traytoure, thou shalt hange or drawe,
 And rewe shall thy ladiè.

Then forthe syr Cauline he was ledde,
And throwne in dungeon deepe :
And the ladye into a towre so hye,
There left to wayle and weepe.

The queene she was syr Caulines friend,
And to the kinge sayd shee :
I praye you save syr Caulines life,
And let him banisht bee.

Now, dame, that traitor shall be sent
Across the salt sea fome :
But here I will make thee a band,
If ever he come within this land,
A foule deathe is his doome.

All woe-begone was that gentil knight
To parte from his ladyè ;
And many a time he sighed sore,
And caste a wistfulle eye :
Faire Christabelle, from thee to parte,
Farre lever had I dye.

Fair Christabelle, that ladye bright,
Was had forthe of the towre ;
But ever shee droopeth in her minde,
As nipt by an ungentle winde
Doth some faire lillye flowre.

And ever shee doth lament and weepe
To tint her lover soe :
Syr Cauline, thou little think'st on mee,
But I will still be true.

Manye a kinge, and manye a duke,
And lords of high degree,
Did sue to that fayre ladye of love ;
But never shee wolde them see.

When manye a daye was past and gone,
Ne comferte she colde finde,
The kynge proclaimed a tourncament,
To cheere his daughters mind :

And there came lords, and there came knights,
Fro manye a farre countryè,
To break a spere for theyr ladyes love
Before that faire ladyè.

And many a ladye there was sette
 In purple and in palle :
 But faire Christabelle soe woe-begone
 Was the fayrest of them all.

Then manye a knighte was mickle of might
 Before his ladye gaye ;
 But a stranger wight, whom no man knewe,
 He wan the prize eche daye.

His acton it was all of blacke,
 His hewberke, and his sheelde,
 Ne noe man wist whence he did come,
 Ne noe man knewe where he did gone,
 When they came out the feelde.

And now three days were prestlye past
 In feates of chivalrye,
 When lo upon the fourth morninge
 A sorrowfulle sight they see.

A hugye giaunt stiffe and starke,
 All foule of limbe and lere ;
 Two gogging eyen like fire farden,
 A mouthe from eare to eare.

Before him came a dwarffe full lowe,
 That waited on his knee,
 And at his backe five heads he bare,
 All wan and pale of blee.

Sir, quoth the dwarffe, and louted lowe,
 Behold that hend Soldain !
 Behold these heads I beare with me !
 They are kings which he hath slain.

The Eldridge knight is his own cousine,
 Whom a knight of thine hath shent :
 And hee is come to avenge his wrong,
 And to thee, all thy knightes among,
 Defiance here hath sent.

But yette he will appease his wrath
 Thy daughters love to winne :
 And but thou yeelde him that fayre mayd,
 Thy halls and towers must brenne.

Thy head, syr king, must goe with mee ;
 Or else thy daughter deere ;
 Or else within these lists soe broad
 Thou must finde him a peere.

The king he turned him round aboute,
 And in his heart was woe :
 Is there never a knighte of my round tablè,
 This matter will undergoe ?

Is there never a knighte amongst yee all
 Will fight for my daughter and mee ?
 Whoever will fight yon grimme soldàn,
 Right fair his meede shall bee.

For hee shall have my broad lay-lands,
 And of my crowne be heyre ;
 And he shall winne fayre Christabelle
 To be his wedded fere.

But every knighte of his round tablè
 Did stand both still and pale ;
 For whenever they lookt on the grim soldàn,
 It made their hearts to quail.

All woe-begone was that fayre ladyè,
 When she sawe no helpe was nye :
 She cast her thought on her owne true-love,
 And the teares gusht from her eye.

Up then sterte the stranger knighte,
 Sayd, Ladye, be not affrayd :
 Ile fight for thee with this grimme soldàn,
 Thoughe he be unmaeklye made.

And if thou wilt lend me the Eldridge sworde,
 That lyeth within thy bowre,
 I truste in Christe for to slay this fiende
 Thoughe he be stiff in stowre.

Goe fetch him downe the Eldridge sworde,
 The kinge he cryde, with speede :
 Nowe heaven assist thee, courteous knighte ;
 My daughter is thy meede.

The gyaunt he stepped into the lists,
 And sayd, Awaye, awaye :
 I swear, as I am the hend soldàn,
 Thou lettest me here all daye.

Then forthe the stranger knight he came
 In his blacke armoure dight :
 The ladye sighed a gentle sighe,
 " That this were my true knighte ! "

And nowe the gyaunt and knyghte be mett
 Within the lists soe broad ;
 And now with swordes soe sharpe of steele,
 They gan to lay on load.

The soldan strucke the knyghte a stroke,
 That made him reele asyde ;
 Then woe-begone was that fayre ladyè,
 And thrice she deeply sighde.

The soldan strucke a second stroke,
 And made the bloude to flowe :
 All pale and wan was that ladye fayre,
 And thrice she wept for woe.

The soldan strucke a third fell stroke,
 Which brought the knyghte on his knee :
 Sad sorrow pierced that ladyes heart,
 And she shriekt loud shriekings three.

The knyghte he leapt upon his feete,
 All recklesse of the pain :
 Quoth hee, But heaven be now my speede,
 Or else I shall be slaine.

He grasped his sworde with mayne and mighte,
 And spying a secrette part,
 He drave it into the soldan's syde,
 And pierced him to the heart.

Then all the people gave a shoute,
 When they sawe the soldan falle :
 The ladye wept, and thanked Christ,
 That had reskewed her from thrall.

And nowe the kinge with all his barons
 Rose uppe from offe his seate,
 And downe he stepped into the listes,
 That curteous knyghte to greete.

But he for payne and lacke of bloude
 Was fallen into a swounde,
 And there all walteringe in his gore,
 Lay lifelesse on the grounde.

Come downe, come downe, my daughter deare,
 Thou art a leech of skille ;
 Farre lever had I lose halfe my landes,
 Than this good knyghte sholde spille.

Downe then steppeth that fayre ladyè,
 To helpe him if she maye ;
 But when she did his beavere raise,
 It is my life, my lord, she sayes,
 And shriekte and swound awaye.

Sir Cauline juste lifte up his eyes
 When he hearde his ladye crye,
 O ladye, I am thine owne true love ;
 For thee I wisht to dye.

Then giving her one partinge looke,
 He closed his eyes in death,
 Ere Christabelle, that ladye milde,
 Begane to drawe her breathe.

But when she found her comelye knighte
 Indeed was dead and gone,
 She layde her pale cold cheeke to his,
 And thus she made her moane.

O staye, my deare and onlye lord,
 For mee thy faithfulle feere ;
 'Tis meet that I shold followe thee,
 Who hast bought my love so deare.


Then fayntinge in a deadlye swoune,
 And with a deep-fette sighe,
 That burst her gentle heart in twayne,
 Fayre Christabelle did dye.



The Lady of the Black Tower.



[This ballad was written by Mrs. Mary Robinson,—better known perhaps to some readers by the sobriquet of ‘Perdita,’—who was born at Bristol in what in her ‘Autobiography,’ she calls the ‘tempestuous night’ of the 27th November, 1758; and died, after a somewhat eventful career, in the year 1800, at the comparatively early age of 42. When and where it first appeared we are unable, after a pretty diligent search, to discover. Probably, however, it was in one of the periodicals of her day, in which many of her poetical pieces were first published, with one or other of the signatures, Laura, Laura Maria, Julia, Daphne, Oberon, Echo, and Louisa. After her death, her poems were collected and published in 3 vols. 12mo. (London, 1806,) edited by her daughter. This is now a very scarce work; there is no copy of it in the British Museum; nor have we been fortunate enough to meet with one elsewhere. The present version is taken from an edition of her Poetical Works published by Jones and Co., London, 1826.]



WATCH no more the twinkling stars;
Watch no more the chalky bourne;
Lady! from the holy wars
Never will thy love return!
Cease to watch, and cease to mourn,
Thy lover never will return!

“ Watch no more the yellow moon,
 Peering o'er the mountain's head ;
 Rosy day, returning soon,
 Will see thy lover pale and dead !
 Cease to weep, and cease to mourn,
 Thy lover will no more return !

“ Lady, in the holy wars,
 Fighting for the Cross, he died ;
 Low he lies, and many scars
 Mark his cold and mangled side ;
 In his winding sheet he lies,
 Lady ! check those rending sighs.

“ Hark ! the hollow sounding gale
 Seems to sweep in murmurs by,
 Sinking slowly down the vale ;
 Wherefore, gentle lady, sigh ?
 Wherefore moan, and wherefore sigh ?
 Lady, all that live must die.

“ Now the stars are fading fast :
 Swift their brilliant course are run ;
 Soon shall dreary night be past :
 Soon shall rise the cheering sun !
 The sun will rise to gladden thee :
 Lady, lady, cheerful be.”

So spake a voice ! While sad and lone,
 Upon a lofty tower, reclined,
 A lady sat : the pale moon shone,
 And sweetly blew the summer wind ;
 Yet still disconsolate in mind,
 The lovely lady sat reclined.

The lofty tower was ivy clad ;
 And round a dreary forest rose ;
 The midnight bell was tolling sad—
 'Twas tolling for a soul's repose !
 The lady heard the gates unclose,
 And from her seat in terror rose.

The summer moon shone bright and clear ;
 She saw the castle gates unclose ;
 And now she saw four monks appear,
 Loud chaunting for a soul's repose.
 Forbear, oh, lady ! look no more—
 They past—a livid corpse they bore.

They past, and all was silent now ;
 The breeze upon the forest slept ;
 The moon stole o'er the mountain's brow ;
 Again the lady sigh'd and wept :
 She watcht the holy fathers go
 Along the forest path below.

And now the dawn was bright, the dew
 Upon the yellow heath was seen ;
 The clouds were of a rosy hue,
 The sunny lustre shone between :
 The lady to the chapel ran,
 While the slow matin prayer began.

And then, once more, the fathers grey
 She markt employ'd in holy prayer :
 Her heart was full, she could not pray,
 For love and fear were masters there.
 Ah, lady ! thou wilt pray ere long
 To sleep those lonely aisles among !

And now the matin prayers were o'er ;
 The barefoot monks of order grey,
 Were thronging to the chapel door,
 When there the lady stopt the way :
 "Tell me," she cried, " whose corpse so pale,
 Last night ye bore along the vale ?"

" Oh, lady ! question us no more :
 No corpse did we bear down the dale !"
 The lady sunk upon the floor,
 Her quivering lip was deathly pale.
 The bare-foot monks now whisper'd, sad,
 " God grant our lady be not mad."

The monks departing, one by one,
 The chapel gates in silence close ;
 When from the altar-steps of stone,
 The trembling lady feebly goes :
 While morning sheds a ruby light,
 The painted windows glowing bright.

And now she heard a hollow sound ;
 It seem'd to come from graves below ;
 And now again she lookt around,
 A voice came murmuring sad and slow ;
 And now she heard it feebly cry,
 " Lady ! all that live must die !"

“ Watch no more from yonder tower,
 Watch no more the star of day !
 Watch no more the dawning hour,
 That chases sullen night away !
 Cease to watch, and cease to mourn,
 Thy lover will no more return !”

She lookt around, and now she view'd,
 Clad in a doublet gold and green,
 A youthful knight : he frowning stood,
 And noble was his mournful mien ;
 And now he said, with heaving sigh,
 “ Lady, all that live must die !”

She rose to quit the altar's stone,
 She cast a look to heaven and sigh'd,
 When lo ! the youthful knight was gone ;
 And, scowling by the lady's side,
 With sightless skull and bony hand,
 She saw a giant spectre stand !

His flowing robe was long and clear,
 His ribs were white as drifted snow :
 The lady's heart was chill'd with fear :
 She rose, but scarce had power to go :
 The spectre grinn'd a dreadful smile,
 And walkt beside her down the aisle.

And now he waved his rattling hand ;
 And now they reacht the chapel door,
 And there the spectre took his stand ;
 While, rising from the marble floor,
 A hollow voice was heard to cry,
 “ Lady, all that live must die !”

“ Watch no more the evening star !
 Watch no more the glimpse of morn !
 Never from the holy war,
 Lady, will thy love return !
 See this bloody cross ; and see
 His bloody scarf he sends to thee !”

And now again the youthful knight
 Stood smiling by the lady's side ;
 His helmet shone with crimson light,
 His sword with drops of blood was dyed :
 And now a soft and mournful song
 Stole the chapel aisles among.

Now from the spectre's pale cheek
 The flesh began to waste away ;
 The vaulted doors were heard to creak,
 And dark became the summer day !
 The spectre's eyes were sunk, but he
 Seem'd with their sockets still to see !

The second bell is heard to ring :
 Four barefoot monks of orders grey,
 Again their holy service sing ;
 And round the chapel altar pray :
 The lady counted o'er and o'er,
 And shudder'd while she counted—four !

“ Oh ! fathers, who was he, so gay,
 That stood beside the chapel door ?
 Oh ! tell me, fathers, tell me pray.”
 The monks replied, “ We fathers four,
 Lady, no other have we seen,
 Since in this holy place we've been !”

PART SECOND.

Now the merry bugle horn
 Through the forest sounded far ;
 When on the lofty tower, forlorn,
 The lady watcht the evening star ;
 The evening star that seem'd to be
 Rising from the darken'd sea !

The summer sea was dark and still,
 The sky was streakt with lines of gold,
 The mist rose grey above the hill,
 And low the clouds of amber roll'd :
 The lady on the lofty tower
 Watcht the calm and silent hour.

And, while she watcht, she saw advance
 A ship, with painted streamers gay ;
 She saw it on the green wave dance,
 And plunge amid the silver spray ;
 While from the forest's haunts, forlorn,
 Again she heard the bugle horn.

The sails were full ; the breezes rose ;
 The billows curl'd along the shore ;
 And now the day began to close ;—
 The bugle horn was heard no more,
 But, rising from the watery way,
 An airy voice was heard to say :

“ Watch no more the evening star ;
 Watch no more the billowy sea ;
 Lady, from the holy war
 Thy lover hastes to comfort thee :
 Lady, lady, cease to mourn ;
 Soon thy lover will return.”

Now she hastens to the bay ;
 Now the rising storm she hears ;
 Now the smiling sailors say,
 “ Lady, lady, check your fears :
 Trust us lady ; we will be
 Your pilots o'er the stormy sea.”

Now the little bark she view'd,
 Moor'd beside the flinty steep ;
 And now upon the foamy flood,
 The tranquil breezes seem'd to sleep.
 The moon arose ; her silver ray
 Seem'd on the silent deep to play.

Now music stole across the main :
 It was a sweet but mournful tone !
 It came a slow and dulcet strain ;
 It came from where the pale moon shone :
 And, while it pass'd across the sea,
 More soft, and soft, it seem'd to be.

Now on the deck the lady stands ;
 The vessel steers across the main ;
 It steers towards the holy land,
 Never to return again ;
 Still the sailors cry, “ We'll be
 Your pilots o'er the stormy sea.”

Now she hears a low voice say,
 “ Deeper, deeper, deeper still ;
 Hark ! the black'ning billows play ;
 Hark ! the waves the vessel fill :
 Lower, lower, down we go ;
 All is dark and still below.”

Now a flash of vivid light
 On the rolling deep was seen !
 And now the lady saw the knight,
 With doublet rich of gold and green :
 From the sockets of his eyes,
 A pale and streaming light she spies !

And now his form transparent stood,
 Smiling with a ghastly mien ;—
 And now the calm and boundless flood
 Was like the emerald, bright and green ;
 And now 'twas of a troubled hue,
 While, "Deeper, deeper," sang the crew.

Slow advanced the morning light,
 Slow they plough'd the wavy tide ;
 When, on a cliff of dreadful height,
 A castle's lofty towers they spied :
 The lady heard the sailor-band
 Cry, "Lady, this is holy land.

"Watch no more the glittering spray ;
 Watch no more the weedy sand ;
 Watch no more the star of day ;
 Lady, this is holy land :
 This castle's lord shall welcome thee ;
 Then, lady, lady, cheerful be."

Now the castle gates they pass ;
 Now across the spacious square,
 Cover'd high with dewy grass,
 Trembling steals the lady fair :
 And now the castle's lord was seen,
 Clad in a doublet gold and green.

He led her through the gothic hall,
 With bones and skulls encircled round ;
 "Oh, let not this thy soul appal !"
 He cried, "for this is holy ground."
 He led her through the chambers lone,
 'Mid many a shriek and many a groan.

Now to the banquet-room they came :
 Around a table of black stone
 She markt a faint and vapoury flame ;
 Upon the horrid feast it shone—
 And there, to close the maddening sight,
 Unnumber'd spectres met the light.

Their teeth were like the brilliant, bright ;
 Their eyes were blue as sapphire clear ;
 Their bones were of a polisht white ;
 Gigantic did their ribs appear !—
 And now the knight the lady led,
 And placed her at the table's head!—

Just now the lady woke :—for she
Had slept upon the lofty tower,
And dreams of dreadful phantasie
Had fill'd the lonely moon-light hour ;
Her pillow was the turret-stone,
And on her breast the pale moon shone.

But now a *real* voice she hears :
It was her lover's voice ;—for he,
To calm her bosom's rending fears,
That night had cross'd the stormy sea :
"I come," said he, "from Palestine,
To prove myself, sweet lady, thine."



Robin Hood

&

LITTLE JOHN



[This ballad is taken from Ritson's 'Robin Hood,' where it was given as corrected from a copy in the 'Collection of Old Ballads,' 1723. The title it there bears is as follows:—'Robin Hood and Little John: being an account of their first meeting, their fierce encounter, and conquest. To which is added, their friendly agreement; and how he came to be called Little John. Time of Arthur a Blard.' With regard to this latter point, 'the notion,' says Ritson, 'that he obtained this appellation ironically, from his superior stature, is doubtless ill-formed.' He admits, however, that it is 'of considerable antiquity,' being traceable at least as far back as to 'that most veracious historian, Maister Hector Bois,' according to whom (Historie of Scotland, translait be maister Johne Bellenden, Edin. 1541.) Little John 'hes bene fourtene fut of hycht, with square membris effering thairto.' Be this, however, as it might, certain it is that 'the honour of his death and burial is, like that of Homer's birth, 'contended for by rival nations;' namely England, Scotland, and Ireland: the favoured spot in the first being 'the village of Hathersage, about six miles from Castleton, in Derbyshire; in Scotland, 'the kirke of Pette, in Murray land, quhare,' says Bois, 'the banis of Lyvill Johne remanis in gret admiratoun of pepill;' and, in the Emerald Isle, Arbor-hill, Dublin; where, according to Mr. Walker, (Hist. Essay on the Dress of the Ancient and Modern Irish,) 'he was publicly executed for robbery.' The evidence in support of these claims, respectively, may be seen in Ritson, as above.]

WHEN Robin Hood was about twenty years old,
 He happen'd to meet Little John,
 A jolly brisk blade, right fit for the trade,
 For he was a lusty young man.

Tho' he was call'd Little, his limbs they were large,
And his stature was seven foot high ;
Whereever he came, they quaked at his name,
For soon he would make them to fly.

How they came acquainted, I'll tell you in brief,
If you would but listen awhile ;
For this very jest, among all the rest,
I think it may cause you to smile.

For Robin Hood said to his jolly bowmen,
Pray tarry you here in this grove ;
And see that you all observe well my call,
While thorough the forest I rove.

We have had no sport for these fourteen long days,
Therefore now abroad will I go ;
Now should I be beat, and cannot retreat,
My horn I will presently blow.

Then he did shake hands with his merry men all,
And bid them at present good b'yw'e ;
Then as near the brook his journey he took,
A stranger he chanc'd to espy.

They happen'd to meet on a long narrow bridge,
And neither of them would give way ;
Quoth bold Robin Hood, and sturdily stood,
I'll shew you right Nottingham play.

With that from his quiver an arrow he drew,
A broad arrow with a goose-wing ;
The stranger reply'd, I'll liquor thy hide,
If thou offer to touch the string.

Quoth bold Robin Hood, Thou dost prate like an ass,
For were I to bend but my bow,
I could send a dart, quite through thy proud heart,
Before thou couldst strike me one blow.

Thou talk'st like a coward, the stranger reply'd ;
Well arm'd with a long bow you stand,
To shoot at my breast, while I, I protest,
Have nought but a staff in my hand.

The name of a coward, quoth Robin, I scorn,
Therefore my long bow I'll lay by ;
And now for thy sake, a staff I will take,
The truth of thy manhood to try.

Then Robin Hood stept to a thicket of trees,
And chose him a staff of ground oak ;
Now this being done, away he did run
To the stranger, and merrily spoke.

Lo ! see my staff is lusty and tough,
Now here on the bridge we will play ;
Whoever falls in, the other shall win
The battle, and so we'll away.

With all my whole heart, the stranger reply'd,
I scorn in the least to give out :
This said, they fell to't without more dispute,
And their staffs they did flourish about.

At first Robin he gave the stranger a bang,
So hard that he made his bones ring ;
The stranger he said, This must be repaid,
I'll give you as good as you bring.

So long as I'm able to handle a staff,
To die in your debt, friend, I scorn :
Then to it each goes, and follow their blows,
As if they'd been threshing of corn.

The stranger gave Robin a crack on the crown,
Which caused the blood to appear ;
Then Robin enrag'd, more fiercely engag'd,
And follow'd his blows more severe.

So thick and so fast he did lay it on him,
With a passionate fury and ire ;
At every stroke he made him to smoke,
As if he had been all on fire.

O then into fury the stranger he grew,
And gave him a terrible look,
And with it a blow, that laid him full low,
And tumb'l'd him into the brook.

I prithee, good fellow, O where art thou now ?
The stranger, in laughter, he cry'd :
Quoth bold Robin Hood, Good faith, in the flood,
And floating along with the tide.

I needs must acknowledge thou art a brave soul,
With thee I'll no longer contend ;
For needs must I say, thou hast got the day,
Our battel shall be at an end.

Then unto the bank he did presently wade,
And pull'd himself out by a thorn ;
Which done, at last he blowd a loud blast,
Straightway on his fine bugle-horn.

The eccho of which through the vallies did fly,
At which his stout bowmen appear'd,
All cloathed in green, most gay to be seen,
So up to their master they steer'd.

O, what is the matter? quoth William Stutely;
Good master, you are wet to the skin ;
No matter, quoth he, the lad which you see,
In fighting has tumbled me in

He shall not go scot-free, the others reply'd ;
So strait they were seizing him there,
To duck him likewise ; but Robin Hood cries,
He is a stout fellow ; forbear.

There's no one shall wrong thee, friend, be not afraid,
These bowmen upon me do wait ;
There's threescore and nine ; if thou wilt be mine,
Thou shalt have my livery strait,

And other accoutrements fit for a man ;
Speak up, jolly blade, never fear ;
I'll teach you also the use of the bow,
To shoot at the fat fallow deer.

O, here is my hand, the stranger reply'd,
I'll serve you with all my whole heart ;
My name is John Little, a man of good mettle,
Ne'er doubt me, for I'll play my part.

His name shall be alter'd, quoth William Stutely,
And I will his godfather be ;
Prepare then a feast, and none of the least,
For we will be merry, quoth he.

They presently fetch'd him a brace of fat does,
With humming strong liquor likewise ;
They lov'd what was good ; so in the green wood
This pretty sweet babe they baptize.

He was, I must tell you, but seven-foot high,
And, may be, an ell in the waist ;
A sweet pretty lad ; much feasting they had ;
Bold Robin the christening grac'd.

With all his bowmen which stood in a ring,
And were of the Nottingham breed ;
Brave Stutely came then, with seven yeomèn,
And did in this manner proceed.

This infant was called John Little, quoth he,
His name shall be changed anon ;
The words we'll transpose : so whereever he goes,
His name shall be call'd Little John.

They all with a shout made the elements ring ;
As soon as the office was ore ;
To feasting they went, with true merriment,
And tippled strong liquor gillore.

Then Robin he took the pretty sweet babe,
And cloath'd him from top to the toe,
In garments of green, most gay to be seen,
And gave him a curious long bow.

Thou shalt be an archer, as well as the best,
And range in the green wood with us ;
Where we'll not want gold or silver, behold,
While bishops have ought in their purse.

We live here like 'squires, or lords of renown,
Without ere a foot of free land ;
We feast on good cheer, with wine, ale, and beer,
And every thing at our command.

Then musick and dancing did finish the day ;
At length, when the sun waxed low,
Then all the whole train the grove did refrain,
And unto their caves they did go.

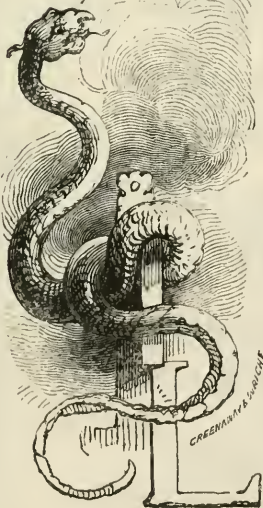
And so, ever after, as long as they liv'd,
Altho' he was proper and tall,
Yet, nevertheless, the truth to express,
Still Little John they did him call.



SIR GUY The SEEKER



[This ballad was written by Matthew Gregory Lewis, the well-known author of 'The Monk,' and other tales and ballads of the wild and marvellous; and first appeared in his 'Romantic Tales,' London, 1808, 12mo. 'It is founded,' he says, 'upon a tradition current in Northumberland. Indeed, an adventure nearly similar to Sir Guy's, is said to have taken place in various parts of Great Britain, particularly on the Pentland Hills, in Scotland, (where the prisoners are supposed to be King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table,) and in Lancashire, where an ale-house near Chorley still exhibits the sign of a Sir John Stanley following an old man with a torch, while his horse starts back in terror at the objects, which are discovered through two immense iron gates—the ale-house is known by the name of the 'Iron Gates,' which are supposed to protect the entrance of an enchanted cavern in the neighbourhood. The female captive, I believe, is peculiar to Dunstanburgh Castle; and certain shining stones, which are occasionally found in its neighbourhood, and which are called 'Dunstanburgh Diamonds,' are supposed by the peasants to form part of that immense treasure, with which the Lady will reward her deliverer. With regard to the castle itself, the interest attaching to it is by no means lessened by the circumstance of the ballad having been written in its neighbourhood, during Mr. Lewis' residence at Howick, the seat of Earl Grey; to whose ancestor, Sir William Grey, it was granted by James the First. The 'Rumble Churn' is a vortex immediately below the eminence on which the ruins stand, and so called from the noise made by the breaking of the waves against the rocks.]



IKE those in the head of a man just dead
Are his eyes, and his beard's like snow;
But when here he came, his glance was a
flame,
And his locks seemed the plumes of the crow.

Since then are o'er forty summers and more ;
 Yet he still near the castle remains,
 And pines for a sight of that lady bright,
 Who wears the wizard's chains.

Nor sun nor snow from the ruins to go
 Can force that aged wight ;
 And still the pile, hall, chapel, and aisle,
 He searches day and night :

But find can he ne'er the winding stair,
 Which he past that beauty to see,
 Whom spells enthrall in the haunted hall,
 Where none but *once* may be.

That once, regret will not let him forget !—
 'Twas night, and pelting showers
 Did patter and splash, when the lightning's flash
 Showed Dunstanburgh's grey towers.

Raised high on a mound that castle frowned
 In ruined pagean-trie ;
 And where to the north did rocks jut forth,
 Its towers hung o'er the sea.

Proud they stood, and darkened the flood ;
 For the cliffs were so rugged and steep,
 Had a plummet been dropt from their summit unstopt
 That plummet had reached the deep.

Nor flower there grew ; nor tree e'er drew
 Its nurture from that ground ;
 Save a lonely yew, whose branches threw
 Their baleful shade around.

Loud was the roar on that sounding shore :
 Yet still could the Knight discern,
 Louder than all, the swell and the fall
 Of the bellowing Rumble Churn !

With strange turmoil did it bubble and boil,
 And echo from place to place ;
 So strong was its dash, and so high did it splash,
 That it washt the castle's base :

The spray, as it broke, appeared like smoke
 From a sea-volcano pouring ;
 And still did it rumble, and grumble, and tumble,
 Rioting ! raging ! roaring !

Up the hill Sir Guy made his courser fly,
And hoped, from the wind and the rain,
That he there should find some refuge kind ;
But he sought it long in vain ;

For fast and hard each portal was barred,
And against his efforts proof ;
Till at length he espied a porch spread wide
The shelter of its roof.

— ‘Gramercy, St. George!’ quoth glad Sir Guy,
And sought the porch with speed ;
And fast to the yew, which near it grew,
He bound his Barbary steed ;

And safety found on that sheltered ground
From the sky’s increasing gloom ;
From his brow he took his casque, and he shook
The rain off, that burthened its plume.

Then long he stood in mournful mood,
With listless sullen air,
Propt on his lance, and with indolent glance
Watcht the red lightning’s glare ;

And sadly listened to the shower,
On the clattering roof that fell ;
And counted twice the lonely hour,
Tolled by some distant bell.

But scarce that bell could midnight tell,
When louder roared the thunder,
And the bolt so red whizzed by his head,
And burst the gates asunder.

And, lo ! through the dark a glimmering spark
He espied of lurid blue ;
Onward it came, and a form all flame
Soon struck his wondering view !

’Twas an ancient man of visage wan,
Gigantic was his height ;
And his breast below there was seen to flow
A beard of grizzled white :

And flames o’er-spread his hairless head,
And down his beard they streamed ;
And in his hand a radiant wand
Of burning iron gleamed.

Of darkest grain, with flowing train,
 A wondrous robe he wore,
 With many a charm, to work man's harm,
 In fire embroidered o'er;

And this robe was bound his waste around
 With a triple chain red-hot!—
 And still came nigher that phantom of fire,
 Till he reacht the self-same spot,

Where stood Sir Guy, while his hair bristled high,
 And his breath he scarce could draw;
 And he crost his breast, for, I wot, he guesst,
 'Twas Belzebub's self that he saw!

And full on the Knight that ghastly wight
 Fixt his green and glassy eyes;
 And he clanked his chain, and he howled with pain,
 Ere his words were heard to rise.

—' Sir Knight, Sir Knight! if your heart be right,
 And your nerves be firm and true,
 Sir Knight, Sir Knight! a beauty bright
 In durance waits for you.

But, Sir Knight, Sir Knight! if you ever knew fright,
 That Dame forbear to view;
 Or, Sir Knight, Sir Knight! that you feasted your sight,
 While you live, you'll sorely rue!

—' That mortal ne'er drew vital air,
 Who witnessed fear in me:
 Come what come will, come good, come ill,
 Lead on! I'll follow thee!—

And now they go both high and low,
 Above and under ground,
 And in and out, and about and about,
 And round, and round, and round!

The storm is husht, and lets them hear
 The owlet's boding screech,
 As now through many a passage drear
 A winding stair they reach.

With beckoning hand, which flamed like a brand,
 Still on the Wizard led;
 And well could Sir Guy hear a sob and a sigh,
 As up the first flight he sped!

While the second he past with footsteps fast,
He heard a death-bell toll !—
While he climbed the third, a whisper he heard,
—‘ God’s mercy on thy soul!’—

And now at the top the wanderers stop
A brazen gate before
Of massive make ; and a living snake
Was the bolt, which held the door.

In many a fold round the staple ’twas rolld ;
With venom its jaws ran o’er ;
And that juice of hell, where-ever it fell,
To a cinder burned the floor.

When the monster beheld Sir Guy, he swelled
With fury, and threw out his sting ;
Sparks flasht from each eye, and he reared him on high,
And prepared on the Warrior to spring ;

But the Wizard’s hand extended his wand,
And the reptile drooped his crest,
Yet strove to bite, in impotent spite,
The ground which gave him rest !

And now the gate is heard to grate,
On its hinges turning slow ;
Till on either side the valves yawn wide,
And in the wanderers go.

’Twas a spacious hall, whose sides were all
With sable hangings dight ;
And whose echoing floor was diamonded o’er
With marble black and white ;

And of marble black as the raven’s back
A hundred steeds stood round ;
And of marble white, by each, a knight
Lay sleeping on the ground ;

And a hundred shafts of laboured bronze
The fretted roof upheld ;
And the ponderous gloom of that vaulted room
A hundred lights dispelled ;

And a dead man’s arm by a magic charm
Each glimmering taper bore,
And where it was lopt, still dropt and dropt
Thick goutts of clotted gore.

Where ends the room, doth a chrystal tomb
 Its towering front uphold ;
 And one on each hand two skeletons stand,
 Which belonged to two giants of old :

That on the right holds a faulchion bright,
 That on the left a horn ;
 And crowns of jet with jewels beset
 Their eyeless skulls adorn :

And both these grim colossal kings
 With fingers long and lean
 Point towards the tomb, within whose womb
 A captive Dame is seen.

A form more fair than that prisoner's ne'er
 Since the days of Eve was known ;
 Every glance that flew from her eyes of blue,
 Was worth an Emperor's throne,
 And one sweet kiss from her roseate lips
 Would have melted a bosom of stone.

Soon as Sir Guy had met her eye,
 Knelt low that captive maid ;
 And her lips of love seemed fast to move,
 But he heard not what she said.

Then her hands did she join in suppliant sign,
 Her hands more white than snow ;
 And like dews that streak the rose's cheek,
 Her tears began to flow.

The warrior felt his stout heart melt,
 When he saw those fountains run :
 — ' Oh ! what can I do,' he cried, ' for you ?
 What mortal can do, shall be done !' —

Then out and speaks the Wizard ;
 Hollow his accents fall !
 — ' Was never man, since the world began,
 Could burst that chrystal wall.

For the hand, which raised its magic frame,
 Had off claspt Satan's own ;
 And the lid bears a name Young Knight, the same
 Is stamp'd on Satan's throne ;

At its maker's birth long trembled the earth ;
 The skies dropt showers of gore ;
 And she, who to light gave the wonderous wight,
 Had died seven years before ;

And at Satan's right hand while keeping his stand,
The foulest fiend of fire
Shrunk back with awe, when the babe he saw,
For it shockt its very sire !

But hark, Sir Knight ! and riddle aright
The riddle I'll riddle to thee ;
Thou'lt learn a way without delay
To set yon damsel free.

Seest yonder sword, with jewels rare
Its dudgeon crusted o'er ?
Seest yonder horn of ivory fair ?
'Twas Merlin's horn of yore !

That horn to sound, or sword to draw,
Now, youth, your choice explain !
But that which you choose, beware how you lose,
For you never will find it again :

And that once lost, all hopes are crost,
Which now you fondly form ;
And that once gone, the sun ne'er shone,
A sadder wight to warm :

But such keen woe, as never can know
Oblivion's balmy power,
With fixed despair your soul will share,
Till comes your dying hour.

Your choice now make for yon Beauty's sake ;
To burst her bonds endeavour ;
But that which you choose, beware how you lose ;
Once lost, 'tis lost for ever !

In pensive mood awhile now stood
Sir Guy, and gazed around ;
Now he turned his sight to the left, to the right,
Now he fixt it on the ground.

Now the faulchion's blaze attracted his gaze ;
On the hilt his fingers lay ;
But he heard fear cry,—'you're wrong, Sir Guy !'
And he snatcht his hand away !

Now his steps he addrest towards the North and the West ;
Now he turned towards the East and the South ;
Till with desperate thought the horn he caught,
And prest it to his mouth.

Hark ! the blast is a blast so strong and so shrill,
 That the vaults like thunder ring ;
 And each marble horse stamps the floor with force,
 And from sleep the warriors spring !

And frightful stares each stony eye,
 As now with ponderous tread
 They rush on Sir Guy, poising on high
 Their spears to strike him dead.

At this strange attack full swift sprang back,
 I wot, the startled Knight !
 Away he threw the horn, and drew
 His faulchion keen and bright.

But soon as the horn his grasp forsook,
 Was heard a cry of grief ;
 It seemed the yell of a soul in hell
 Made desperate of relief !

And straight each light was extinguisht quite,
 Save the flame so lurid-blue
 On the Wizard's brow, (whose flashings now
 Assumed a bloody hue),
 And those sparks of fire, which grief and ire
 From his glaring eye-balls drew !

And he stamp't in rage, and he laugh't in scorn,
 While in thundering tone he roared,
 ' Now shame on the coward who sounded a horn,
 When he might have unsheatht a sword ! '

He said, and from his mouth there came
 A vapour blue and dank,
 Whose poisonous breath seemed the kiss of death,
 For the Warrior senseless sank.

Morning breaks ! again he wakes ;
 Lo ! in the porch he lies,
 And still in his heart he feels the dart,
 Which shot from the captive's eyes.

From the ground he springs ! as if he had wings,
 The ruin he wanders o'er,
 And with prying look each cranny and nook
 His anxious eyes explore :

But find can he ne'er the winding stair,
 Which he climbed that Dame to see,
 Whom spells enthrall in the haunted hall,
 Where none but once may be.

The earliest ray of dawning day
Beholds his search begun :
The evening star ascends his car,
Nor yet his search is done :

Whence the neighbours all the Knight now call
By 'Guy, the Seeker's' name ;
For never he knows one hour's repose
From his wish to find the Dame :

But still he seeks, and aye he seeks,
And seeks, and seeks in vain ;
And still he repeats to all he meets,
—' Could I find the sword *again* !'

Which words he follows with a groan,
As if his heart would break ;
And oh ! that groan has so strange a tone,
It makes all hearers quake !

The villagers round know well its sound,
And when they hear it poured,
—' Hark ! hark !' they cry ; ' the Seeker Guy
Groans for the Wizard's sword.'—

Twice twenty springs on their fragrant wings
For his wound have brought no balm ;
For still he's found. . . .But, hark ! what sound
Disturbs the midnight calm ?

Good peasants, tell, why rings that knell ?
—' 'Tis the Seeker-Guy's we toll ;
His race is run ; his search is done.'—
God's mercy on his soul !



The Heir of Linne.



[This ballad is taken from Percy's 'Reliques.' 'The original' he 'found in his folio MS, the breaches and defects in which,' he says, 'rendered the insertion of supplemental stanzas necessary. These,' he hoped, the reader would 'pardon, as indeed the completion of the story was suggested by a modern ballad on a similar subject.' The Dr. adds, 'that from the Scottish phrases here and there discernible in the poem, it should seem to have been originally composed beyond the Tweed.' Upon this hint subsequent collectors have acted; and the result has been the bringing to light of a traditional version still current in Scotland, which was probably the 'original' of the celebrated folio MS. This version, the first three stanzas only of which had previously appeared in print, was first given entire by Mr. Dixon, in 'Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads,' edited by him for the Percy Society, London, 1845; and will, by his permission, be found in the Appendix. The same gentleman, in another work edited by him for the Percy Society, (Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England, London, 1846,) gives, 'from an old chap-book without date or printer's name,' a ballad entitled 'The Drunkard's Legacy,' which he considers to be the 'Modern ballad' alluded to by Percy, 'which,' says Mr. Dixon, 'although styled by him a *modern* ballad, is only so comparatively speaking; for it must have been written long anterior to Percy's time, and by his own confession, must be older than the latter portion of 'The Heir of Linne' This ballad also, by the kindness of Mr. Dixon, the reader will find in the Appendix.]

PART THE FIRST.

LISTEN and listen, gentlemen,
 To sing a song I will beginne :
 It is of a lord of faire Scotland,
 Which was the unthrifty heire of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,
His mother a lady of high degree ;
But they, alas ! were dead, him froe,
And he lov'd keeping companie.

To spend the daye with merry cheare,
To drinke and revell every night,
To card and dice from eve to morne,
It was, I ween, his hearts delighte.

To ride, to runne, to rant, to roare,
To alwaye spend and never spare,
I wott, an' it were the king himselve,
Of gold and fee he mote be bare.

Soe fares the unthrifty lord of Linne
Till all his gold is gone and spent ;
And he maun sell his landes so broad,
His house, and landes, and all his rent.

His father had a keen stewarde,
And John o' the Scales was called hee :
But John is become a gentel-man,
And John has gott both gold and fee.

Sayes, " Welcome, welcome, lord of Linne,
Let nought disturb thy merry cheere ;
Iff thou wilt sell thy landes soe broad,
Good store of gold Ile give thee heere."

" My gold is gone, my money is spent ;
My lande nowe take it unto thee :
Give me the golde, good John o' the Scales,
And thine for aye my lande shall bee."

Then John he did him to record draw,
And John he cast hin a Gods-pennie ;
But for every pounce that John agreed,
The lande, I wis, was well worth three.

He told him the gold upon the borde,
He was right glad his land to winne :
" The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now Ile be the lord of Linne."

Thus he hath sold his land soe broad,
Both hill and hclt, and moore and fenne,
All but a poore and lonesome lodge,
That stood far off in a lonely glenne.

For soe he to his father hight,
 "My sonne, when I am gone," sayd hee,
 "Then thou wilt spend thy lande so broad,
 And thou wilt spend thy gold so free :

But swear me nowe upon the roode,
 That lonesome lodge thou'lt never spend ;
 For when all the world doth frown on thee,
 Thou there shalt find a faithful friend."

The heire of Linne is full of golde :
 "And come with me, my friends," sayd hee,
 "Let's drinke, and rant, and merry make,
 And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee."

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
 Till all his gold it waxed thinne ;
 And then his friendes they slunk away ;
 They left the unthrifty heire of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purse,
 Never a penny left but three,
 And one was brass, another was lead,
 And another it was white monèy.

"Nowe well-aday," sayd the heire of Linne,
 "Nowe well-aday," and woe is mee !
 For when I was the lord of Linne,
 I never wanted gold nor fee.

But many a trustye friend have I,
 And why shold I feel dole or care ?
 Ile borrow of them all by turnes,
 Soc need I not be never bare."

But one, I wis, was not at home ;
 Another had payd his gold away ;
 Another call'd him thriftless loone,
 And bade him sharpely wend his way.

"Now well-aday," sayd the heire of Linne,
 "Now well-aday, and woe is me !
 For when I had my landes so broad,
 On me they liv'd right merrilce.

To beg my bread from door to door
 I wis, it were a brenning shame :
 To rob and steal it were a sinne:
 To worke my limbs I cannot frame.

Now Ile away to lonesome lodge,
 For there my father bade me wend ;
 When all the world should frown on mee,
 I there shold find a trusty friend."

 PART THE SECOND.

Away then hyed the heire of Linne
 O'er hill and holt, and moor and fenne,
 Untill he came to lonesome lodge,
 That stood so lowe in a lonely glenne.

He looked up, he looked downe,
 In hope some comfort for to winne :
 But bare and lothly were the walles.
 "Here's sorry cheare," quo' the heire of Linne.

The little windowe dim and darke
 Was hung with ivy, brere, and yewe ;
 No shimmering sunn here ever shone ;
 No halesome breeze here ever blew.

No chair, ne table he mote spye,
 No chearful hearth, ne welcome bed,
 Nought save a rope with renning noose,
 That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad letters,
 These words were written so plain to see :
 "Ah ! gracelesse wretch, hast spent thine all,
 And brought thyselve to penurie ?

All this my boding mind misgave,
 I therefore left this trusty friend :
 Let it now sheeld thy foule disgrace,
 And all thy shame and sorrows end."

Sorely shent wi' this rebuke,
 Sorely shent was the heire of Linne ;
 His heart, I wis, was near to brast
 With guilt and sorrowe, shame and sinne.

Never a word spake the heire of Linne,
 Never a word he spake but three :
 "This is a trusty friend indeed,
 And is right welcome unto mee."

Then round his necke the corde he drewe,
 And sprang aloft with his bodie :
 When lo! the ceiling burst in twaine,
 And to the ground came tumbling hee.

Astonyed lay the heire of Linne,
 Ne knewe if he were live or dead :
 At length he looked, and sawe a bille,
 And in it a key of gold so redd.

He took the bill and lookt it on,
 Strait good comfort found he there :
 Itt told him of a hole in the wall,
 In which there stood three chests in-fere.

Two were full of the beaten golde,
 The third was full of white monèy ;
 And over them in broad lettèrs
 These words were written so plaine to see :

“Once more, my some, I sette thee clere ;
 Amend thy life and follies past ;
 For but thou amend thee of thy life,
 That rope must be thy end at last.”

“And let it bee,” sayd the heire of Linne ;
 “And let it bee, but if I amend :
 For here I will make mine avow,
 This reade shall guide me to the end.”

Away then went with a merry cheare,
 Away then went the heire of Linne ;
 I wis, he neither ceas'd ne blanne,
 Till John o' the Scales house he did winne.

And when he came to John o' the Scales,
 Upp at the speere then looked hee ;
 There sate three lords upon a rowe,
 Were drinking of the wine so free.

And John himself sate at the bord-head,
 Because now lord of Linne was hee.
 “I pray thee,” he said, “good John o' the Scales,
 One forty pence for to lend mee.”

“Away, away, thou thriftless loone ;
 Away, away, this may not bee :
 For Christs curse on my head,” he sayd,
 If ever I trust thee one pennie.”

Then bespake the heire of Linne,
To John o' the Scales wife then spake he :
"Madame, some almes on me bestowe,
I pray for sweet saint Charitie."

"Away, away, thou thriftless loone,
I swear thou gettest no almes of mee ;
For if we shold hang any losel heere,
The first we wold begin with thee."

Then bespake a good fellowe,
Which sat at John o' the Scales his bord ;
Sayd, "Turn againe, thou heire of Linne ;
Some time thou wast a well good lord :

Some time a good fellow thou hast been,
And sparedst not thy gold and fee ;
Therefore Ile lend thee forty pence,
And other forty if need bee.

And ever, I pray thee, John o' the Scales,
To let him sit in thy companie :
For well I wot thou hadst his land,
And a good bargain it was to thee."

Up then spake him John o' the Scales,
All woud he answer'd him againe :
"Now Christs curse on my head," he sayd,
"But I did lose by that bargaine.

And here I proffer thee, heire of Linne,
Before these lords so faire and free,
Thou shalt have it backe again better cheape,
By a hundred markes, than I had it of thee."

"I drawe you to record, lords," he said.
With that he cast him a gods pennie :
"Now by my fay," sayd the heire of Linne,
"And here, good John, is thy monèy."

And he pull'd forth three bagges of gold,
And layd them down upon the bord :
All woe begone was John o' the Scales,
Soe shent he cold say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,
He told it forth mickle dinne.
"The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now Ime againe the lord of Linne,"

Sayes, "Have thou here, thou good fellowe,
 Forty pence thou didst lend mee :
 Now I am againe the lord of Linne,
 And forty pounds I will give thee.

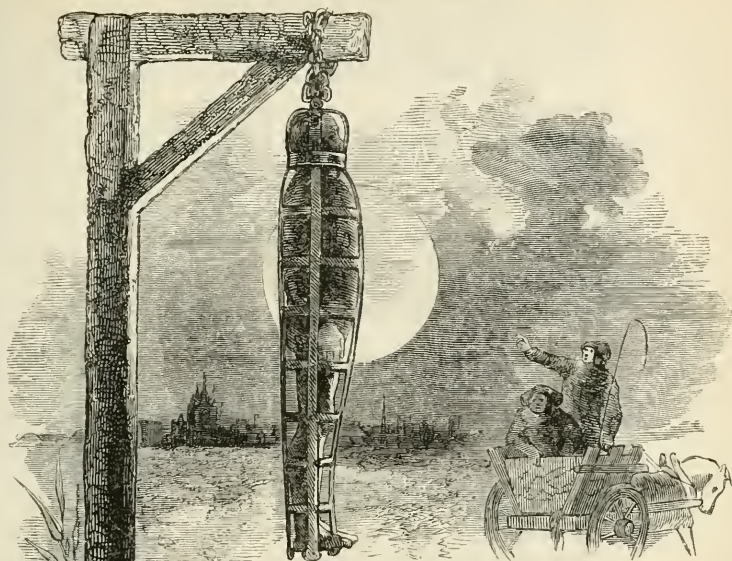
He make the keeper of my forrest,
 Both of the wild deere and the tame ;
 For but I reward thy bounteous heart,
 I-wis, good fellowe, I were to blame."

"Now welladay!" sayth Joan o' the Scales :
 "Now welladay! and woe is my life !
 Yesterday I was lady of Linne,
 Now Ime but John o' the Scales his wife."

"Now fare thee well," sayd the heire of Linne ;
 "Farewell now, John o' the Scales," said hee :
 "Christs curse light on me, if ever again
 I bring my lands in jeopardy."



Koprecht the Robber.



[This ballad was written by Robert Southey; a name familiar to every lover of 'ballad lore.' It first appeared, it is believed, in 'Sharpe's London Magazine,' 1829. 'The story,' says Mr. Southey, 'is told by Taylor the Water-poet, in his 'Three Weeks, Three Days, and Three Hours' Observations, from London to Hanburgh in Germany; amongst Jews and Gentiles, with Descriptions of Towns and Towers, Castles and Citadels, artificial Gallowses and natural Hangmen; and dedicated for the present to the absent Odcombian Knight Errant, Sir Thomas Coryat.' It is in the volume of his collected works, p. 82 of the third paging. Collein, which is the scene of this story, is more probably Kollen, on the Elbe, in Bohemia, or a town of the same name in Prussia, than Cologne, to which great city the reader will perceive I had good reason for transferring it.]

PART I.

KOPRECHT the Robber is taken at last,
In Cologne they have him fast;
Trial is over, and sentence past;
And hopes of escape were vain he knew,
For the gallows now must have its due.

But though pardon cannot here be bought,
 It may for the other world, he thought ;
 And so to his comfort, with one consent
 The Friars assured their penitent.

Money, they teach him, when rightly given,
 Is put out to account with heaven ;
 For suffrages therefore his plunder went,
 Sinfully gotten, but piously spent.

All Saints, whose shrines are in that city,
 They tell him, will on him have pity,
 Seeing he hath liberally paid,
 In this time of need, for their good aid.

In the Three Kings they bid him confide,
 Who there in Cologne lie side by side ;
 And from the Eleven Thousand Virgins eke,
 Intercession for him will they bespeak.

And also a sharer he shall be
 In the merits of their community ;
 All which they promise, he need not fear,
 Through purgatory will carry him clear.

Though the furnace of Babylon could not compare
 With the terrible fire that rages there,
 Yet they their part will so zealously do,
 He shall only but frizzle as he flies through.

And they will help him to die well,
 And he shall be hang'd with book and bell ;
 And moreover with holy water they
 Will sprinkle him, ere they turn away.

For buried Roprecht must not be,
 He is to be left on the triple tree ;
 That they who pass along may spy
 Where the famous Robber is hanging on high.

Seen is that gibbet far and wide
 From the Rhine and from the Dusseldorff side ;
 And from all roads which cross the sand,
 North, south, and west, in that level land.

It will be a comfortable sight,
 To see him there by day and by night ;
 For Roprecht the Robber many a year
 Had kept the country round in fear.

So the Friars assisted, by special grace,
 With book and bell to the fatal place ;
 And he was hang'd on the triple tree,
 With as much honour as man could be.

In his suit of irons he was hung,
 They sprinkled him then, and their psalm they sung,
 And turning away when this duty was paid,
 They said what a goodly end he had made.

The crowd broke up and went their way ;
 All were gone by the close of day ;
 And Roprecht the Robber was left there
 Hanging alone in the moonlight air.

The last who look'd back for a parting sight,
 Beheld him there in the clear moonlight ;
 But the first who look'd when the morning shone,
 Saw in dismay that Roprecht was gone.

PART SECOND.

The stir in Cologne is greater to-day
 Than all the bustle of yesterday ;
 Hundreds and thousands went out to see ;
 The irons and chains, as well as he,
 Were gone, but the rope was left on the tree.

A wonderful thing ! for every one said
 He had hung till he was dead, dead, dead ;
 And on the gallows was seen, from noon
 Till ten o'clock in the light of the moon.

Moreover the Hangman was ready to swear
 He had done his part with all due care ;
 And that certainly better hang'd than he
 No one ever was, or ever could be.

Neither kith nor kin, to bear him away
 And funeral rites in secret pay,
 Had he, and none that pains would take,
 With risk of the law, for a stranger's sake.

So 'twas thought because he had died so well
 He was taken away by miracle.
 But would he again alive be found ?
 Or had he been laid in holy ground ?

If in holy ground his relics were laid,
 Some marvellous sign would show, they said ;
 If restored to life, a Friar he would be,
 Or a holy Hermit certainly,
 And die in the odour of sanctity.

That thus it would prove they could not doubt,
 Of a man whose end had been so devout ;
 And to disputing then they fell
 About who had wrought this miracle.

Had the Three Kings this mercy shown,
 Who were the pride and honour of Cologne ?
 Or was it an act of proper grace,
 From the Army of Virgins of British race,
 Who were also the glory of that place ?

Pardon, some said, they might presume,
 Being a kingly act, from the Kings must come ;
 But others maintained that St. Ursula's heart
 Would sooner be moved to the merciful part.

There was one who thought this aid divine
 Came from the other bank of the Rhine ;
 For Roprecht there too had for favour applied,
 Because his birth-place was on that side.

To Dusseldorff then the praise might belong,
 And its Army of Martyrs, ten thousand strong ;
 But he for a Dusseldorff man was known,
 And no one would listen to him in Cologne.
 Where the people would have the whole wonder their own.

The Friars, who helped him to die so well,
 Put in their claim to the miracle ;
 Greater things than this, as their Annals could tell,
 The stock of their merits for sinful men
 Had done before, and would do again.

'Twas a whole week's wonder in that great town,
 And in all places up the river, and down ;
 But a greater wonder took place of it then,
 For Roprecht was found on the gallows again !

PART THIRD.

With that the whole city flocked out to see :
 There Roprecht was on the triple tree,
 Dead, past all doubt, as dead could be ;
 But fresh he was as if spells had charm'd him,
 And neither wind nor weather had harm'd him.

While the multitude stood in a muse,
One said, I'm sure he was hang'd in shoes !
In this the Hangman and all concurr'd ;
But now, behold, he was booted and spur'd !

Plainly, therefore, it was to be seen,
That somewhere on horseback he had been ;
And at this the people marvelled more,
Than at anything which had happened before.

For not in riding trim was he
When he disappeared from the triple tree ;
And his suit of irons he still was in,
With the collar that clipp'd him under the chin.

With that this second thought befell,
That perhaps he had not died so well,
Nor had Saints perform'd the miracle :
But rather there was cause to fear,
That the foul Fiend had been busy here !

Roprecht the Robber had long been their curse,
And hanging had only made him worse ;
For bad as he was when living, they said
They had rather meet him alive than dead.

What a horse must it be which he had ridden ;
No earthly beast could be so bestridden ;
And when by a hell-horse a dead rider was carried,
The whole land would be fearfully harried !

So some were for digging a pit in the place,
And burying him there with a stone on his face ;
And that hard on his body the earth should be press'd,
And exorcists be sent for to lay him at rest.

But others, whose knowledge was greater, opined
That this corpse was too strong to be confined ;
No weight of earth which they could lay
Would hold him down a single day,
If he chose to get up and ride away.

There was no keeping Vampires under ground,
And bad as a Vampire he might be found,
Pests against whom it was understood
Exorcism never had done any good.

But fire, they said, had been proved to be
The only infallible remedy ;
So they were for burning the body outright,
Which would put a stop to his riding by night.

Others were for searching the mystery out,
 And setting a guard the gallows about,
 Who should keep a careful watch, and see
 Whether Witch or Devil it might be
 That helped him down from the triple tree.

For that there were Witches in the land,
 Was what all by this might understand ;
 And they must not let the occasion slip
 For detecting that cursed fellowship.

Some were for this, and some for that,
 And some they could not tell for what ;
 And never was such commotion known
 In that great city of Cologne.

PART FOURTH.

Pieter Snoye was a boor of good renown,
 Who dwelt about an hour and a-half from the town ;
 And he, while the people were all in debate,
 Went quietly in at the city gate.

For Father Kijf he sought about,
 His confessor, till he found him out ;
 But the Father Confessor wondered to see
 The old man, and what his errand might be.

The good Priest did not wonder less
 When Pieter said he was come to confess ;
 " Why, Pieter, how can this be so ?
 I confessed thee some ten days ago !

Thy conscience, methinks, may be well at rest,
 An honest man among the best ;
 I would that all my flock, like thee,
 Kept clear accounts with Heaven and me !"

Always before, without confusion,
 Being sure of easy absolution,
 Pieter his little slips had summ'd ;
 But he hesitated now, and he haw'd and humm'd.

And something so strange the Father saw
 In Pieter's looks, and his hum and his haw,
 That he began to doubt it was something more,
 Than a trifle omitted in last week's score.

At length it came out, that in the affair
Of Roprecht the Robber he had some share :
The Confessor then gave a start in fear—
“ God grant there have been no witchcraft here !”

Pieter Snoye, who was looking down,
With something between a smile and a frown,
Felt that suspicion move his bile,
And look'd up with more of a frown than a smile.

“ Fifty years I, Pieter Snoye,
Have lived in this country, man and boy,
And have always paid the church her due,
And kept short scores with Heaven and you.

The Devil himself, though Devil he be,
Would not dare impute that sin to me ;
He might charge me as well with heresy :
And if he did, here, in this place,
I'd call him liar, and spit in his face !”

The Father, he saw, cast a gracious eye
When he heard him thus the Devil defy ;
The wrath, of which he had eased his mind,
Left a comfortable sort of warmth behind.

Like what a cheerful cup will impart,
In a social hour, to an honest man's heart ;
And he added, “ For all the witchcraft here,
I shall presently make that matter clear.

Though I am, as you very well know, Father Kijf,
A peaceable man, and keep clear of strife,
It's a queerish business that now I've been in ;
But I can't say that it's much of a sin.

However, it needs must be confess'd,
And as it will set this people at rest,
To come with it at once was best :
Moreover, if I delayed, I thought
That some might perhaps into trouble be brought.

Under the seal I tell it you,
And you will judge what is best to do,
That no hurt to me and my son may ensue.
No earthly harm have we intended,
And what was ill done, has been well mended.

I and my son, Piet Pieterszoon,
 Were returning home by the light of the moon,
 From this good city of Cologne,
 On the night of the execution day ;
 And hard by the gibbet was our way.

About midnight it was we were passing by,
 My son Piet Pieterszoon, and I,
 When we heard a moaning as we came near,
 Which made us quake at first for fear.

But the moaning was presently heard again,
 And we knew it was nothing ghostly then ;
 ‘ Lord help us, Father ! ’ Piet Pieterszoon said,
 ‘ Roprecht, for certain, is not dead ! ’

So under the gallows our cart we drive,
 And, sure enough, the man was alive ;
 Because of the irons that he was in,
 He was hanging, not by the neck, but the chin.

The reason why things had got thus wrong,
 Was, that the rope had been left too long ;
 The Hangman’s fault,—a clumsy rogue,
 He is not fit to hang a dog.

Now Roprecht, as long as the people were there,
 Never stirr’d hand or foot in the air ;
 But when at last he was left alone,
 By that time so much of his strength was gone,
 That he could do little more than groan.

Piet and I had been sitting it out,
 Till a latish hour, at a christening bout ;
 And perhaps we were rash, as you may think,
 And a little soft or so, for drink.

Father Kijf, we could not bear
 To leave him hanging in misery there :
 And ’twas an act of mercy, I cannot but say,
 To get him down, and take him away.

And, as you know, all people said
 What a goodly end that day he had made :
 So we thought for certain, Father Kijf,
 That if he were saved he would mend his life.

My son, Piet Pieterszoon, and I,
 We took him down, seeing none was nigh ;
 And we took off his suit of irons with care,
 When we got him home, and we hid him there.

The secret, as you may guess, was known
To Alit, my wife, but to her alone ;
And never sick man, I dare aver,
Was better tended than he was by her.

Good advice, moreover, as good could be,
He had from Alit my wife, and me ;
And no one could promise fairer than he :
So that we and Piet Pieterszoon our son,
Thought that we a very good deed had done.

You may well think we laughed in our sleeve,
At what the people then seem'd to believe :
Queer enough it was to hear them say,
That the Three Kings took Roprecht away.

Or that St. Ursula, who is in bliss,
With her Army of Virgins had done this :
The Three Kings and St. Ursula, too,
I warrant, had something better to do.

Piet Pieterszoon my son, and I,
We heard them talk as we stood by,
And Piet look'd at me with a comical eye.
We thought them fools, but, as you shall see,
Not over-wise ourselves were we.

For I must tell you, Father Kijf,
That when we told this to Alit my wife,
She at the notion perk'd up with delight,
And said she believed the people were right.

Had not Roprecht put in the Saints his hope,
And who but they should have loosen'd the rope,
When they saw that no one could intend
To make at the gallows a better end ?

Yes, she said, it was perfectly clear
That there must have been a miracle here ;
And we had the happiness to be in it,
Having been brought there just at the minute.

And therefore it would become us to make
An offering for this favour's sake
To the Three Kings and the Virgins too,
Since we could not tell to which it was due.

For greater honour there could be none
Than what in this business the Saints had done
To us and Piet Pieterszoon our son ;
She talk'd me over, Father Kijf,
With that tongue of hers, did Alit my wife.

Lord forgive us ! as if the Saints would deign
 To come and help such a rogue in grain :
 When the only mercy the case could admit
 Would have been to make his halter fit !

That would have made one hanging do,
 In happy season for him too,
 When he was in a proper cue ;
 And have saved some work, as you will see,
 To my son Piet Pieterszoon, and me.

Well, father, we kept him at bed and board,
 Till his neck was cured and his strength restored ;
 And we should have him sent off this day
 With something to help him on his way.

But this wicked Roprecht, what did he ?
 Though he had been saved thus mercifully ;
 Hanging had done him so little good,
 That he took to his old ways as soon as he could.

Last night, when we were all asleep,
 Out of his bed did this gallows-bird creep,
 Piet Pieterszoon's boots and spurs he put on,
 And stole my best horse, and away he was gone !

Now Alit, my wife, did not sleep so hard,
 But she heard the horse's feet in the yard,
 And when she jogg'd me, and bade me awake,
 My mind misgave me as soon as she spake.

To the window my good woman went,
 And watch'd which way his course he bent ;
 And in such time as a pipe can be lit,
 Our horses were ready with bridle and bit.

Away, as fast as we could hie,
 We went, Piet Pieterszoon and I ;
 And still on the plain we had him in sight ;
 The moon did not shine for nothing that night.

Knowing the ground, and riding fast,
 We came up with him at last,
 And—would you believe it ? Father Kijf,
 The ungrateful wretch would have taken my life,
 If he had not miss'd his stroke with a knife !

The struggle in no long time was done,
 Because, you know we were two to one ;
 But yet all our strength we were fain to try,
 Piet Pieterszoon my son and I.

When we had got him on the ground,
 We fastened his hands, and his legs we bound ;
 And across the horse we laid him then,
 And brought him back to the house again.

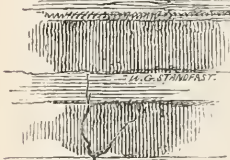
“ We have robb’d the gallows, and that was ill done,”
 Said I, to Piet Pieterszoon my son :
 “ And restitution we must make
 To that same gallows, for justice’ sake.”

In his suit of irons the rogue we array’d,
 And once again in the cart he was laid !
 Night not yet so far was spent,
 But there was time enough for our intent ;
 And back to the triple tree we went.

His own rope was ready there ;
 To measure the length we took good care ;
 And the job which the bungling Hangman begun,
 This time, I think, was properly done,
 By me and Piet Pieterszoon my son.”



Gil Morrice.



[This ballad,—interesting as well for its own intrinsic merits as for having furnished the plot of the tragedy of ‘Douglas,’ and supplied the materials for the more modern ballad, ‘Owen of Carron,’—is taken from Percy’s ‘Reliques,’ where it is said to have ‘run through two editions in Scotland; the second being printed at Glasgow in 1755, 8vo. Prefixed to them both,’ says Dr. Percy, ‘was an advertisement, setting forth that the preservation of it was owing to “a lady, who favoured the printers with a copy, as it was carefully collected from the mouths of old women and nurses;” and requesting “any reader that could render it more correct or complete,” to oblige the public’ by so doing. Accordingly, ‘sixteen additional verses were handed about in MS.,’ which the Dr. ‘inserted in their proper places;’ with the remark that they ‘were, perhaps, after all, only an ingenious interpolation.’ They are here inclosed in brackets. In the ‘folio MS.’ was a ‘very old imperfect copy of this ballad,’ bearing the title, ‘Childe Maurice;’ which was given by Mr. Jamieson in his collection from that MS.; and after him by Mr. Motherwell, in ‘Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern,’ Glasgow, 1827, 4to. In the same work Mr. Motherwell also prints, ‘for the first time, a very ancient traditionary ballad on the same subject, which he considers to have been ‘the prime root from which all the variations of the ballad heretofore known have originated.’ This ballad and Dr. Percy’s ‘copy’ will be found in the Appendix.]

IL Morrice was an erlès son,
 His name it waxed wide;
 It was nae for his great richés,
 Nor zet his mickle pride;
 Bot it was for a lady gay,
 That livd on Carron side.

Quhair sall I get a bonny boy,
 That will win hose and shoen ;
 That will gae to lord Barnards ha',
 And bid his lady cum ?
 And ze maun rin my errand, Willie ;
 And ze may rin wi' pride ;
 Quhen other boys gae on their foot,
 On horse-back ze sall ride.

O no ! Oh no ! my master dear !
 I dare nae for my life ;
 I'll no gae to the bauld baròns,
 For to triest turth his wife.
 My bird Willie, my boy Willie ;
 My dear Willie, he sayd ;
 How can ze strive against the stream ?
 For I sall be obeyd.

Bot, O my master dear ! he cryd,
 In grene wod ze're zour lain ;
 Gi owre sic thochts, I walde ze rede,
 For fear ze should be tain.
 Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha',
 Bid hir cum here wi speid :
 If ze refuse my heigh command,
 Ill gar zour body bleid.

Gae bid hir take this gay mantèl,
 'Tis a' gowd bot the hem ;
 Bid hir cum to the gude grene wode,
 And bring nane bot hir lain :
 And there it is, a silken sarke,
 Hir ain hand sewd the sleive ;
 And bid hir cum to Gill Morice,
 Speir nae bauld barons leave.

Yes, I will gae zour black errand,
 Though it be to zour cost ;
 Sen ze by me will nae be warn'd,
 In it ze sall find frost.
 The baron he is a man of might,
 He neir could bide to taunt,
 As ze will see before its nicht,
 How sma' ze hae to vaunt.

And sen I maun zour errand rin
 Sae sair against my will,
 I'se make a vow and keip it trow,
 It sall be done for ill.

And quhen he came to broken brigue,
 He bent his bow and swam ;
 And quhen he came to grass growing,
 Set down his feet and ran.

And quhen he came to Barnards ha',
 Would neither chap nor ca' :
 Bot set his bent bow to his breist,
 And lightly lap the wa'.
 He wauld nae tell the man his errand,
 Though he stude at the gait ;
 Bot straiht into the ha' he cam,
 Qubair they were set at meit.

Hail! hail! my gentle sire and dame!
 My message winna waite ;
 Dame, ze maun to the gude grene wod
 Before that it be late.

Ze're bidden tak this gay mantèl,
 Tis a' gowd bot the hem ;
 Zou maun gae to the gude grene wode,
 Ev'n by your sel alane.

And there it is, a silken sarke,
 Your ain hand sewd the sleive ;
 Ze maun gae speik to Gill Moríce ;
 Speir nae bauld barons leave.
 The lady stamped wi' hir foot,
 And winked wi' hir ee :
 Bot a' that she coud say or do,
 Forbidden he wad nae bee.

Its surely to my bow'r-womàn ;
 It neir could be to me.
 I brocht it to lord Barnards lady ;
 I trow that ze be she.
 Then up and spack the wylie nurse,
 (The bairn upon hir knee)
 If it be cum frae Gill Moríce,
 It's deir welcum to mee.

Ze leid, ze leid, ye filthy nurse,
 Sac loud I heard ze lee,
 I brocht it to lord Barnards lady ;
 I trow ze be nae shee.

Then up and spack the bauld baròn,
 An angry man was hee ;
 He's tain the table wi' his foot,
 Sae has he wi' his knee ;
 Till siller cup and mazer dish
 In flinders he gard flee.

Gae bring a robe of zour clidíng,
 That hings upon the pin ;
 And I'll gae to the gude grene wode,
 And speik wi' zour lemmán.
 O bide at hame, now lord Barnárd,
 I warde ze bide at hame ;
 Neir wyte a man for violence,
 That neir wate ze wi' nane.

Gill Morice sate in gude grene wode,
 He whistled and he sang :
 O what mean a' the folk comíng,
 My mother tarries lang.
 [His hair was like the threeds of gold,
 Drawne frae Minerva's loome :
 His lipps like roses drapping dew,
 His breath was a' perfume.

His brow was like the mountain snae
 Gilt by the morning beam :
 His cheeks like living roses glow ;
 His een like azure stream.
 The boy was clad in robes of grene,
 Sweete as the infant spring :
 And like the mavis on the bush,
 He gart the vallyes ring.]

The baron came to the grene wode,
 Wi' mickle dule and care,
 And there he first spied Gill Moríce,
 Kameing his zellow hair :
 [That sweetly wafd around his face,
 That face beyond compare :
 He sang sae sweet it might dispel
 A' rage but fell despair.]

Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gill Moríce,
 My lady loed thee weel,
 The fairest part of my bodie
 Is blacker than thy heel.

Zet neir the less now, Gill Moríce,
 For a' thy great beautie,
 Ze's rew the day ze eir was born ;
 That head sall gae wi' me.

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
 And slaited on the strae ;
 And thro' Gill Morice' fair body
 He's gar cauld iron gae,
 And he has tain Gill Morice' head
 And set it on a speir ;
 The meanest man in a' his train
 Has gotten that head to bear.

And he has tain Gill Morice up,
 Laid him across his steid,
 And brocht him to his painted bowr,
 And laid him on a bed.
 The lady sat on castle wa',
 Beheld baith dale and down ;
 And there she saw Gill Morice' head
 Cum trailing to the toun.

Far better I loe that bluidy head,
 Both and that zellow hair,
 Than lord Barnard, and a' his lands,
 As they lig here and thair.
 And she has tain her Gill Moríce,
 And kissd baith mouth and chin :
 I was once as fow of Gill Moríce
 As the hip is o' the stean.

I got ze in my father's house,
 Wi' mickle sin and shame ;
 I brocht thee up in gude grene wode,
 Under the heavy rain.
 Oft have I by thy cradle sitten,
 And fondly seen thee sleip ;
 But now I gae about thy grave,
 The saut tears for to weip.

And syne she kissd his bluidy cheik,
 And syne his bluidy chin :
 O better I loe my Gill Moríce
 Than a' my kith and kin !
 Away, away, ze ill womán,
 And an il deith mait ze dee :
 Gin I had kend he'd bin zour son,
 He'd neir bin slain for mee.

Obraid me not, my lord Barnard !
 Obraid me not for shame !
 Wi' that saim speir O pierce my heart !
 And put me out o' pain.
 Since nothing bot Gil Morice head
 Thy jelous rage could quell,
 Let that saim hand now tak hir life,
 That neir to thee did ill.

To me nae after days nor nichts
 Will eir be saft or kind ;
 I'll fill the air with heavy sighs,
 And greet till I am blind.
 Enough of blood by me's bin spilt,
 Seek not zour death frae me ;
 I rather lourd it had been my sel
 Than eather him or thee.

With waefo wae I hear zour plaint ;
 Sair, sair I rew the deid,
 That eir this cursed hand of mine
 Had gard his body bleid.
 Dry up zour tears, my winsome dame,
 Ze neir can heal the wound ;
 Ze see his head upon the speir,
 His heart's blude on the ground.

I curse the hand that did the deid,
 The heart that thoct the ill ;
 The feet that bore me wi' silk speid,
 The comely zouth to kill.
 I'll ay lament for Gil Morice,
 As gin he were mine ain ;
 I'll neir forget the dreiry day
 On which the zouth was slain.



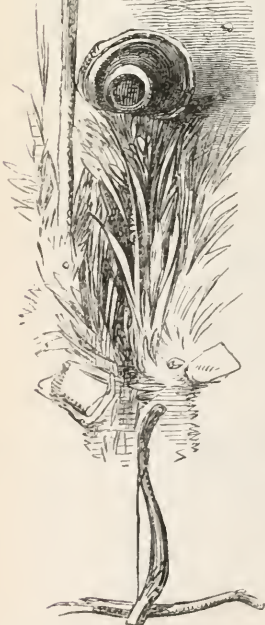


Robin Hood & the Beggar.

[This ballad is taken from Ritson's 'Robin Hood;' where it was 'given from a modern copy printed at Newcastle, where it was accidentally picked up: no other edition having been ever seen or heard of.' The original title, according to Ritson, is 'A pretty dialogue betwixt Robin Hood and a beggar.' He considers it to be 'a north-country, or, perhaps, Scottish composition of some antiquity.' In the copy from which he printed there was no division of stanzas; and each line of it was thrown by Ritson into two; a step which he considered 'sufficiently justified by the frequent recurrence of the double rhyme.' Ritson remarks that 'a similar story,—*Comment un moine se de barasse des voleurs,*' may be found in '*Le Moycn de parvenir,*' i. 304, ed. 1739.' In stanza 48, the first two lines are 'wanting in the original.']

PART THE FIRST.

YTH and listen, gentlemen,
That be of high born blood,
I'll tell you of a brave booting
That befell Robin Hood.



Robin Hood upon a day,
He went forth him alone,
And as he came from Barnsdale
Into fair evening,

He met a beggar on the way,
Who sturdily could gang;
He had a pike-staff in his hand
That was both stark and strang;

A clouted clock about him was,
That held him frae the cold,
The thinnest bit of it, I guess,
Was more than twenty fold.

His meal-poke hang about his neck,
Into a leathern whang,
Well fasten'd to a broad bucle,
That was both stark and strang.

He had three hats upon his head,
Together sticked fast,
He car'd neither for wind nor wet,
In lands where'er he past.

Good Robin cast him in the way,
To see what he might be,
If any beggar had monèy,
He thought some part had he.

Tarry, tarry, good Robin says,
Tarry and speak with me.
He heard him as he heard him not,
And fast on his way can hy.

'Tis be not so, says good Robin,
Nay, thou must tarry still.
By my troth, said the bold beggar,
Of that I have no will.

It is far to my lodging house,
And it is growing late,
If they have supt e'er I come in
I will look wondrous blate.

Now, by my truth, says good Robin,
I see well by thy fare,
If thou shares well to thy supper,
Of mine thou dost not care,

Who wants my dinner all this day,
And wots not where to ly,
And would I to the tavern go,
I want money to buy.

Sir, you must lend me some monèy
Till we meet again.
The beggar answer'd cankardly,
I have no money to lend :

Thou art a young man as I,
And seems to be as sweer ;
If thou fast till thou get from me,
Thou shalt eat none this year.

Now, by my truth, says good Robin,
Since we are assembled so,
If thou hast but a small farthing,
I'll have it e'er thou go.

Come, lay down thy clouted cloak,
And do no longer stand,
And loose the strings of all thy pokes,
I'll ripe them with my hand.

And now to thee I make a vow,
If thou make any din,
I shall see a broad arròw,
Can pierce a beggar's skin.

The beggar smil'd, and answer made,
Far better let me be ;
Think not that I will be afraid,
For thy nip crooked tree ;

Or that I fear thee any whit,
For thy curn nips of stieks,
I know no use for them so meet
As to be puding-pricks.

Here I defy thee to do me ill,
For all thy boisterous fair,
Thou's get nothing from me but ill,
Would'st thou seek evermair.

Good Robin bent his noble bow,
He was an angry man,
And in it set a broad arròw ;
Lo ! e'er 'twas drawn a span,

The beggar, with his noble tree,
 Reach'd him so round a rout,
 That his bow and his broad arrow,
 In flinders flew about.

Good Robin bound him to his brand,
 But that prov'd likewise vain,
 The beggar lighted on his hand
 With his pike-staff again :

I wot he might not draw a sword
 For forty days and mair.
 Good Robin could not speak a word,
 His heart was ne'er so sair.

He could not fight, he could not flee,
 He wist not what to do ;
 The beggar with his noble tree
 Laid lusty slaps him to.

He paid good Robin back and side,
 And laist him up and down,
 And with his pyke-staff laid on loud,
 Till he fell in a swoon.

Stand up, man, the beggar said,
 'Tis shame to go to rest ;
 Stay till thou get thy money told,
 I think it were the best :

And syne go to the tavern house,
 And buy forth wine and ale ;
 Hereat thy friends will crack full crouse,
 Thou hast been at the dale.

Good Robin answer'd ne'er a word,
 But lay still as a stane ;
 His cheeks were pale as any clay,
 And closed were his een.

The beggar thought him dead but fail,
 And boldly bound his way,—
 I would ye had been at the dale,
 And gotten part of the play.

PART THE SECOND.

Now three of Robin's men, by chance,
 Came walking by the way,
 And found their master in a trance,
 On ground where that he lay.

Up have they taken good Robin,
 Making a piteous bear,
 Yet saw they no man there at whom
 They might the matter spear.

They looked him all round about,
 But wound on him saw nane,
 Yet at his mouth came bocking out
 The blood of a good vain.

Cold water they have gotten syne,
 And cast unto his face ;
 Then he began to hitch his ear,
 And speak within short space.

Tell us, dear master, said his men,
 How with you stands the case,
 Good Robin sigh'd e'er he began
 To tell of his disgrace.

“ I have been watchman in this wood
 Near hand this twenty year,
 Yet I was never so hard bestead,
 As ye have found me here ;

A beggar with a elouted clock,
 Of whom I feared no ill
 Hath with his pike-staff cla'd my back,
 I fear 'twill never be well.

See, where he goes o'er yon hill,
 With hat upon his head ;
 If e'er ye loved your master well,
 Go now revenge this deed ;

And bring him back again to me,
 If it lie in your might,
 That I may see, before I die,
 Him punish'd in my sight :

And if you may not bring him back,
 Let him not go loose on ;
 For to us all it were great shame
 If he escape again.”

‘ One of us shall with you remain,
 Because you're ill at ease,
 The other two shall bring him back,
 To use him as you please.’

Now, by my truth, says good Robin,
 I true there's enough said,
 And he get scouth to wield his tree,
 I fear you'll both be paid.

'Be not fear'd, our mastèr,
 That we two can be dung
 With any bluter base beggàr,
 That has nought but a rung.

His staff shall stand him in no stead,
 That you shall shortly see,
 But back again he shall be led,
 And fast bound shall he be,
 To see if ye will have him slain,
 Or hanged on a tree.'

'But cast you sliely in his way,
 Before he be aware,
 And on his pyke-staff first hands lay,
 Ye'll speed the better far.'

Now leave we Robin with his man,
 Again to play the child,
 And learn himself to stand and gang
 By halds, for all his eild.

Now pass we to the bold beggàr,
 That raked o'er the hill,
 Who never mended his pace more,
 Than he had done no ill.

.

And they have taken another way,
 Was nearer by miles three.

They stoutly ran with all their might,
 Spared neither dub nor mire,
 They started at neither how nor height,
 No travel made them tire.

Till they before the beggar wan,
 And cast them in his way ;
 A little wood lay in a glen,
 And there they both did stay ;

They stood up closely by a tree,
 In each side of the gate,
 Untill the beggar came them nigh,
 That thought of no such late :

And as he was betwixt them past,
They lept upon him baith ;
The one his pyke-staff gripped fast,
They feared for its skaith.

The other he held in his sight
A drawn durk to his breast,
And said, False carel, quit thy staff,
Or I shall be thy priest.

His pyke-staff they have taken him frae,
And stuck it in the green,
He was full loath to let it gae,
An better might it been.

The beggar was the feardest man,
Of any that e'er might be,
To win away no way he can ;
Nor help him with his tree.

Nor wist he wherefore he was ta'en,
Nor how many was there ;
He thought his life days had been gane,
He grew into despair.

Grant me my life, the beggar said,
For him that dy'd on the tree,
And hold away that ugly knife,
Or else for fear I'll die.

I griev'd you never in all my life,
Neither by late or air,
You have great sin if you would slay
A silly poor beggar.

Thou liest, false lown, they said again,
For all that may be sworn ;
Thou hast near slain the gentlest man
Of one that e'er was born ;

And back again thou shall be led,
And fast bound shalt thou be,
To see if he will have thee slain,
Or hanged on a tree.

The beggar then thought all was wrong,
They were set for his wrack,
He saw nothing appearing then
But ill upon warse back.

Were he out of their hands, he thought,
And had again his tree,
He should not be led back for nought,
With such as he did see.

Then he bethought him on a wile,
If it could take effect,
How he might the young men beguile,
And give them a begeck.

Thus to do them shame for ill
His beastly breast was bent,
He found the wind blew something shrill,
To further his intent.

He said, Brave gentlemen, be good,
And let a poor man be ;
When ye have taken a beggar's blood,
It helps you not a flee.

It was but in my own defence,
If he has gotten skaith ;
But I will make a recompence
Is better for you baith.

If ye will set me fair and free,
And do me no more dear,
An hundred pounds I will you give,
And much more odd silvèr,

That I have gather'd this many years,
Under this clouted cloak,
And hid up wonder privately,
In bottom of my poke.

The young men to the council yeed,
And let the beggar gae ;
They wist full well he had no speed,
From them to run away.

They thought they would the money take,
Come after what so may ;
And yet they would not take him back,
But in that place him slay.

By that good Robin would not know
That they had gotten coin,
It would content him well to show
That there they had him slain.

They said, False carel, soon have done,
 And tell forth thy monèy,
 For the ill turn that thou hast done
 It's but a simple plee.

And yet we will not have thee back,
 Come after what so may,
 If thou wilt do that which thou spak,
 And make us present pay.

O then he loosed his clouted cloek,
 And spread it on the ground,
 And thereon lay he many a poke,
 Betwixt them and the wind.

He took a great bag from his hals,
 It was near full of meal,
 Two pecks in it at least there was,
 And more, I wot full well.

Upon this cloak he set it down,
 The mouth he opened wide,
 To turn the same he made him bown,
 The young men ready spy'd ;

In every hand he took a nook
 Of that great leathren mail,
 And with a fling the meal he shook
 Into their face all hail :

Wherewith he blinded them so close,
 A stime they could not see ;
 And then in heart he did rejoice,
 And clap'd his lusty tree.

He thought if he had done them wrong,
 In mealing of their cloaths,
 For to strike off the meal again
 With his pyke-staff he goes.

E'er any of them could red their eeu,
 Or a glimring might see,
 Ilke one of them a dozen had,
 Well laid on with his tree.

The young men were right swift of foot,
 And boldly bound away,
 The beggar could them no more hit,
 For all the haste he may.

What's all this haste ? the beggar said,
 May not you tarry still,
 Untill your money be received ?
 I'll pay you with good will.

The shaking of my pokes, I fear,
 Hath blown into your een ;
 But I have a good pyke-staff here
 Can ripe them out full clean.

The young men answered never a word,
 They were dum as a stane ;
 In the thick wood the beggar fled,
 E'er they riped their een :

And syne the night became so late,
 To seek him was in vain :
 But judge ye if they looked blate
 When they cam home again.

Good Robin speer'd how they had sped.
 They answered him, Full ill.
 That cannot be, good Robin says,
 Ye have been at the mill.

The mill it is a meat-rife part,
 They may lick what they please,
 Most like ye have been at the art,
 Who would look at your claiths.

They hang'd their heads, they drooped down,
 A word they could not speak.
 Robin said, Because I fell a-sound,
 I think ye'll do the like.

Tell on the matter, less or more,
 And tell me what and how
 Ye have done with the bold beggar,
 I sent you for right now.

And when they told him to an end,
 As I have said before,
 How that the beggar did them blind,
 What mister presses more ?

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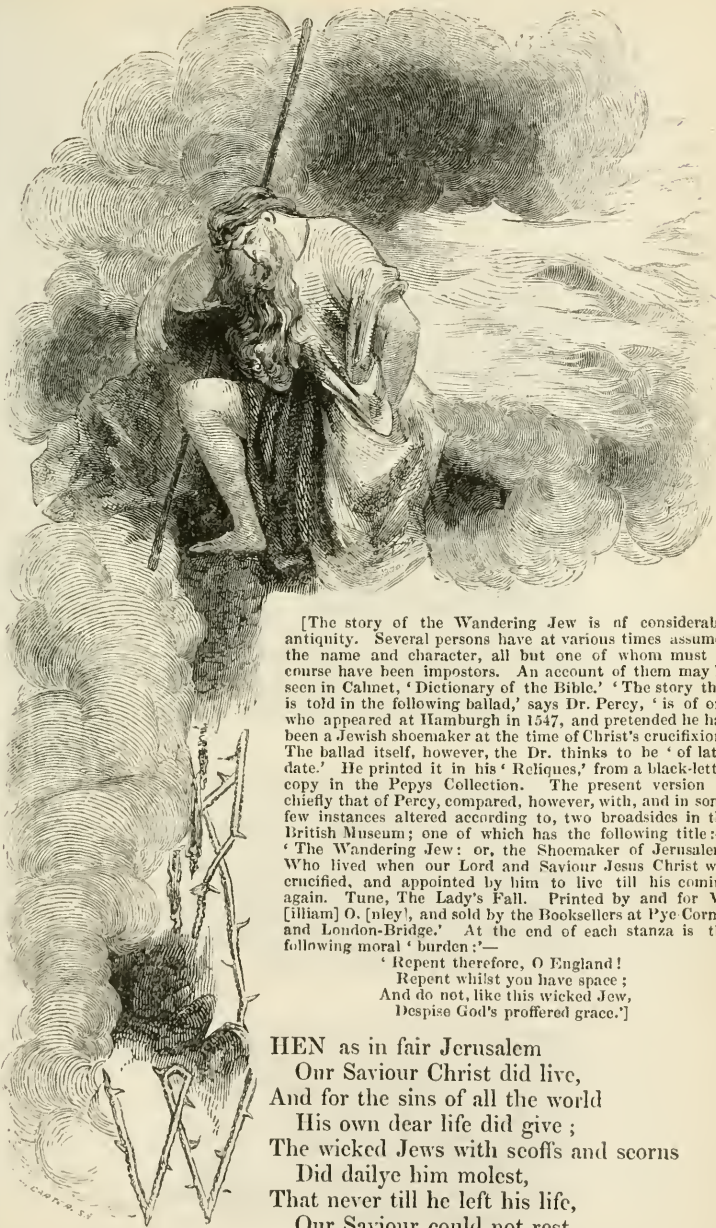
 And how in the thick woods he fled,
 E'er they a stime could see ;

And how they scarcely could win home,
Their bones were baste so sore ;
Good Robin cry'd, Fy ! out ! for shame !
We're sham'd for evermore.

Altho good Robin would full fain
Of his wrath revenged be,
He smil'd to see his merry young men
Had gotten a taste of the tree.



The Wandering Jew.



[The story of the Wandering Jew is of considerable antiquity. Several persons have at various times assumed the name and character, all but one of whom must of course have been impostors. An account of them may be seen in Cahnet, 'Dictionary of the Bible.' 'The story that is told in the following ballad,' says Dr. Percy, 'is of one who appeared at Ilamburgh in 1547, and pretended he had been a Jewish shoemaker at the time of Christ's crucifixion.' The ballad itself, however, the Dr. thinks to be 'of later date.' He printed it in his 'Reliques,' from a black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection. The present version is chiefly that of Percy, compared, however, with, and in some few instances altered according to, two broadsides in the British Museum; one of which has the following title:— 'The Wandering Jew: or, the Shoemaker of Jerusalem. Who lived when our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ was crucified, and appointed by him to live till his coming again. Tune, The Lady's Fall. Printed by and for W. [illiam] O. [nley], and sold by the Booksellers at Pyc Corner and London-Bridge.' At the end of each stanza is the following moral 'burden':—

'Repent therefore, O England!
Repent whilst you have space;
And do not, like this wicked Jew,
Despise God's proffered grace.']

HEN as in fair Jerusalem
Our Saviour Christ did live,
And for the sins of all the world
His own dear life did give;
The wicked Jews with scoffs and scorns
Did dailye him molest,
That never till he left his life,
Our Saviour could not rest.

When they had crown'd his head with thorns,
 And scourg'd him with disgrace,
 In scornful sort they led him forth
 Unto his dying place ;
 Where thousands thousands in the street
 Beheld him pass along,
 Yet not one gentle heart was there,
 That pittyd this his wrong.

Both old and young reviled him,
 As in the street he went,
 And nought he found but churlish taunts,
 By every one's consent :
 His owne deare crosse he bore himself,
 A burthen far too great,
 Which made him in the street to faint,
 With blood and water-sweat.

Being weary thus, he sought for rest,
 To ease his burthened soul,
 Upon a stone ; the which a wretch
 Did churlishly controul ;
 And sayd, Away ! thou king of Jews,
 Thou shalt not rest thee here ;
 Pass on ; thy execution place
 Thou seest, now draweth neare.

And thereupon he thrust him thence ;
 At which our Saviour said,
 I sure will rest, but thou shalt walk,
 And have no journey stayd.
 With that this cursed shoemaker,
 For offering Christ this wrong,
 Left wife and children, house and all,
 And went from thence along.

Where after he had seen the blood
 Of Jesus Christ thus shed,
 And to the cross his bodye nail'd,
 Away with speed he fled,
 Without returning back again
 Unto his dwelling place,
 And wandereth up and down the world,
 A runagate most base.

No resting could he find at all,
No ease, nor hearts content ;
No house, no home, no dwelling place :
But wandring forth he went,
From town to town in foreign lands,
With grieved conscience still,
Repenting for the heinous guilt
Of his fore-passed sin.

Thus after some few ages past
In wandring up and down,
He much again desired to see
Jeruselems fair town,
But finding it all quite destroy'd,
He wandred thence with woe,
Our Saviours words which he had spoke,
To verifie and show.

I'll rest ! sayd hee, but thou shalt walk,
So doth this wandring Jew
From place to place, but cannot stay
For seeing countries new ;
Declaring still the power of him,
Whereas he comes or goes ;
And of all things done in the east,
Since Christ his death, he shows.

The world he still doth compass round
And see those nations strange,
That hearing of the name of Christ,
Their idol gods do change :
To whom he hath told wondrous things
Of times forepast and gone,
And to the princes of the world
Declares his cause of moan :

Desiring still to be dissolv'd,
And yield his mortal breath ;
But, if the Lord hath thus decreed,
He shall not yet see death.
For neither looks he old or young,
But as he did those times,
When Christ did suffer on the cross,
For mortal sinners crimes.

He hath past through many a foreign place,
 Arabia, Egypt, Africa,
 Grecia, Syria, and great Thrace,
 And through all Hungaria.
 Where Paul and Peter preached Christ,
 Those blest apostles deare ;
 Where he hath told our Saviours words,
 In countries far and near.

And lately in Bohemia,
 With many a German town ;
 And now in Flanders, as tis thought,
 He wandreth up and down :
 Where learned men with him confer
 Of those his lingering days,
 And wonder much to hear him tell
 His journies, and his ways.

If people give this Jew an alms,
 The most that he will take
 Is not above a groat a time :
 Which he for Jesus' sake,
 Will kindly give unto the poor,
 And thereof make no spare,
 Affirming still that Jesus Christ
 Of him hath daily care.

He ne'er was seen to laugh or smile,
 But weep and make great moan ;
 Lamenting still his miseries,
 And days forepast and gone :
 If he hear any one blaspheme,
 Or take God's name in vaine,
 He tells them that they crucifie
 Their Saviour Christ again.

' If you had seen his death,' saith he,
 ' As these mine eyes have done,
 Ten thousand thousand times would ye,
 His torments think upon :
 And suffer for his sake all paine,
 All torments, and all woes.'
 These are his words and this his life
 Whereas he comes or goes.

Hardyknute.



[This 'fine morsel of heroic poetry,' as it is styled by Dr. Percy, was first published in 1719, under the title, 'Hardyknute, a Fragment;' Edinburgh, folio. The expenses of publication were borne, in part at least, by the Lord President Forbes and Sir Gilbert Elliot, afterwards Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland, who believed it to be, what it was represented to them as being, a genuine old ballad. As such too it was admitted by Allan Ramsay into his 'Evergreen, being a Collection of Scots poems wrote by the ingenious before 1600;' and it seems to have 'generally passed for ancient,' until Dr. Percy, in his 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,' London, 1755, put an end to whatever doubt may have existed in reference to the point, by giving the name of the author. This was Lady Wardlaw, wife of Sir Henry Wardlaw, of Balumlic, in Fife. The MS. was sent to Lord Bimington by her brother-in-law, Sir John Bruce, of Kinross, as having been 'found by him in an old vault at Dumferline, written on vellum, in a fair Gothic character, but much defaced by time.' Subsequently, however, Lady Wardlaw acknowledged being the author, and by way of proving herself so, produced the last two stanzas, which were not in the copy first printed.]

STATELY stept he east the wa',
 And stately stept he west,
 Full seventy years he now had seen,
 Wi' scarce seven years of rest.
 He liv'd when Britons breach of faith
 Wrought Scotland mickle wae:
 And ay his sword tauld to their cost,
 He was their deadly fae.

High on a hill his castle stood,
 With ha's and tow'rs a height,
 And goodly chambers fair to se,
 Where he lodged mony a knight.
 His dame sae peerless anes and fair,
 For chast and beauty deem'd,
 Nae marrow had in all the land,
 Save ELENOR the queen.

Full thirteen sons to him she bare,
 All men of valour stout ;
 In bloody fight with sword in hand
 Nine lost their lives bot doubt :
 Four yet remain, lang may they live
 To stand by liege and land ;
 High was their fame, high was their might,
 And high was their command.

Great love they bare to FAIRLY fair,
 Their sister saft and dear,
 Her girdle shaw'd her middle gimp,
 And gowden glist her hair.
 What waefu' wae her beauty bred !
 Waefu' to young and auld,
 Waefu' I trow to kyth and kin,
 As story ever tauld.

The king of Norse in summer tyde,
 Puff'd up with pow'r and might,
 Landed in fair Scotland the isle
 With mony a hardy knight.
 The tydings to our good Scots king
 Came, as he sat at dine,
 With noble chiefs in brave aray,
 Drinking the blood-red wine.

“ To horse, to horse, my royal liege,
 Your faes stand on the strand,
 Full twenty thousand glittering spears
 The king of Norse commands.”
 “ Bring me my steed Mage dapple gray,”
 Our good king rose and cry'd,
 A trustier beast in a' the land
 A Scots king nevir try'd.

"Go little page, tell Hardyknute,
 That lives on hill sae hie,
 To draw his sword, the dread of faes,
 And haste and follow me."
 The little page flew swift as dart
 Flung by his master's arm,
 "Come down, come down, lord Hardyknute,
 And rid your king frae harm."

Then red, red grew his dark-brown cheeks,
 Sae did his dark-brown brow;
 His looks grew keen, as they were wont
 In dangers great to do;
 He's ta'en a horn as green as glass,
 And gi'en five sounds sae shill,
 That trees in green wood shook thereat,
 Sae loud rang ilka hill.

His sons in manly sport and glee,
 Had past that summer's morn,
 When low down in a grassy dale,
 They heard their father's horn.
 "That horn," quo' they, "ne'er sounds in peace,
 We've other sport to bide."
 And soon they hy'd them up the hill,
 And soon were at his side.

"Late, late the yestreen I ween'd in peace
 To end my lengthened life,
 My age might well excuse my arm
 Frae manly feats of strife;
 But now that Norse do's proudly boast
 Fair Scotland to inthrall,
 It's ne'er be said of Hardyknute,
 He fear'd to fight or fall.

Robin of Rothsay, bend thy bow,
 Thy arrows shoot sae leel,
 That mony a comely countenance
 They've turnd to deadly pale.
 Brade Thomas take you but your lance,
 You need nae weapons mair,
 If you fight wi't as you did anes
 'Gainst Westmoreland's fierce heir.

And Malcolm, light of foot as stag
 That runs in forest wild,
 Get me my thousands three of men
 Well bred to sword and shield :
 Bring me my horse and harnessine,
 My blade of mettal clear.
 If faes but ken'd the hand it bare,
 They soon had fled for fear.

Farewell my dame sae peerless good,
 (And took her by the hand,)
 Fairer to me in age you seem,
 Than maids for beauty fam'd.
 My youngest son shall here remain
 To guard these stately towers,
 And shut the silver bolt that keeps
 Sae fast your painted bowers."

And first she wet her comely cheiks,
 And then her boddice green,
 Her silken cords of twirtle twist,
 Well plett with silver sheen ;
 And apron set with mony a dice
 Of needle-wark sae rare,
 Wove by nae hand, as ye may guess,
 Save that of FAIRLY fair.

And he has ridden o'er muir and moss,
 O'er hills and mony a glen,
 When he came to a wounded knight
 Making a heavy mane ;
 " Here maun I lye, here maun I dye,
 By treacherie's false guiles ;
 Witless I was that c'er ga faith
 To wicked woman's smiles."

" Sir knight, gin you were in my bower,
 To lean on silken seat,
 My lady's kindly care you'd prove,
 Who ne'er knew deadly hate ;
 Herself wou'd watch you a' the day,
 Her maids a dead of night ;
 And FAIRLY fair your heart wou'd chear,
 As she stands in your sight.

Arise young knight, and mount your stead,
 Full lowns the shynand day :
 Choose frae my menzie whom ye please
 To lead you on the way."
 With smileless look, and visage wan
 The wounded knight reply'd,
 " Kind chieftain, your intent pursue,
 For here I maun abyde.

To me nae after day nor night
 Can e're be sweet or fair,
 But soon beneath some draping tree,
 Cauld death shall end my care."
 With him nae pleading might prevail ;
 Brave Hardyknute to gain
 With fairest words, and reason strong,
 Strave courteously in vain.

Syne he has gane far hynd out o'er
 Lord Chattan's land sae wide ;
 That lord a worthy wight was ay,
 When faes his courage sey'd :
 Of Pictish race by mother's side,
 When Picts rul'd Caledon,
 Lord Chattan claim'd the princely maid,
 When he sav'd Pictish crown.

Now with his fierce and stalwart train,
 He reach'd a rising hight,
 Quhair braid encampit on the dale,
 Norss menzie lay in sicht.
 " Yonder my valiant sons and feirs
 Our raging revers wait
 On the unconquert Scottish sward
 To try with us their fate.

Make orisons to him that sav'd
 Our sauls upon the rude ;
 Syne bravely shaw your veins are fill'd
 With Caledonian blude."
 Then furth he drew his trusty glave,
 While thousands all around
 Drawn frae their sheaths glauc'd in the sun :
 And loud the bougles sound.

To joyn his king adoun the hill
 In hast his merch he made,
 While, playand pibrochs, minstralls meit
 Afore him stately strade,
 "Thrice welcome valiant stoup of weir,
 Thy nations shield and pride ;
 Thy king nae reason has to fear
 When thou art by his side."

When bows were bent and darts were thrawn ;
 For thrang scarce cou'd they flee ;
 The darts clove arrows as they met,
 The arrows dart the tree.
 Lang did they rage and fight fu' fierce,
 With little skaith to mon,
 But bloody, bloody was the field,
 Ere that lang day was done.

The king of Scots, that sindle brook'd
 The war that look'd like play,
 Drew his braid sword, and brake his bow,
 Sin bows seem'd but delay.
 Quoth noble Rothsay, "Mine I'll keep,
 I wat it's bled a score."
 "Haste up my merry men," cry'd the king,
 As he rode on before.

The king of Norse he sought to find,
 With him to mense the faught,
 But on his forehead there did light
 A sharp unsonsie shaft ;
 As he his hand put up to feel
 The wound, an arrow keen,
 O waefu' chance ! there pinn'd his hand
 In midst between his een.

"Revenge, revenge," cry'd Rothsay's heir,
 "Your mail-coat sha' na bide
 The strength and sharpness of my dart :"
 Then sent it through his side.
 Another arrow well he mark'd,
 It pierc'd his neck in twa,
 His hands then quat the silver reins,
 He low as earth did fa'.

"Sair bleids my liege, sair, sair he bleeds !"
 Again wi' might he drew
 And gesture dread his sturdy bow,
 Fast the braid arrow flew :
 Wae to the knight he ettled at ;
 Lament now queen Elgreed ;
 High dames too wail your darling's fall,
 His youth and comely meed.

"Take aff, take aff his costly jupe
 (Of gold well was it twin'd,
 Knit like the fowler's net, through quhilk,
 His steelly harness shin'd)
 Take, Norse, that gift frae me, and bid
 Him venge the blood it bears ;
 Say, if he face my bended bow,
 He sure nae weapon fears."

Proud Norse with giant body tall,
 Braid shoulders and arms strong,
 Cry'd, "Where is Hardyknute sae fam'd,
 And fear'd at Britain's throne :
 Tho' Britons tremble at his name,
 I soon shall make him wail,
 That e'er my sword was made sae sharp,
 Sae saft his coat of mail."

That brag his stout heart cou'd na bide,
 It lent him youthfu' micht :
 "I'm Hardyknute ; this day," he cry'd,
 "To Scotland's king I heght
 To lay thee low, as horses hoof ;
 My word I mean to keep."
 Synce with the first stroke e'er he strake,
 He garr'd his body bleed.

Norss' een like gray gosehawk's stair'd wyld,
 He sigh'd wi' shame and spite ;
 "Disgrac'd is now my far-fam'd arm
 That left thee power to strike :"
 Then ga' his bead a blow sae fell,
 It made him down to stoup,
 As laigh as he to ladies us'd
 In courtly guise to lout.

Fu' soon he rais'd his bent body,
 His bow he marvell'd sair,
 Sin blows till then on him but darr'd
 As touch of FAIRLY fair :
 Norse marvell'd too as sair as he
 To see his stately look ;
 Sae soon as e'er he strake a fae,
 Sae soon his life he took.

Where like a fire to heather set,
 Bauld Thomas did advance,
 Ane sturdy fae with look enrag'd
 Up toward him did prance ;
 He spurr'd his steid through thickest ranks
 The hardy youth to quell,
 Wha stood unmov'd at his approach
 His fury to repell.

“That short brown shaft sae meanly trimm'd,
 Looks like poor Scotlands gear,
 But dreadfull seems the rusty point !”
 And loud he leugh in jear.
 “Oft Britons bood has dimm'd its shine ;
 This point cut short their vaunt :”
 Syne pierc'd the boasters bearded cheek ;
 Nae time he took to taunt.

Short while he in his saddle swang,
 His stirrup was nae stay,
 Sae feeble hang his unbent knee
 Sure taiken he was fey :
 Swith on the harden't clay he fell,
 Right far was heard the thud :
 But Thomas look't nae as he lay
 All waltering in his blud :

With careless gesture, mind unmov't,
 On rode he north the plain ;
 His seem in throng of fiercest strife,
 When winner ay the same :
 Not yet his heart dames dimplet cheek
 Could mease soft love to bruik,
 Till vengefu' Ann return'd his scorn,
 Then languid grew his luik.

In thraws of death, with walowit cheik
 All panting on the plain,
 The fainting corps of warriors lay,
 Ne're to arise again ;
 Ne're to return to native land,
 Nae mair with blithsome sounds
 To boast the glories of the day,
 And shaw their shining wounds.

On Norways coast the widowit dame
 May wash the rocks with tears,
 May lang luik ow'r the shipless seas
 Befor her mate appears.
 Cease, Emma, cease to hope in vain ;
 Thy lord lyes in the clay ;
 The valiant Scots nae revers thole
 To carry life away.

Here on a lee, where stands a cross
 Set up for monument,
 Thousands fu' fierce that summer's day
 Fill'd keen war's black intent.
 Let Scots, while Scots, praise Hardyknute,
 Let Norse the name ay dread,
 Ay how he faught, aft how he spar'd,
 Shall latest ages read.

Now loud and chill blew th' westlin wind,
 Sair beat the heavy shower,
 Mirk grew the night ere Hardyknute
 Wan near his stately tower.
 His tow'r that us'd wi' torches blaze
 To shine sae far at night,
 Seem'd now as black as mourning weed,
 Nae marvel sair he sigh'd.

“ There's nae light in my lady's bower,
 There's nae light in my ha' ;
 Nae blink shines round my FAIRLY fair,
 Nor ward stands on my wa' ;
 What bodes it ? Robert, Thomas, say ; ” —
 Nae answer fitts their dread.
 “ Stand back, my sons, I'll be your guide ; ”
 But by they past with speed.

“As fast I’ve sped owre Scotland’s faes,”—
 There ceas’d his brag of weir,
 Sair sham’d to mind ought but his dame,
 And maiden FAIRLY fair.
 Black fear he felt, but what to fear
 He wist nae yet; wi’ dread
 Sair shook his body, sair his limbs,
 And a’ the warrior fled.

* * * * *

[In this ballad as printed in a work entitled, ‘Scottish Tragic Ballads,’ London, 1781, in which, to use the Editor’s own words, ‘the mutilated Fragment of Hardyknute was given in its original perfection,’ the latter half of stanza 13 ran thus:—

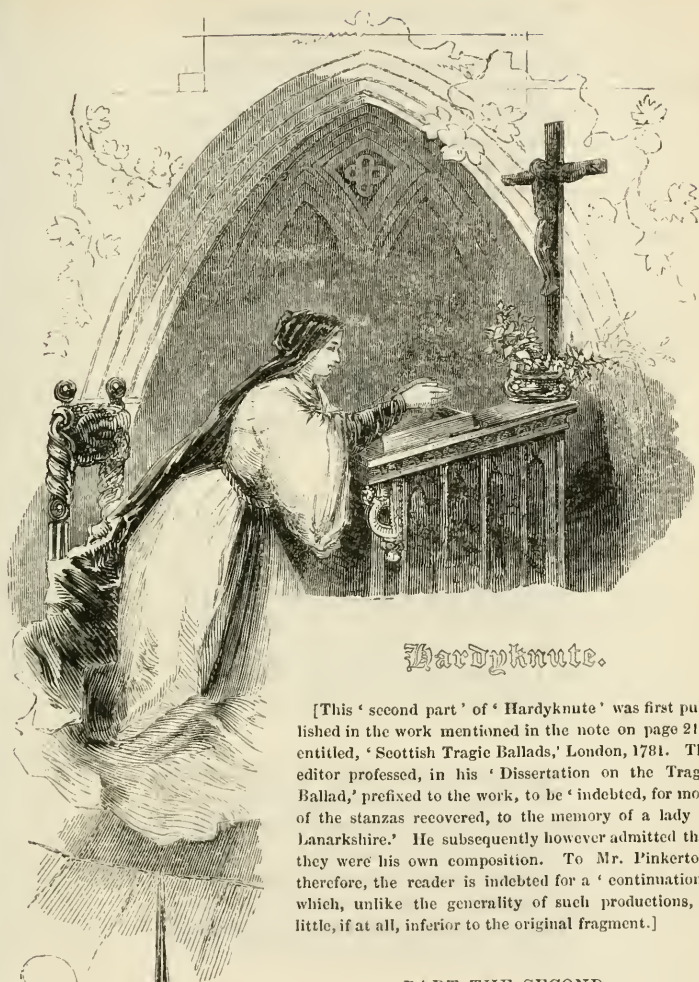
‘Still him to win strave Hardyknute,
 Nor strave he lang in vain:
 Short pleiding eithly might prevale
 Him to his lure to gain.’

And between this stanza and that which in the original edition, and in our copy, stands next, was inserted the following:—

‘I will return wi’ speid to bide
 Your plaint and mend your wae:
 But private grudge maun neir be quelled,
 Before our countries fae.
 Mordac, thy eild may best be spaird
 The fields of stryfe fraemang;
 Convey Sir Kniight to my abode,
 And meise his egre pang.’

To which was appended this note.—‘This stanza is now first printed. It is surprising its omission was not marked in the fragment formerly published, as without it the circumstance of the knight’s complaint is altogether foreign and vague. The loss was attempted to be glossed over by many variations of the preceding four lines; but the defect was palpable to the most inattentive reader.’ Be this as it may, the stanza was *not* found in the original edition, nor has it been adopted in any subsequent one; and the accomplished Editor of the work in which it first appeared, was in all probability its author. It seemed necessary, however, to give it and the alteration of the preceding stanza here, as without them the ‘Second Part’ is unintelligible.]



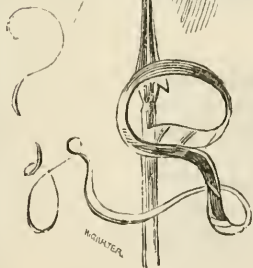


Hardyknute.

[This 'second part' of 'Hardyknute' was first published in the work mentioned in the note on page 218, entitled, 'Scottish Tragic Ballads,' London, 1781. The editor professed, in his 'Dissertation on the Tragic Ballad,' prefixed to the work, to be 'indebted, for most of the stanzas recovered, to the memory of a lady in Lanarkshire.' He subsequently however admitted that they were his own composition. To Mr. Pinkerton, therefore, the reader is indebted for a 'continuation,' which, unlike the generality of such productions, is little, if at all, inferior to the original fragment.]

PART THE SECOND.

ETURN, return, ye men of bluid,
 And bring me back my chyld!"
 A dolefu voice frae mid the ha
 Reculd, wi echoes wylde.
 Bestraught wi dule and dreid, na pouir
 Had Hardyknute at a ;
 Full thrise he raught his ported speir,
 And thrise he let it fa.



“O haly God, for his deir sake,
 Wha savd us on the rude—
 He tint his praier, and drew his glaive,
 Yet reid wi Norland bluid.
 “Brayd on, brayd on, my stalwart sons,
 Grit cause we ha to feir ;
 But aye the canny ferce contenn
 The hap they canna veir.”

‘Return, return, ye men of bluid,
 And bring me back my chylde !’
 The dolefu voice frae mid the ha
 Reculd, wi echoes wylde.
 The storm grew rife, through a the lift
 The rattling thunder rang,
 The black rain shour’d, and lichtning glent
 Their harnisine along.

What feir possest their boding breasts
 Whan, by the gloomy glour,
 The castle ditch wi deed bodies
 They saw was filled out ovr !
 Quoth Hardyknute “I wold to Chryste
 The Norse had wan the day,
 Sae I had keipt at hame but anes,
 Thilk bluidy feats to stay.”

Wi speid they past, and sunc they recht
 The base-courts sounding bound,
 Deip groans sith heard, and through the mirk
 Lukd wistfully around.
 The moon, frae hind a sable cloud,
 Wi sudden twinkle shane,
 Whan, on the cauldriif eard, they fand
 The gude Sir Mordac layn.

Besprent wi gore, fra helm to spur,
 Was the trew-heartit knight ;
 Swith frae his steid sprang Hardyknute
 Muv’d wi the heavy sicht.
 “O say thy master’s shield in weir,
 His sawman in the ha,
 What hatefu chance cold ha the pour
 To lay thy eild sae law ?”

To his complaint the bleiding knight
 Returnd a piteous mane,
 And recht his hand, whilk Hardyknute
 Claucht streitly in his ain.
 ‘Gin eir ye see Lord Hardyknute,
 Frae Mordac ye maun say,
 Lord Draffan’s treasonn to confute
 He usd his steddiest fay.

He nicht na mair, for cruel dethe
 Forbad him to proceid :
 “ I vow to God, I winna sleip
 Till I see Draffan bleid.
 My sons your sister was owr fair :
 But bruik he sall na lang
 His gude betide ; my last forbode
 He’ll trow belyve na sang.

Bown ye my eydent friends to kyth
 To me your luvè sae deir ;
 The Norse’ defeat mote weil persuade
 Nae riever ye neid feir.”
 The speirmen, wi a mighty shout,
 Cryd ‘ Save our master deir !
 While he dow beir the sway bot care
 Nae riever we sall feir.’

‘ Return, return, ye men of bluid
 And bring me back my chylde !’
 The dolefu voice frae mid the ha
 Reculd wi echoes wyldè.
 “ I am to wyte my valiant friends :”
 And to the ha they ran,
 The stately dore full streitly steiked
 Wi iron boltis thrie they fand.

The stately dore, though streitly steiked
 Wi waddin iron boltis thrie,
 Richt sune his nicht can eithly gar
 Frae aff it’s linges flie.
 “ Whar ha ye tane my dochter deir ?
 Mair wold I see her deid
 Than see her in your bridal bed,
 For a your portly meid.

What though my gude and valiant lord
 Lye strecht on the cauld clay?
 My sons the dethe may ablins spair
 To wreak their sisters wae.
 O my leil lord, cold I but ken
 Where thy dear corse is layn,
 Fra gurlly weil, and warping blast
 I'd shield it wi my ain!

Dreir dethe rieht sune will end my dule,
 Ye riever ferce and vile,
 But though ye slay me, frae my heart
 His luve ye'll neir exile."
 Sae did she crune wi heavy cheir,
 Hyt luiks, and bleirit eyne;
 Then teirs first wet his manly cheik
 And snawy baird bedeene.

'Na riever here, my dame sae deir,
 But your leil lord you see;
 May hiest harm betide his life
 Wha brocht sic harm to thee!
 Gin anes ye may believe my word,
 Nor am I usd to lie,
 By day-prime he or Hardyknute
 The bluidy dethe shall die."

The ha, whar late the linkis bricht
 Sae gladsum shind at cen,
 Whar penants gleit a gowden bleise
 Our knights and ladys shene,
 Was now sae mirk, that, through the bound,
 Nocht mote they wein to see,
 Also through the southern port the moon
 Let fa a blinkand glic.

"Are ye in suith my deir luvd lord?"
 Nae mair she doucht to say,
 But swounit on his harnest neck
 Wi joy and tender fay.
 To see her in sie balefu sort
 Revived his selcouth feirs;
 But sune she raisd her comely luik,
 And saw his faing teirs.

“ Ye are nae wont to greit wi wreuch,
 Grit cause ye ha I dreid ;
 Hae a our sons their lives redemd
 Frae furth the dowie feid ? ”
 ‘ Saif are our valiant sons, ye see,
 But lack their sister deir ;
 When she’s awa, bot any doubt,
 We ha grit cause to feir.’

“ Of a our wrangs, and her depart,
 Whan ye the suith sall heir,
 Na marvel that ye ha mair cause,
 Than ye yit weit, to feir.
 O wharefore heir yon feignand knicht
 Wi Mordac did ye send ?
 Ye suner wald ha perced his heart
 Had ye his ettling kend.”

“ What may ye mein, my peirles dame ?
 That knicht did muve my ruthe
 We balefu mane ; I did na dout
 His curtesie and truthe.
 He maun ha tint wi sma renown
 His life in this fell rief ;
 Richt fair it grieves me that he heir
 Met sic an ill relief.’

Quoth she, wi teirs that down her cheiks
 Ran like a silver shour,
 “ May ill befa the tide that brocht
 That fause knicht to our tour ;
 Ken’d ye na Draffan’s lordly port,
 Though cled in knightly graith ?
 Tho hidden was his hantie luik
 The visor black benethe ? ”

“ Now, as I am a knight of weir,
 I thoct his seeming trew ;
 But, that he sae deceived my ruthe,
 Full fairly he sall rue.”
 “ Sir Mordac to the sounding ha
 Came wi his captive fere ; ”
 ‘ My syre has sent this wounded knicht
 To pruve your kyndlie care.

Your sell maun watch him a the day,
 Your maids at deid of nicht ;
 And Fairly fair his heart maun cheir
 As she stands in his sicht.’
 “ Nae suner was Sir Mordac gane,
 Than up the featour sprang ;”
 ‘ The luvè else o your dochter deir
 I feil na ither pang.

Tho Hardyknute lord Draffan’s suit
 Refus’d wi mickle pryde ;
 By his gude dame and Fairly fair
 Let him not be deny’d.’
 “ Nocht muvit wi the captive’s speech,
 Nor wi his stern command ;
 I treasoun ! cryd, and Kenneth’s blade
 Was glisterand in his hand.

My son lord Draffan heir you see,
 Wha means your sister’s fav
 To win by guile, when Hardyknute
 Strives in the irie fray.”
 ‘ Turn thee ! thou riever Baron, turn !’
 “ Bauld Kenneth cryd aloud ;
 But, sune as Draffan spent his glaive,
 My son lay in his bluid.”

‘ I did nocht grein that bluming face
 That dethe sae sune sold pale ;
 Far less that my trew luvè, through me,
 Her brither’s dethe sold wail.
 But syne ye sey our force to prive,
 Our force we sall you shaw !’
 “ Syne the shrill-sounding horn bedeen
 He tuik frae down the wa.

Ere the portculie cold be flung,
 His kyth the base-court fand ;
 Whan scantly o their count a teind
 Their entrie nicht gainstaud.
 Richt sune the raging rievèrs stude
 At their fause master’s syde,
 Wha, by the haly maiden, sware
 Na harm sold us betide.

What syne befell ye weil may guess,
 Reft o our eilds delicht.”
 ‘ We sall na lang be reft, by morne
 Sall Fairly glad your sicht.
 Let us be gane my sons, or now
 Our meny chide our stay ;
 Fareweil my dame ; your dochter’s luve
 Will sune cheir your effray.’

Then pale pale grew her teirfu cheik ;
 ‘ Let ane o my sons thrie
 Alane gyde this emprize, your eild
 May ill sic travel drie.
 O whar were I, were my deir lord,
 And a my sons, to bleid !
 Better to bruik the wrang than sae
 To wreak the hie misdede.

The gallant Rothsay rose bedeen
 His richt of age to pleid ;
 And Thomas shawd his strenthly speir ;
 And Malcolm mein’d his speid.
 ‘ My sons your stryfe I gladly see,
 But it sall neir be sayne,
 That Hardyknute sat in his ha,
 And heird his son was slayne.

My lady deir, ye neid na feir ;
 The richt is ou our syde :’
 Syne rising with richt frawart haste
 Nae parly wald he byde.
 The lady sat in heavy mude,
 Their tunefu march to heir,
 While, far ayont her ken, the sound
 Na mair mote roun her cir.

O ha ye sein sum glitterand touir,
 Wi mirrie archers crownd,
 Wha vaunt to see their trembling fae
 Kept frae their countrie’s bound ?
 Sic ausum strenth shawd Hardyknute ;
 Sic seimd his stately meid,
 Sic pryde he to his meny bald,
 Sic feir his faes he gied.

Wi glie they past our mountains rude,
 Our muirs and mosses weit ;
 Sune as they saw the rising sun,
 On Draffan's touirs it gleit.
 O Fairly bricht I marvel sair,
 That featour eer ye lued,
 Whase treasoun wrocht your father's bale,
 And shed your brither's blude !

The ward ran to his youthfu lord,
 Wha sleipd his bouir intill :
 'Nae time for sleuth, your raging faes
 Fare down the westlin hill.
 And, by the libbard's gowden low
 In his blue banner braid,
 That Hardyknute his dochter seiks
 And Draffan's dethe, I rede.'

" Say to my bands of matchless micht,
 Wha camp law in the dale,
 To busk their arrows for the fecht,
 And streitly gird their mail.
 Syne meit me here, and wein to find
 Nae just or turney play ;
 Whan Hardyknute braids to the field,
 War bruiks na lang delay."

His halbrick bricht he braced bedeen ;
 Fra ilka skaith and harm
 Securit by a warloc auld,
 Wi mony a fairy charm.
 A seimly knight cam to the ha ;
 ' Lord Draffan I thee braive,
 Frae Hardyknute my worthy lord,
 To fecht wi speir or glaive.'

" Your hautie lord me braives in vain
 Alane his micht to prive,
 For wha, in single feat of weir,
 Wi Hardyknute may strive ?
 But sith he meins our strenth to sey,
 On case he sune will find,
 That though his bands leave mine in ire,
 In force they're far behind.

Yet cold I wete that he wald yield
 To what bruiks nae remeid,
 I for his dochter wald nae hain
 To ae half o my steid."
 Sad Hardykuute apart frae a
 Leand on his birnist speir;
 And, whan he on his Fairly deimd,
 He spar'd nae sich nor teir.

"What meins the felon captive vile?
 Bruiks this reif na remeid?
 I scorn his gylefu vows ein thought
 They recht to a his steid."
 Bownd was lord Draffan for the fecht,
 Whan lo! his Fairly deir
 Ran frae her hie bouir to the ha
 Wi a the speid of feir.

Ein as the rudie star of morne
 Peirs through a cloud of dew,
 Sae did she seim, as round his neck
 Her snawy arms she threw.
 'O why, O why, did Fairly wair
 On thee her thoughtles luvè?
 Whase cruel heart can ettle aye
 Her father's dethe to pruve!"

And first he kissd her bluming cheik,
 And syne her bosom deir;
 Than sadly strade athwart the ha,
 And drapd ae tendir teir.
 "My meiny heid my words wi care,
 Gin ony weit to slay
 Lord Hardyknute, by hevin I sweir
 Wi lyfe he sall nae gae."

'My maidens bring my bridal gowne,
 I little trewd yestrene,
 To rise frae bonny Draffan's bed,
 His bluidy dethe to sene.'
 Syne up to the hie baconie
 She has gane wi a her train,
 And sune she saw her stalwart lord
 Attein the bleising plain.

Owr Nethan's weily streim he fared
 Wi seeming ire and pryde ;
 His blason, glisterand owr his helm,
 Bare Allan by his syde.
 Richt sune the bugils blew, and lang
 And bludy was the fray ;
 Eir hour of nunc, that elric tyde,
 Had hundreds tint their day.

Like beacon bricht at deid of nicht,
 The mighty chief muvd on ;
 His basnet, bleising to the sun,
 Wi deidly lichtning shone.
 Draffan he socht, wi him at anes
 To end the cruel stryfe !
 But aye his speirmen thranging round
 Forfend their leider's lyfe.

The winding Clyde wi valiant bluid
 Ran reiking mony a mile ;
 Few stude the faucht, yet dethe alane
 Cold end their irie toil.
 ' Wha flie, I vow, sall frae my speir
 Receive the dethe they dreid !'
 Cryd Draffan, as along the plain
 He spurd his bluid-red steid.

Up to him sune a knicht can prance,
 A graith'd in silver mail :
 " Lang have I socht thee through the field,
 This lance will tell my tale."
 Rude was the fray, till Draffan's skill
 Oercame his youthfn nicht ;
 Perc'd through the visor to the eie
 Was slayne the comly knicht.

The visor on the speir was deft,
 And Draffan Malcolm spied ;
 ' Ye should your vaunted speid this day,
 And not your strenth, ha seyde.'
 " Cative, awa ye maun na flie,"
 Stout Rothsay cry'd bedeen,
 " Till, frae my glaive, ye wi ye beir
 The wound ye fein'd yestrene."

‘ Mair o your kins bluid ha I spilt
 Than I docht evir grein ;
 See Rothsay whar your brither lyes
 In dethe afore your eyne,
 Scant Rothsay stapt the faing teir ;
 “ O hatefu cursed deid !
 Sae Draffan seiks our sister’s luve,
 Nor feirs far ither meid ! ”

Swith on the word an arrow eam
 Frae ane o Rothsay’s band,
 And smote on Draffan’s lifted targe,
 Syne Rothsays splent it fand.
 Perc’d through the knie to his ferce steid,
 Wha pranc’d wi egre pain,
 The chief was forcd to quit the stryfe,
 And seik the nether plain.

His minstrals there wi dolefu care
 The bludy shaft withdrew ;
 But that he sae was bar’d the fecht
 Sair did the leider rue.
 ‘ Cheir ye my mirrie men,’ Draffan cryd,
 Wi meikle pryde and glie ;
 ‘ The prise is ours ; nae chieftan bides
 Wi us to bate the grie.’

That hautie boast heard Hardyknute,
 Whar he lein’d on his speir,
 Sair weiried wi the nune-tide heat,
 And toilsom deids of weir.
 The first sicht, whan he past the thrang,
 Was Malcolm on the swaird :
 “ Wold hevin that dethe my eild had tane,
 And thy youtheid had spard !

“ Draffan I ken thy ire, but now
 Thy micht I mein to see ! ”
 But eir he strak the deidly dint
 The syre was on his knie.
 ‘ Lord Hardyknute stryke gif ye may,
 I neir will stryve wi thee ;
 Forfend your dochter see you slayne
 Frae whar she sits on hic !

Yestrene the priest in haly band
 Me joind wi Fairly deir ;
 For her sake let us part in peace,
 And neir meet mair in weir.
 " Oh king of hevin, what seimly speech
 A featour's lips can send !
 And art thou he wha baith my sons
 Brocht to a bluidy end ?

Haste, mount thy steid, or I sall licht
 And meit thee on the plain ;
 For by my forbere's saul we neir
 Sall part till ane be slayne."
 ' Now mind thy aith,' syne Draffan stout
 To Allan leudly cryd,
 Wha drew the shynand blade bot dreid
 And perc'd his masters syde.

Law to the bleiding eard he fell,
 And dethe sune clos'd his eyne.
 " Draffan, till now I did na ken
 Thy dethe cold muve my tein.
 I wold to Chryste thou valiant youth,
 Thou wert in life again ;
 May ill befa my ruthles wrauth
 That brocht thee to sic pain !

Fairly, anes a my joy and pryde,
 Now a my grief and bale,
 Ye maun wi haly maidens byde
 Your deidly faut to wail.
 To Icolm beir ye Draffan's corse,
 And dochter anes sae deir,
 Whar she may pay his heidles luv
 Wi mony a mournfu teir."





The Admiral Guarino.

[This is a translation,—and, to use his own words,— ‘as he believed, a very faithful one,’ by Matthew Gregory Lewis, author of the ballad, ‘Sir Guy the Seeker,’ supra, p. 161, of an ‘Ancient Spanish Romance.’ It was first published, with the ballad referred to and others, in his ‘Romantic Tales,’ London, 1808, 12mo. With regard to the original, Mr. Lewis furnishes no information beyond what is contained in the words we have quoted. The reader of ‘Don Quixote,’ however, will scarcely need to be reminded that this is the ballad which the knight and his squire overheard a peasant of Toboso singing, when on his way to his work at daybreak. (Part ii. Bk. i. chap. 9.) Another translation of it may be seen in Lockhart’s ‘Spanish Ballads,’ London, 1841.]

ARK and heed me, deeds reciting
 Sad to hear and sad to tell;
 How, at Roncesvalles fighting,
 Charles’s choicest warriors fell.

Dealing round eternal slumber,
 Still Guarino kept his sword ;
 Moorish monarchs, seven in number,
 Seized at length the Christian lord.

Whose the knight should be, deciding,
 Seven times seven the dice they shake ;
 Seven times seven the rest deriding,
 Proud Marlotes wins the stake.

More rejoiced that he possess him,
 Than Arabia's realms to sway,
 'Captive'—thus the Prince address him,—
 'Captive,' hear, and then obey !

Quit the faith to Mahom hateful,
 Curs'd by Heaven, and curs'd by me ;
 Follow mine ; thy master, grateful,
 Shall thy friend and father be.

Of two daughters, high descended,
 This shall in your arms be prest ;
 That shall work your garments splendid,
 Deck your bed and watch your rest.

And because I prize thee dearly,
 Thine Arabia's crown shall be !
 Now, Sir Christian, speak sincerely ;
 Wilt thou more, I'll give it thee !'

Spoke the knight, to Heaven appealing,—
 Hark, and heed the word he said,—
 'Subtly now is Satan dealing,
 Blessed Virgin be my aid !'

Moor, I'll ne'er be Mahom's servant,
 Ne'er the name of Christ profane,
 And my heart, with faith most fervent,
 Wears a Christian maiden's chain.

'Ha !' the Pagan roars in anger ;
 'Guards, in dungeon dark as night
 Instant plunge this haughty stranger,
 Ne'er again to see the light.

Heap on him from spur to shoulder
 Weight on weight, and chain on chain,
 Till his sinews shrink and moulder,
 That he ne'er may fight again.

Last, the slave before me bringing,
 Bid his gaoler thrice a year
 Scourge him, till the blood is springing,
 When the solemn feasts are near !

Dark in dungeons, deep in water,
 Shall he mourn his scorn and pride :
 Since he dares reject my daughter,
 Now let sorrow be his bride.'

Days they came and days they perisht,
 Till Saint John the Baptist came :
 Day, by both religions cherisht,
 Day, which both a fast proclaim.

Moors were then seen myrtle strewing
 Christians then burnt frankincense ;
 And a royal prize bestowing
 Bade the King the sports commence.

At a shield with jewels flaming,
 Which aloft was seen to rise,
 All the Moors, their lances aiming,
 Strove in vain to win the prize.

From the lists with shame returning
 All confest their skill too weak ;
 Till with scorn and anger burning,
 Thus the King was heard to speak :—

'Touch no breast shall babe complaining
 Man no bread shall dare to eat,'
 Till some knight, the mark attaining,
 Lays it at my royal feet.

Of the noise was well aware he,
 In the dungeon dèpth who lay :—
 'Holy Cross and Blessed Mary,
 Wherefore shout the Moors to-day ?

Does their chief some blooming virgin
 Home as bride in triumph bring ?
 Or is come my time of scourging,
 To delight the cruel King ?

Spoke the gaoler :—'Tis no virgin,
 Who to-day must lose the name,
 Nor is this your time of scourging,
 Which the clarions loud proclaim.

Tis Saint John's day thus respected ;
 And his feast to honour more,
 Hath the King a shield erected,
 Bright with gems and precious ore.

All the Moors, their lances throwing,
 Vainly hoped the mark to reach,
 Till, with quick impatience glowing,
 Vowed the King in angry speech,

Till on earth the shield was seen, no
 Bread should in his realm be broke.'—
 'Sayst thou?' cried with joy Guarino,—
 Hark, and heed the words he spoke,—

Give me back my courser trusty,
 Which was wont my weight to bear ;
 Give my armour, now so rusty,
 Which I erst was wont to wear ;

From its lofty station driven,
 Soon I'll bring the buckler low ;
 This I'll do, or else, by Heaven,
 On the block my blood shall flow !

'Seven long winters,' spoke the gaoler,
 'In this dungeon hast thou seen,
 And another's force would fail here
 When he scarcely one had been ;

Yet presumest thou now to proffer
 Deeds of strength and skill to show ?
 Slave, farewell ! thy daring offer
 Soon the Moorish King shall know.'

Thus he said with taunts and chidings,
 Then with speed he sought the king :
 'Monarch, deign to hear my tidings,
 Wondrous is the tale I bring !

Know, my prisoner boasts full loudly,
 Steed and armour but restore,
 Yonder shield now placed so proudly,
 Soon he'll lay your throne before.'

This the king with wonder learning
 Bade him straight the knight produce ;
 Then, Guarino's arms returning,
 Spoild with rust and long disuse,

Spoke Marlotes, grimly smiling,—
‘Now, brave Sir, your course pursue ;
Lies a warrior’s life defiling,
Mount, and make your boasting true !’

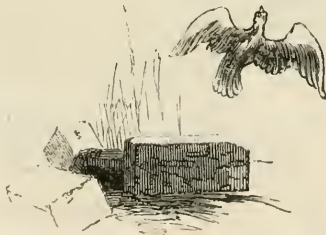
Soon his steed Guarind mounted,
In the well-known weight who joyed :
Seven long years the heart had counted,
In the vilest tasks employed.

Then with speed of lightning flying,—
Calm his eye was, mild his mein,—
Hurled the knight his lance ; and lying
On the earth the shield was seen.

Straight the Moors the victor leap on,
Envyng sore that gallant feat ;
But Guarind’s Spanish weapon
Makes them bleeding soon retreat.

Though their numbers are so mighty,
They obscure the light of day,
Through the ranks of hostile fight, he
Boldly hews his desperate way.

Then with vigour still unshaken
Home his course Guarino shaped ;—
Many a knight the Moor have taken,
But like him hath none escaped !



Gernutus the Jew.



[This ballad was printed by Dr. Percy, in his 'Reliques,' from an 'ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection,—compared with the Ashmole copy—entitled, 'A New Song, showing the crueltie of Gernutus, a Jewe, who, lending to a merchant an hundred crowns, would have a pound of his fleshe, because he could not pay him at the time appointed. To the tune of 'Blacke and Yellow.' It is invested with an interest beyond that which of itself it might have inspired, by the circumstance of its having in all probability been known to and employed by Shakespeare in the construction of his play of 'The Merchant of Venice.' For that it was written before that play, was the opinion of Warton, ('Observations on the Faerie Queene,' i. 128,) who first drew attention to the ballad; and seems to be that of critics in general. This is equivalent to assigning it a date at least as old as 1598, in which year, we know, from Mercers' 'Palladis Tamia,' that Shakespeare's play was in existence; though it does not appear to have been printed before the year 1600. (Pictorial Shakespeare, p. 192, London, 1846.) The original source, however, to which both Shakespeare and the ballad-maker were indebted, was undoubtedly the *Pecorone* of Sir Giovanni Fiorentino, which was printed in Italy in the year 1544. There is another ballad on the same subject, entitled, 'The Northern Lord and Cruel Jew,' which was given by Mr. Buchan in his 'Gleanings of Scotch, English, and Irish scarce Old Ballads,' Peterhead, 1825, and will be found in the Appendix.]

THE FIRST PART.

IN Venice towne not long agoe
 A cruel Jew did dwell,
 Which lived all on usurie,
 As Italian writers tell.



20/1/729

Gernutus called was the Jew,
Which never thought to dye ;
Nor ever yet did any good
To them in streets that lie.

His life was like a barrow hogge,
That liveth many a day,
Yet never once did any good,
Until men will him slay.

Or like a filthy heap of dung,
That lyeth in a whoard ;
Which never can do any good,
Till it be spread abroad.

So fares it with the usurer,
He cannot sleep in rest,
For feare the thiefe will him pursue
To plucke him from his nest.

His heart doth think on many a wile,
How to deceive the poore ;
His mouthe is almost full of mucke ;
Yet still he gapes for more.

His wife must lend a shilling,
For every weeke a penny,
Yet bring a pledge, that is double worth,
If that you will have any.

And see, likewise, you keepe your day,
Or else you loose it all :
This was the living of the wife,
Her cow she did it call.

Within that citie dwelt that time
A marchant of great fame,
Which, being distressed in his need,
Unto Gernutus came :

Desiring him to stand his friend
For twelve month and a day,
To lend to him an hundred crownes ;
And he for it would pay

Whatsoever he would demand of him,
And pledges he should have.
No, (quoth the Jew, with flearing lookes,)
Sir, aske what you will have.

No penny for the loane of it
 For one year you shall pay ;
 You may do me as goode a turne,
 Before my dying day.

But we will have a merry jeast,
 For to be talked long ;
 You shall make me a bond, quoth he,
 That shall be large and strong :

And this shall be the forfeiture ;
 Of your own fleshe a pound.
 If you agree, make you the bond,
 And here is a hundred crownes.

With right good will ! the marchant says ;
 And so the bond was made.
 When twelve month and a day drew on
 That backe it should be payd,

The marchant's ships were all at sea,
 And money came not in ;
 Which way to take, or what to doe,
 To think he doth begin ;

And to Gernutus strait he comes
 With cap and bended knee,
 And sayde to him, Of curtesie
 I pray you beare with mee.

My day is come, and I have not
 The money for to pay ;
 And little good the forfeiture
 Will doe you, I dare say.

With all all my heart, Gernutus sayd,
 Commaund it to your minde ;
 In things of bigger waight then this
 You shall me ready finde.

He goes his way ; the day once past,
 Gernutus doth not slacke
 To get a sergiant presently ;
 And clapt him on the backe :

And layd him into prison strong,
 And sued his bond withall ;
 And when the judgement day was come,
 For judgement he did call.

The marchant's friends came thither fast,
 With many a weeping eye,
 For other means they could not find,
 But he that day must dye.

THE SECOND PART,

Of the Jew's Crueltie : setting forth the mercifulness of the Judge towards the Marchant.

Some offerd for his hundred crownes
 Five hundred for to pay ;
 And some a thousand, two or three,
 Yet still he did deny.

And at the last ten thousand crownes
 They offerd, him to save.
 Gernutus sayd, I will no gold :
 My forfeite I will have.

A pound of fleshe is my demand,
 And that shall be my hire.
 Then sayd the Judge, Yet, good my friend,
 Let me of you desire

To take the fleshe from such a place,
 As yet you let him live :
 Do so and lo ! an hundred crownes
 To thee here will I give.

No, no, quoth he ; no, judgment here ;
 For this it shall be tride,
 For I will have my pound of fleshe
 From under his right side.

It grieved all the companie
 His crueltie to see,
 For neither friend nor foe could helpe,
 But he must spoyled bee.

The bloudie Jew now ready is
 With whetted blade in hand,
 To spoyle the bloud of innocent,
 By forfeite of his bond.

And as he was about to strike
 On him the deadly blow,
 Stay (quoth the judge) thy crueltie ;
 I charge thee to do so.

Sith needs thou wilt thy forfeit have,
 Which is of fleshe a pound,
 See that thou shed no drop of bloud,
 Nor yet the man confound.

For if thou doe, like murderer,
 Thou here shalt hanged be ;
 Likewise of flesh see that thou eut
 No more than 'longes to thee :

For if thou take either more or lesse
 To the value of a mite,
 Thou shalt be hanged presently,
 As is both law and right.

Gernutus now waxt frantiek mad,
 And wotes not what to say ;
 Quoth he at last, Ten thousand crownes
 I will that he shall pay ;

And so I graunt to let him free,
 The judge doth answeere make ;
 You shall not have a penny given ;
 Your forfeiture now take.

At the last he doth demaund
 But for to have his owne.
 No, quoth the judge, doe as you list,
 Thy judgement shall be showne.

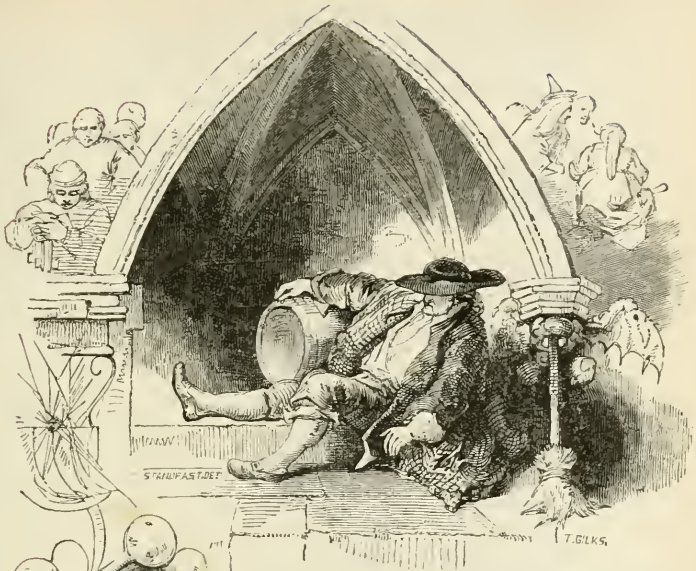
Either take your pound of flesh, quoth he,
 Or cancell me your bond.
 O cruell judge, then quoth the Jew,
 That doth against me stand !

And so with griping grieved mind
 He biddeth them fare-well.
 Then all the people prays'd the Lord,
 That ever this heard tell.

Good people, that doe heare this song,
 For trueth I dare well say,
 That many a wretch as ill as hee
 Doth live now at this day.

That seeketh nothing but the spoyle
 Of many a wealthy man,
 And for to trap the innocent
 Deviseth what they can.

From whome the Lord deliver me,
 And every Christian too,
 And send to them like sentence eke
 That meaneth so to do.



The Witch of Fife.

[This ballad was written by James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, and is taken from his 'Queen's Wake,' which was first published in 1813. 'I was,' he tells us, in the 'Autobiography' prefixed to his 'Poetical Works,' Glasgow, 1838,—'forty years of age before I wrote the 'Queen's Wake.' With regard to the origin of the ballad, or the circumstances, real or supposed, upon which it was founded, the Shepherd gives but little information. He says, indeed, that 'the catastrophe of this tale is founded upon popular tradition.' But of the particulars of that tradition, or the locality to which it is peculiar, or any other matter connected therewith, he says nothing. And it is matter of regret that on so interesting a subject we are obliged to leave the reader in the ignorance in which we find him.]

OHARE haif ye been, ye ill womyne,
 These three lang nightis fra hame
 Quhat garris the sweet drap fra yer brow,
 Like clotis of the saut sea faem?

“ It fearis me muckil ye haif seen
 Quhat guid man never knew ;
 It fearis me muckil ye haif been
 Quhare the gray cock never crew.

“ But the spell may crack, and the brydel breck,
 Then sherpe yer werde will be ;
 Ye had better sleippe in yer bed at hame,
 Wi’ yer deire littil bairnis and me.”—

“ Sit doune, sit doune, my leil auld man,
 Sit doune, and listen to me ;
 I’ll gar the hayre stand on yer crown,
 And the cauld sweit blind yer e’e.

“ But tell nae wordis, my guid auld man,
 Tell never word again ;
 Or deire shall be yer courtisye,
 And driche and sair yer pain.

“ The first leet night, quhan the new moon set,
 Quhan all was douffe and mirk,
 We saddled our naigis wi’ the moon-fern leif,
 And rode fra Kilmerrin kirk.

“ Some horses ware of the brume-cow framit,
 And some of the greine bay tree ;
 But mine was made of ane humloke schaw,
 And a stont stallion was he.

“ We raide the tod doune on the hill,
 The martin on the law ;
 And we huntyd the hoolet out of brethe,
 And forcit him doune to fa’.”—

“ Quhat guid was that, ye ill womyne ?
 Quhat guid was that to thee ?
 Ye wald better haif been in yer bed at hame,
 Wi’ yer deire littil bairnis and me.”—

“ And aye we raide, and se merrily we raide,
 Throw the merkist gloffis of the night ;
 And we swam the floode, and we darnit the woode,
 Till we cam’ to the Lommond height.

“ And quhan we cam’ to the Lommond height,
 Se lythlye we lyetid doune ;
 And we drank fra the hornis that never grew,
 The beer that was never browin.

“Then up there raise ane wee wee man,
Fra nethe the moss-gray stane ;
His fece was wan like the collifloure,
For he nouthir had blude nor bane.

“He set ane reid-pipe til his muthe,
And he playit se bonnilye,
Till the gray curlew and the black-cock flew
To listen his melodye.

“It rang se sweit through the grein Lommond,
That the nycht-winde lowner blew ;
And it soupit along the Loch Leven,
And wakinit the white sea-mew.

“It rang se sweit through the grein Lommond,
Se sweetly butt and se shill,
That the wezilis laup out of their mouldy holis,
And dancit on the mydnycht hill.

“The corby craw cam’ gledgin’ near,
The ern’ged veeryng bye ;
And the troutis laup out of the Leven Loch,
Charmit with the melodye.

“And aye we dancit on the grein Lommond,
Till the dawn on the ocean grew :
Ne wonder I was a weary wycht
Quhan I cam’ hame to you.”

“Quhat guid, quhat guid, my weird weird wyfe,
Quhat guid was that to thee ?
Qe wald better haif bein in yer bed at hame,
Wi’ yer deire littil bairnis and me.”

“The second nycht, quhan the new moon set,
O’er the roaryng sea we flew ;
The cockle-shell our trusty bark,
Our sailis of the grein sea-rue.

“And the bauld windis blew, and the fire-flauchtis flew,
And the sea ran to the skie ;
And the thummer it growlit, and the sea-dogs howlit,
As we gaed scouryng bye.

“And aye we mountit the sea-grein hillis,
Quhill we brushit through the cludis of the hevin ;
Than sousit downright like the stern-shot light,
Fra the liftis blue casement driven.

“ But our taickil stood, and our bark was good,
 And se pang was our pearily prow ;
 Quhan we culdna speil the brow of the wavis,
 We needilit them throu’ belowe.

“ As fast as the hail, as fast as the gale,
 As fast as the mydnycht leme,
 We borit the breiste of the burstyng swale,
 Or fluffit i’ the flotyng faem.

“ And quhan to the Norraway shore we wan,
 We muntyd our steedis of the wynde,
 And we splashit the floode, and we darnit the woode,
 And we left the shour behynde.

“ Fleit is the roe on the grein Lommond,
 And swift is the couryng grew,
 The rein-deir dun can eithly run,
 Quhan the houndis and the hornis pursue.

“ But nowther the roe, nor the rein-deir dun,
 The hinde nor the couryng grew,
 Culde fly owr montaine, muir, and dale,
 As our braw stedis they flew.

“ The dales war deep, and the Doffrinis steep,
 And we raise to the skyis ee-bree ;
 Quhite, quhite was our rode, that was never trode,
 Owr the snawis of eternity !

“ And quhan we cam’ to the Lapland lone,
 The fairies war all in array ;
 For all the genii of the north
 War keipyng their holeday.

“ The warlock men and the weird wemyng,
 And the fays of the wood and the steip,
 And the phantom hunteris all war there,
 And the mermaidis of the deip.

“ And they washit us all with the witch-water,
 Distillit fra the muirland dew,
 Quhill our beauty blumit like the Lapland rose,
 That wylde in the foreste grew.”—

“ Ye lee, ye lee, ye ill womyne,
 Se loud as I heir ye lee !
 For the warst-faurd wyfe on the shoris of Fyfe
 Is comlye comparit wi’ thee.”—

“Then the mermaidis sang and the woodlandis rang,
Se sweetly swellit the quire ;
On every cliff a herpe they hang,
On every tree a lyre.

“And aye the sang, and the woodlandis rang,
And we drank, and we drank se deip ;
Then saft in the armis of the warlock men,
We laid us down to sleip.”

“Away away, ye ill womyne,
An ill deide met ye dee !
Quban ye ha'e pruvit se false to yer God,
Ye can never pruve true to me.”—

“And there we learnit fra the fairy foke,
And fra our master true,
The wordis that can beire us throu' the air,
And lokkis and barris undo.

“Last nycht we met at Maisry's cot ;
Richt weil the wordis we knew !
And we set a foot on the black cruik-shell,
And out at the lum we flew.

“And we flew ovr hill, and we flew ovr dale,
And we flew ovr firth and sea,
Until we cam' to merry Carlisle,
Quhare we lightit on the lea.

“We gaed to the vault beyond the towir,
Quhare we enterit free as ayr ;
And we drank, and we drank of the bishopis wine
Quhill we culde drynk ne mair.”

“Gin that be true, my guid auld wyfe,
Whilk thou hast tauld to me,
Betide my death, betide my lyfe,
I'll beire thee companye.

“Neist tyme ye gaung to merry Carlisle
To drynk of the blude-reid wyne,
Beshrew my heart, I'll fly with thee,
If the deil should fly behynde.”

“Ah ! little do ye ken, my silly auld man,
The daingeris we maun dree ;
Last nychte we drank of the bishopis wyne,
Quhill near near ta'en war we.

“ Afore we wan to the Sandy Ford,
 The gor-cockis nichering flew ;
 The lofty crest of Etrick Pen
 Was wavit about with blue,
 And, flichtering throu’ the ayr, we fand
 The chill chill mornyng dew.

“ As we flew ower the hillis of Braid,
 The sun raise fair and cleir ;
 There gurlly James, and his baronis braw,
 War out to hunt the deir.

“ Their bowis they drew, their arrowis flew,
 And piercit the ayr with speide,
 Qubhill purpil fell the mornyng dew
 Wi’ witch-blude rank and reide.

“ Littil do ye ken, my silly auld man,
 The daingeris we maun dree ;
 Ne wonder I am a weary wycht
 Quhan I come hame to thee.”—

“ But tell me the word, my guid auld wyfe,
 Come tell it speedilye :
 For I lang to drynk of the guid reide wyne,
 And to wyng the ayr with thee.

“ Yer hellish horse I wilna ryde,
 Nor sail the seas in the wynde ;
 But I can flee as weil as thee,
 And I’ll drynk qubill ye be blynd.”—

“ O fy ! O fy ! my leil auld man,
 That word I darena tell ;
 It wald turn this warld all upside down,
 And make it warse than hell.

“ For all the lasses in the land
 Wald munt the wynde and fly ;
 And the men wald doff their doublets syde,
 And after them wald ply.”—

But the auld guidman was ane cunningg auld man,
 And ane cunningg auld man was he ;
 And he watchit, and he watchit for mony a nychte,
 The witches’ flychte to see.

Ane nycht he darnit in Maisry’s cot ;
 The fearless haggis can’ in ;
 And he heard the word of awsome weird,
 And he saw their deidis of synn.

Then ane by ane they said that word,
 As fast to the fire they drew ;
 Then set a foot on the black cruik-shell,
 And out at the lum they flew.

The auld guidman cam' fra his hole
 With feire and muckil dreide,
 But yet he culdna think to rue,
 For the wyne cam' in his head.

He set his foot in the black cruik-shell,
 With ane fixit and ane wawlyng e'e ;
 And he said the word that I darena say,
 And out at the lum flew he.

The witches skalit the moon-beam pale ;
 Deep groanit the trembling wynde ;
 But they never wist till our auld guidman
 Was hoveryng them behynde.

They flew to the vaultis of merry Carlisle,
 Quhare they enterit free as ayr ;
 And they drank and they drank of the bishopis wyne
 Quhill they culde drynk ne mair.

The auld guidman he grew se crouse,
 He dauncit on the mouldy ground,
 And he sang the bonniest sangs of Fyfe,
 And he tuzzlit the kerlyngs round.

And aye he piercit the tither butt,
 And he suckit, and he suckit sae lang,
 Quhill his een they closit, and his voice grew low,
 And his tongue wald hardly gang.

The kerlyngs drank of the bishopis wyne
 Quhill they scentit the morning wynde ;
 Then clove again the yielding ayr,
 And left the auld man behynde.

And aye he sleipit on the damp damp floor,
 He sleipit and he snorit anain ;
 He never dreamit he was far fra hame,
 Or that the auld wyvis war gauc.

And aye he sleipit on the damp damp floor,
 Quhill past the mid-day highte,
 Quhan wakenit by five rough Englishmen
 That trailit him to the lychte.

“ Now quha are ye, ye silly auld man,
That sleipis se sound and se weil?
Or how gat ye into the bishopis vault
Throu’ lokkis and barris of steel?”

The auld guidman he tryit to speak,
But ane word he culdna fynde;
He tryit to think, but his head whirlit round,
And ane thing he culdna mynde:—
“ I cam’ fra Fyfe,” the auld man cryit,
“ And I cam’ on the mydnight wynde.”

They nickit the auld man, and they prickit the auld man,
And they yerkit his limbis with twine,
Quhill the reide blude ran in his hose and shoon,
But some cryit it was wyne.

They liekit the auld man, and they prickit the auld man,
And they tyit him till ane stone;
And they set ane bele-fire him about,
To burn him skin and bone.

“ O wae to me!” said the puir auld man,
“ That ever I saw the day!
And wae be to all the ill wemyng
That lead puir men astray!

“ Let nevir ane auld man after this
To lawless greide inclyne;
Let nevir ane auld man after this
Rin post to the deil for wyne.”

The reike flew up in the auld manis face,
And choukit him bitterlye;
And the lowe cam’ up with ane angry blese,
And it syngit his auld breck-knee.

He lukit to the land fra whence he cam’,
For lukis he culde get ne mae;
And he thochte of his deire little bairnis at hame,
And O the auld man was wae!

But they turnit their facis to the sun,
With gloffe and wonderous glair,
For they saw ane thing beth lairge and dun,
Comin’ swaipin down the ayr.

That burd it cam’ fra the landis o’ Fyfe,
And it cam’ rycht tymeouslye,
For quha was it but the auld manis wife,
Just comit his dethe to see.

Scho put ane reide cap on his heide,
And the auld guidman lookit fain,
Then whisperit ane word until his lug,
And tovit to the ayr again.

The auld guidman he ga'e ane bob,
I' the mids o' the burnyng lowe ;
And the sheklis that band him to the ring,
They fell fra his armis like towe.

He drew his breath, and he said the word,
And he said it with muckil glee,
Then set his fit on the burnyng pile,
And away to the ayr flew he.

Till aince he cleirit the swirlyng reike,
He lukit beth ferit and sad ;
But whan he wan to the lycht blue ayr,
He lauchit as he'd been mad.

His armis war spred, and his heid was hiche,
And his feite stack out behynde ;
And the laibies of the auld manis cote
War wauffing in the wynde.

And aye he neicherit, and aye he flew,
For he thochte the ploy se raire ;
It was like the voice of the gainer blue,
Quhan he flees throu' the ayr.

He lukit back to the Carlisle men
As he borit the norlan sky ;
He noddit his heide, and ga'e ane girn,
But he nevir said guid-bye.

They vanisht far i' the liftis blue wale,
Ne mair the English saw,
But the auld manis lauche cam' on the gale,
With a lang and a loud gaffa.

May evir ilke man in the land of Fyfe
Read what the drinkeris dree ;
And nevir curse his puir auld wife,
Richte wicked altho' scho be.

Robin Hood and the Monk.



[This ballad was first printed by the Rev. C. H. Hartshorne, in his 'Ancient Metrical Tales,' (London, 1829,) from a MS. preserved in the University of Cambridge. Its existence was unknown to Ritson, who speaks of it as 'a legend once extant, of perhaps a still earlier date, than the 'Lytell Geste,' which he considered as 'probably the oldest thing upon the subject we now possess.' It afforded him, in his own words, 'some little satisfaction to be able to give,' as he did, (Robin Hood, i. lxxxv.,) 'even a fragment, from a single leaf, fortunately preserved in one of the volumes of old printed ballads in the British Museum, in a hand-writing as old as Henry the Sixth's time.' This fragment consists of the latter half of stanza 70, the three following stanzas, and of what is contained between the second lines of stanzas 78 and 81 inclusive respectively. In the MS. from which Mr. Hartshorne printed, which is in some parts so damaged by the damp as to be illegible, the only title the ballad bears is, 'A Tale of Robin Hood.' The propriety of the more particular designation of 'Robin Hood and the Monk,' will however be apparent to every reader.]

N somer when the shawes be sheyne,
And leves be large and longe,
Hit is fulle mery in feyre foreste
To here the foulys song.

To se the dere draw to the dale,
 And leve the hilles hee,
 And shadow hem in the leves grene
 Vndur the grene wode tre.

Hit befel on whitsontide,
 Erly in a may mornyng,
 The son up fayre can shyne,
 And the briddis mery can syng.

This is a mery mornyng, seid litulle Johne,
 Be hym that dyed on tre,
 A more mery man then I am one
 Lyves not in cristianté.

Pluk vp thi hert my dere mayster,
 Litulle Johne can sey,
 And thynk hit is a fulle fayre tyme
 In a mornynge of may.

Ze on thyng^e greves me seid Robyne,
 And does my hert myche woo,
 That I may not so solem day
 To mas nor matyng goo.

Hit is a fourtnet and more, seyde hee,
 Syn I my sauour see ;
 To-day wil I to Notyngham, seid Robyn,
 With the myght of mylde Mary.

Then spake Moche the mylner (s) sune,
 Euer more wel hym betyde,
 Take xii of thi wyght zemen
 Welle weppynd be ther side.

Such on wolde thi selfe slon
 That xii dar not abyde,
 Off alle my mery men, seid Robyne,
 Be my feithe I wil non haue.

But litulle Johne shall beyre my bow
 Til that me list to drawe

: : : : : :

Thou shalle^e beyre thin own said Litulle Jon,
 Maister & I will beyre myne,
 And we wille shete a peny, seid litulle Jon,
 Vnder the grene wode lynce.

I wil not shete a peny, seyde Robyn Hode,
 In feith litulle Johne with thee,
 But euer for on as thou shetes, seide Robyn,
 In feith I holde the thre.

Thus shet thei forthe these zemen too
 Bothe at buske and brome,
 Til litulle Johne wan of his maister
 Vs. to hose and shone.

A ferly strife fel them betwene
 As they went bi the way ;
 Litulle John seide he had won v shyllyngs,
 And Robyn Hode seide schortly nay.

With that Robyn Hode lyled litul Jone,
 And smote hym with his honde,
 Litul John waxed wroth therwith,
 And pulled out his bright bronde.

Were thou not my maister, seide litulle Johne,
 Thou shuldis by hit ful sore,
 Get the a man where thou wilt Robyn,
 For thou getes me no more.

Then Robyn goes to Notyngham
 Hymselfe mornyng alone,
 And litulle Johne to mery Scherewode,
 The pathes he knowe alkone.

Whan Robyn came to Notyngham,
 Sertenly withoutene layne,
 He prayed to God and myld Mary
 To bryng hym out saue agayne.

He gos into seynt Mary (s) chirche,
 And knelyd downe before the rode,
 Alle that euer were the churche within
 Beheld wel Robyne Hode.

Beside hym stode a gret hedid munke,
 I pray to God woo he be,
 Ful sone he knew gode Robyn (Hode)
 As sone as he hym se.

Out at the durre he ran
 Ful sone and anon,
 Alle the zatis of Notyngham
 He made to be sparred euerychone.

Rise vp, he seid, thou prowde schereff,
 Buske the and make the bowne,
 I haue spyed the kynges felone,
 For sothe he is in this towne.

I haue spyed the false felone,
 As he stondes at his masse,
 Hit is longe of the seide the munke,
 And euer he fro vs passe.

This traytur (s) name is Robyn Hode,
 Vndur the grene wode lynde,
 He robbyt me onys of a C pound,
 Hit shalle neuer out of my mynde.

Vp then rose this prowd schereff,
 And zade toward hym zare ;
 Many was the modur son,
 To the kyrk with hym can fare.

In at the dures thei throly thraust
 With staves ful gode ilkone,
 Alas, alas, seid Robyn Hode,
 Now mysse I litulle Johne.

But Robyne toke out a too-hond sworde,
 That hangit down be his kne,
 Ther as the schereff and his men stode thyekust,
 Thidurward wold he.

Thryes thorow at them he ran,
 Ther for sothe as I yow say,
 And woundyt many a modur sone,
 And xii he slew that day.

His sworde vpon the schireff hed
 Sertanly he brake in too ;
 The smyth that the made, seid Robyn,
 I pray God wyrke hym woo.

For now am I weppynlesse, seid Robyne,
 Alasse agayn my wylle ;
 But if I may fle these traytors fro,
 I wot thei wil me kyll.

Robyns men to the churche ran
 Throout hem euer ilkon,
 Sum fel in swonyng as thei were dede,
 And lay still as any stone.

.
 Non of theym were in her mynde
 But only litulle Jon.

Let be your rule, seid litulle Jon,
 For his luf that dyed on tre,
 Ze that shulde be duzty men
 Hit is gret shame to se.

Oure maister has bene hard bystode,
 And zet scapyd away,
 Pluk up your hertes and leve this mone,
 And herkyn what I shal say.

He has seruyd our lady many a day,
 And zet wil securly,
 Therfore I trust in her specialy
 No wycked deth shal he dye.

Therfor be glad, seid litul Johne,
 And let this mourning be,
 And I shall be the munkes gyde
 With the myght of mylde Mary.

And I mete hym, seid litull Johne,
 We wille go but we too

.
 Loke that ze kepe weloure tristil tre
 Vndur the levys smale,
 And spare non of this venyson
 That gose in thys vale.

Forche thei went these zemen too,
 Litul Johne and Moche onfere,
 And lokid on Moche emys hows
 The hyeway lay fulle nere.

Litul John stode at a window in the mornynge,
 And lokid forth at a stage,
 He was war wher the munke came ridynge,
 And with hym a litul page.

Be my feith, seid Litul Johne to Moche,
 I can the tel tithyngus gode ;
 I se wher the munk comys rydyng,
 I know hym be his wyde hode.

Thei went into the way these zemen bothe,
As curtes men and hende,
Thei spyrrred tithyngus at the munke
As thei hade bene his frende.

Fro whens come ze, seid litul Johne,
Tell vs tithyngus I yow pray
Off a false owtlay (called Robyn Hode)
Was takyn zisturday.

He robbyt me and my felowes bothe
Of xx marke in serten ;
If that false owtlay be takyn,
For sothe we wolde be fayne.

So did he me, seid the munke,
Of a C pound and more ;
I layde furst hande hym apon,
Ze may thonke me therfore.

I pray god thanke yow, seid litulle Johne,
And we wil when we may,
We wil go with yow with your leve,
And brynge yow on your way.

For Robyn Hode hase many a wilde felow,
I telle yow in certen,
If thei wist ze rode this way,
In feith ze shulde be slayn.

As thei went talkyng be the way,
The munke and litulle Johne,
Johne toke the munkes horse be the hede
Ful sone and anone

Johne toke the munkes horse be the hed,
For sothe as I yow say,
So did Muche the litulle page,
For he shulde not stirre away.

Be the golett of the hode
Johne pulled the munke downe,
Johne was nothyng of hym agast,
He lete hym falle on his crowne.

Litulle John was sore agrevyd,
And drew out his swerde in hye,
The munke saw he shulde be ded,
Lowd mercy can he crye.

Now will I be porter, seid litul Johne,
 And take the keys in honde ;
 He toke the way to Robyn Hode,
 And sone he hym vnbonde.

He gaf hym a gode swerd in his hond,
 His hed [ther-] with for to kepe,
 And ther as the walle was lowyst
 Anon downe can thei lepe.

Be that the cok began to crow,
 The day began to sprynge,
 The scheref foud the jayhier ded,
 The comyn belle made he ryng.

He made a crye thoroowt al the tow (u),
 Whedur he be zoman or knave,
 That cowthe bryngge hym Robyn Hode,
 His warisone he shuld haue.

For I dar neuer, said the scheref,
 Cum before oure kyng ;
 For if I do I wot serten,
 For sothe he wil me henge.

The scheref made to seke Notyngham,
 Bothe be strete and stye,
 And Robyn was in mery Scherwode
 As lizt as lef on lynde.

Then bespake gode litulle Johne
 To Robyn Hode can he say,
 I haue done the a gode turne for an euylle,
 Quyte 'me' whan thou may.

I haue done the a gode turne, said litulle Johne,
 For sothe as I you saie,
 I haue bronzt the vndur (the) grene wode lyne,
 Fare wel, and haue gode day.

Nay be my trouthe, seid Robyn Hode,
 So shalle hit neuer be,
 I make the maister, seid Robyne Hode,
 Off alle my men and me.

Nay be my trouthe, seid litulle Johne,
 So shall hit neuer be,
 But lat me be a felow, seid litulle Johne,
 No nodur kepe I'll be.

Thus Johne gate Robyn Hode out of prisone
 Sertan withoutyn layne,
 When his men saw hym hol and sounde
 For sothe they were ful fayne.

They filled in wyne, and made him glad
 Vndur the levys smale,
 And zete pastes of venysone
 That gode was 'withal.'

Than worde came to our kyng,
 How Robyn Hode was gone,
 And how the scheref of Notyngham
 Durst neuer loke hyme vpone.

Then bespake oure cumly kyng,
 In an angur hye,
 Litulle Johne hase begyled the schereff,
 In faith so hase he me.

Litulle Johne has begyled vs bothe,
 And that fulle wel I se,
 Or ellis the schereff of Notyngham
 Hye hongut shuld he be.

I made hem zemen of the crowne,
 And gaf hem fee with my hond,
 I gaf hem grithe, seid oure kyng,
 Thorowout alle mery Ingland.

I gaf hem grithe, then seid oure kyng,
 I say, so mot I the,
 For sothe soche a zeman as he is on
 In alle Ingland ar not thre.

He is trew to his maister, seide oure kyng,
 I sey, be swete scynt Jolne,
 He louys bettur Robyn Hode,
 Then he dose vs ychone.

Robyne Hode is euer bond to him,
 Bothe in strete and stalle,
 Speke no more of this matter, seid our kyng,
 But John has begyled vs alle.

Thus endys the talking of the munke,
 And Robyne Hode I wysse ;
 Ged, that is euer a crowned kyng,
 Bryng vs alle to his blisse.

The Death of Percy Reed.



(TRADITIONAL.)

[This 'version of an ancient and popular Northumberland ballad' is taken, by permission of J. H. Dixon, Esq., from 'Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England,' edited by him for the Percy Society, (London, 1846). It was 'taken down,' says Mr. Dixon, 'by Mr. James Telfer, of Saughtree, Liddesdale, from the chanting of Kitty Hall, an old woman who resided at Fairloans, Roxburghshire. Mr. Robert White communicated it to 'The Local Historian's Table Book,' a periodical work published at Newcastle-on-Tyne; where only it had appeared previously to its insertion in Mr. Dixon's book. It may be mentioned here, as a literary rumour, for the correctness of which however we are far from vouching, that Sir Walter Scott is said to have had a copy of this ballad; but that, under the influence of a feeling altogether unintelligible in such a man, he never would allow it to be seen. From the notes of Mr. Dixon and Mr. White, we learn that 'the barbarous murder of Reed by the Halls and the Crosiers, whose displeasure he had incurred in the execution of his office of suppressing and ordering the apprehension of thieves, and other breakers of the law, is an historical fact, which is said to have occurred in the sixteenth century; and that the circumstances attending it are accurately detailed in the ballad.']

OD send the land deliverance
 Frae every reaving, riding Scot;
 We'll sune hae neither cow nor ewe,
 We'll sune hae neither staig nor stot.

The outlaws come frae Liddesdale,
 They herry Redesdale far and near ;
 The rich man's gelding it maun gang,
 They canna pass the puir man's meare.

Sure it were weel, had ilka thief
 Around his neck a halter strang ;
 And curses heavy may they light
 On traitors vile oursel's amang.

Now Parey Reed has Crosier ta'en,
 He has delivered him to the law ;
 But Crosier says he'll do waur than that,
 He'll make the tower o' Troughend fa.'

And Crosier says he will do waur—
 He will do waur if waur can be ;
 He'll make the bairns a' fatherless ;
 And then, the land it may lie lec.

To the hunting, ho ! eried Parey Reed,
 The morning sun is on the dew ;
 The cauler breeze frae off the fells
 Will lead the dogs to the quarry true.

To the hunting, ho ! eried Parey Reed,
 And to the hunting he has gane ;
 And the three fause Ha's o' Girsonsfield
 Alang wi' him he has them ta'en.

They hunted high, they hunted low,
 By heathery hill and birken shaw ;
 They raised a buck on Rookan Edge,
 And blew the mort at fair Ealylawe.

They hunted high, they hunted low,
 They made the echoes ring amain ;
 With music sweet o' horn and hound,
 They merry made fair Redesdale glen.

They hunted high, they hunted low,
 They hunted up, they hunted down,
 Until the day was past the prime,
 And it grew late in the afternoon.

They hunted high in Batinghope,
 When as the sun was sinking low,
 Says Parey then, ea' off the dogs,
 We'll bait our steeds and homeward go.

They lighted high in Batinghope,
 Atween the brown and benty ground ;
 They had but rested a little while,
 Till Parcy Reed was sleeping sound.

There's nane may lean on a rotten staff,
 But him that risks to get a fa' ;
 There's nane may in a traitor trust,
 And traitors black were every Ha.'

They've stown the bridle off his steed,
 And they've put water in his lang gun ;
 They've fixed his sword within the sheath,
 That out again it winna come.

Awaken ye, waken ye, Parcy Reed,
 Or by your enemies be ta'en ;
 For yonder are the five Crosiers
 A-coming owre the Hingin-stane.

If they be five, and we be four,
 Sac that ye stand along wi' me,
 Then every man ye will take one,
 And only leave but two to me :
 We will them meet as brave men ought,
 And make them either fight or flee.

We mayna stand, we canna stand,
 We daurna stand along wi' thee ;
 The Crosiers haud thee at a feud,
 And they wad kill baith thee and we.

O, turn thee, turn thee, Johnie Ha',
 O, turn thee, man, and fight wi' me ;
 When ye come to Troughend again,
 My gude black naig I will gie thee ;
 He cost full twenty pound o' gowd,
 Atween my brother John and me.

I mayna turn, I canna turn,
 I daurna turn and fight wi' thee ;
 The Crosiers haud thee at a feud,
 And they wad kill baith thee and me.

O, turn thee, turn thee, Willie Ha',
 O, turn thee, man, and fight wi' me ;
 When ye come to Troughend again,
 A yoke o' owsen I'll gie thee.

I mayna turn, I canna turn,
 I daurna turn and fight wi' thee ;
 The Crosiers haud thee at a feud,
 And they wad kill baith thee and me.

O, turn thee, turn thee, Tommy Ha'—
 O, turn now, man, and fight wi' me ;
 If ever we come to Troughend again,
 My daughter Jean I'll gie to thee.

I mayna turn, I canna turn,
 I daurna turn and fight wi' thee ;
 The Crosiers hand thee at a feud,
 And they wad kill baith thee and me.

O, shame upon ye, traitors a' !
 I wish your hames ye may never see ;
 Ye've stown the bridle off my naig,
 And I can neither fight nor flee.

Ye've stown the bridle off my naig,
 And ye've put water i' my lang gun ;
 Ye've fixed my sword within the sheath,
 That out again it winna come.

He had but time to cross himsel'—
 A prayer he hadna time to say,
 Till round him came the Crosiers keen,
 All riding graithed, and in array.

Weel met, weel met, now Parcy Reed,
 Thou art the very man we sought ;
 Owre lang hae we been in your debt,
 Now will we pay ye as we ought.

We'll pay thee at the nearest tree,
 Where we shall hang thee like a hound.
 Brave Parcy rais'd his fankit sword,
 And fell'd the foremost to the ground.

Alake, and wae for Parcy Reed—
 Alake he was an unarmed man :
 Four weapons pierced him all at once,
 As they assailed him there and than.

They fell upon him all at once,
 They mangled him most cruellie ;
 The slightest wound might caused his deid,
 And they have gi'en him thirty-three.
 They hacket off his hands and feet,
 And left him lying on the lee.

Now, Parcy Reed, we've paid our debt,
 Ye canna weel dispute the tale.
 The Crosiers said, and off they rade—
 They rade the airt o' Liddesdale.

It was the hour o' gloamin' gray,
 When herds come in frae fauld and pen ;
 A herd he saw a huntsman lie,
 Says he, can this be Laird Troughen' ?

There's some will ca' me Parcy Reed,
 And some will ca' me Laird Troughen' ;
 It's little matter what they ca' me,
 My faes hae made me ill to ken.

There's some will ca' me Parcy Reed,
 And speak my praise in tower and town ;
 It's little matter what they do now,
 My life-blood rudds the heather brown.

There's some will ca' me Parcy Reed,
 And a' my virtues say and sing ;
 I would much rather have just now
 A draught o' water frae the spring !

The herd flung aff his clouted shoon,
 And to the nearest fountain ran ;
 He made his bonnet serve a cup,
 And wan the blessing o' the dying man.

Now, honest herd, ye maun do mair,—
 Ye maun do mair as I ye tell ;
 Ye maun bear tidings to Troughend,
 And bear likewise my last farewell.

A farewell to my wedded wife,
 A farewell to my brother John,
 Wha sits into the Troughend tower,
 Wi' heart as black as any stone.

A farewell to my daughter Jean,
 A farewell to my young sons five ;
 Had they been at their father's hand,
 I had this night been man alive.

A farewell to my followers a',
 And a' my neighbours gude at need ;
 Bid them think how the treacherous Ha's
 Betrayed the life o' Parcy Reed.

The laird o' Clennel bears my bow,
 The laird o' Brandon bears my brand ;
 Whene'er they ride i' the border side,
 They'll mind the fate o' the laird Troughend.

Lenora.



[This translation, by Mr. Taylor, of Norwich, of Bürger's celebrated ballad, is taken from Lewis's 'Tales of Wonder,' London, 1801. It first appeared in the Monthly Magazine for 1796. Mr. Lewis considered it 'a master-piece of translation;' an opinion which the many versions since given of it have only served to confirm. With regard to the original, it was asserted, soon after the publication of the present version, that Bürger took it from an old English Ballad, to be found in the 'Collection of Old Ballads,' (London, 1723,) entitled, 'The Suffolk Miracle: or, a Relation of a Young Man, who, a month after his death appeared to his sweet-heart, and carried her on horseback behind him for forty miles, in two hours, and was never seen after but in his grave;' of which there are two copies, (broadsides,) in the Roxburghe Collection in the British Museum. Bürger, however, contradicted this assertion; and declared that an old Low Dutch Ballad furnished him with the idea of 'Lenora.' That there was such an 'old Low-Dutch ballad' seems evident from the statement of a correspondent of the Monthly Magazine, who says 'he had often heard it repeated by sundry persons of Glandorf, and among others by a man of the age of 75 years; as well as by his step-mother, then 71 years old, who in her youth had often heard it related by several people.' The similarity however, in point of story, between the homely English ballad and the polished German, is such as to make the supposition of a common origin highly probable. The reader will find the means of judging for himself in the Appendix.]



T break of day, with frightful dreams
Lenora struggled sore;
—“ My William, art thou slaine,” said she,
“ Or dost thou love no more?” —

He went abroade with Richard's host,
 The Paynim foes to quell ;
 But he no word to her had writt,
 An he were sick or well.

With sowne of trump and beat of drum,
 His fellow soldyers come ;
 Their helmes bedeckt with oaken boughs,
 They seeke their long'd-for home.

And ev'ry roade, and ev'ry lane,
 Was full of old and young,
 To gaze at the rejoicing band,
 To hail with gladsome tounge.

—“Thank God!” their wives and children saide ;
 “Welcome!”—the brides did say ;
 But greeete or kiss Lenora gave
 To none upon that daye.

She askte of all the passing traine,
 For him she wisht to see ;
 But none of all the passing traine
 Could tell if lived he.

And when the soldyers all were bye,
 She tore her raven haire,
 And cast herself upon the growne
 In furious despaire.

Her mother ran and lyfte her up,
 And clasped in her arme,
 —“My child, my child, what dost thou ail ?
 God shield thy life from harm !”—

—“O mother, mother ! William's gone !
 What's all besyde to me ?
 There is no mereye, sure, above !
 All, all were spared but hee !”—

—“Kneel downe, thy paternoster saye,
 'Twill calm thy troubled spright :
 The Lord is wyse, the Lord is good :
 What hee hath done is right.”—

—“O mother, mother ! say not so ;
 Most cruel is my fate :
 I prayde, and prayde, but watte awayl'd ?
 'Tis now, alas ! too late !”—

—“Our Heavenly Father, if we praye,
Will help a suff’ring childe ;
Go take the holy sacrament,
So shall thy grief grow milde.”

—“O mother, what I feel within,
No sacrament can stave,
No sacrament can teche the dead
To bear the sight of daye.”—

—“May be, among the heathen folk
Thy William false doth prove,
And puts away his faith and troth
And takes another love.

Then wherefore sorrow for his loss ?
Thy moans are all in vain ;
And when his soul and body parte,
His falsehode brings him paine.”—

—“O mother, mother ! gone is gone,
My hope is all forlorn ;
The grave mie onely safeguarde is,
O, had I neer been borne !

Go out, go out, my lampe of life,
In grislie darkness die :
There is no mercye, sure, above !
For ever let me lie !”

—“Almighty God ! O do not judge
My poor unhappy childe ;
She knows not what her lips pronounce,
Her anguish makes her wilde.

My girl, forget thine earthly woe,
And think on God and bliss ;
For so, at least, shall not thy soule,
Its heavenly bridegroom miss.”—

—“O mother, mother ! what is blisse,
And what the infernal celle ?
With him ’tis heaven any where,
Without my William, helle.

Go out, go out, my lamp of life,
In endless darkness die :
Without him I must loathe the earth,
Without him scorn the skye.”—

And so despaire did rave and rage
 Athwarte her boiling veins ;
 Against the providence of God
 She hurld her impious strains.

She bet her breaste, and wrung her hands,
 And rolde her tearless eye,
 From rise of morne, till the pale stars
 Again did freeke the skye.

When harke ! abroade she hearde the trampe
 Of nimble-hoofed steed ;
 She hearde a knichte with clank alighte,
 And climbe the staire in speede.

And soon she herde a tinkling hande,
 That twirled at the pin ;
 And through her door, that open'd not,
 These words were breathed in.

—“ What ! what ho ! thy dore undoe ;
 Art watching or asleepe ?
 My love, dost yet remember mee,
 And dost thou laugh, or weep ? ” —

—“ Ah ! William here so late at night !
 Oh ! I have watehte and waked,
 Whence dost thou come ? for thy return
 My herte has sorely aked. ” —

—“ At midnight only we may ride ;
 I come o'er land and sea ;
 I mounted late, but soone I go,
 Aryse, and come with me. ” —

“ O William, enter first my bowre,
 And give me one embrace ;
 The blasts athwarte the hawthorne hiss ;
 Awayte a little space. ” —

—“ Though blasts athwarte the hawthorne hiss,
 I may not harbour here ;
 My spurre is sharpe, my courser pawes,
 My houre of flighte is nere.

All as thou lyst upon thy couch,
 Aryse, and mount behinde ;
 To-night we'le ride a thousand miles,
 The bridal bed to finde. ” —

—“ How, ride to-night a thousand miles ?
 Thy love thou dost bemocke :
 Eleven is the stroke that still
 Rings on within the clocke.”—

—“ Looke up, the moone is bright and we
 Outstride the earthlie men :
 I'll take thee to the bridal bed,
 And night shall end but then.”—

—“ And where is, then, thy house and home,
 And where thy bridal bed ?”—

—“ 'Tis narrow, silent, chilly, dark ;
 Far hence I rest my head.”—

—“ And is there any room for me,
 Wherein that I may creepe ?”

—“ There's room enough for thee and mee,
 Wherein that we may sleepe.

All as thou lyeest upon thy couch,
 Aryse, no longer stop ;
 The wedding guests thy coming waite,
 The chamber door is ope.”—

All in her sarke, as there she lay,
 Upon his horse she sprung,
 And with her lilly hands so pale
 About her William clung.

And hurry-skurry forth they goe,
 Unheeding wet or drye ;
 And horse and rider snort and blow,
 And sparkling pebbles flye.

How swift the flood, the mead, the wood,
 Aright, aleft, are gone ;
 The bridges thunder as they pass,
 But earthlie sowne is none.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speed,
 Splash, splash, across the see:

—“ Hurrah ! the dead can ride apace !
 Dost feare to ride with mee ?

The moon is brighte, and blue the nyghte,
 Dost quake the blast to stem ?
 Dost shudder, mayde, to seeke the dead ?”—

—“ No, no, but what of them ?

How glumlie sownes yon dirgye song,
 Night-ravens flappe the wing ;
 What knell doth slowlie toll ding dong ?
 The psalmes of death who sing ?

It creeps, the swarthie funeral traine,
 The corse is on the beere :
 Like croke of todes from lonely moores,
 The chaunt doth meet the eere."—

—“ Go, bear her corse when midnight’s past,
 With song, and tear, and wayle ;
 I’ve gott my wife, I take her home,
 My howre of wedlocke hayl.

Lead forth, O clarke, the chaunting quire,
 To swell our nuptial song ;
 Come, preaste, and read the blessing soone,
 For bed, for bed we long."—

They heede his calle, and hushte the sowne,
 The biere was seen no more ;
 And followde him ore feeld and flood
 Yet faster than before.

Halloo ! halloo ! away they goe,
 Unhceding wet or drye ;
 And horse and rider snort and blowe,
 And sparkling pebbles flye.

How swifte the hill, how swifte the dale,
 Aright, aleft, are gone ;
 By hedge and tree, by thorpe and towne,
 They gallop, gallop on.

Tramp, tramp, acrossse the land they speede,
 Splash, splash, acrossse the see :
 —“ Hurrah ! the dead can ride apace ;
 Dost fear to ride with me ?

Look up, look up, an airy crewe
 In roundel daunces reele ;
 The moone is bryghte, and blue the nyghte,
 May’st dimlie see them wheele.

Come to, come to, ye gostlic crew,
 Come to, and follow me,
 And daunce for us the wedding daunce,
 When we in bed shall be."—

And brush, brush, brush, the gostlie crew
 Come wheeling ore their heads,
 All rustling like the wither'd leaves
 That wyde the whirlwind spreads.

Halloo! halloo! away they goe,
 Unheeding wet or drye,
 And horse and rider snorte and blowe,
 And sparkling pebbles flye.

And all that in the moonshyne lay,
 Behynde them fled afar;
 And backward scudded overhead,
 The skye and every star.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede,
 Splash, splash, across the see;
 —“Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
 Dost fear to ride with me?”

I weene the cock prepares to crowe,
 The sand will soone be runne;
 I snuff the earlye morning aire,
 Downe, downe! our work is done.

The dead, the dead can ryde apace,
 Oure wed bed here is fit;
 Our race is ridde, oure journey ore,
 Our endless union knit.”—

And lo! an yren-grated gate
 Soon biggens to their viewe;
 He crackte his whype, the clangynge boltes,
 The doores asunder flewe.

They pass, and 'twas on graves they trode;
 —“'Tis hither we are bounde;”—
 And many a tombstone gostlie white,
 Lay in the moonshyne round.

And when he from his steede alytte,
 His armour, green with rust,
 Which dampes of charnel vaults had bred
 Straight fell away to dust.

His head became a naked skull,
 Nor haire nor eyne had hee;
 His body grew a skeleton,
 Whilome so blythie of blee.

And att his dry and boney heele
 No spur was left to be :
 And inn his witherde hand you might
 The scythe and hour-glasse see.

And lo ! his steede did thin to smoke,
 And charnel fires outbreathe ;
 And paled, and bleach'd, then vanish'd quite,
 The mayde from underneathe.

And hollow howlings hung in aire,
 And shrieks from vaults arose,
 Then knew the mayde she might no more
 Her living eyes unclose.

But onwarde to the judgment seat,
 Through myste and moonlight dreare :
 The gostlie crewe, their flyght persewe,
 And hollowe inn her eare :

—“ Be patient, though thyne herte should breke,
 Arrayne not heavn's decree ;
 Thou nowe art of thie bodie reft,
 Thie soule forgiven bee !”—



Adam Bel, Clym of the Cloughe, and Wylliam of Cloudesle.



[This 'very ancient, curious, and popular performance' is taken from Ritson's 'Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry,' (London, 1791.) It had previously appeared in Percy's 'Reliques.' By both Editors it was given from an old black-letter quarto, without date, 'imprinted at London in Lothburye, by Wylliam Copland,' preserved among Garricks Old Plays, in the British Museum. Dr. Percy, however, 'corrected' this 'old quarto,' in some places, by a copy in his Folio MS., whereas Ritson appears to have followed it implicitly. 'No earlier edition,' he says, 'is known.' Of the heroes of the ballad, 'there is,' according to Ritson, 'no other memorial than the following legend.' Numerous allusions to them, however, as Dr. Percy points out, occur in various authors. Among others, 'Shakespeare, in 'Much Ado About Nothing,' Act 1, Sc. i., seems to refer to 'Adam Bell,' as also in 'Romeo and Juliet,' Act II., Sc. i. Ben Jonson, in his 'Alchemist,' Act I. Sc. i., mentions 'Clym o' the Clough;' whilst both are named together by Sir William Davenant, in his poem, 'The Long Vacation in London.' And in the ballad entitled, 'Robin Hood, his Birth, Breeding, Valour, and Marriage,' Supra, p. 26, all three of them are represented as being contemporaries of 'the father of Robin.' 'Clym of the Cloughe' is explained by Percy to mean Clem, (Clement) of the Cliff; and Ritson thinks 'Cloudesle' the same with Clodsley. 'A ballad of William Clowdisley,' (never printed before,) was,' he says, 'allowed by the Stationer's Company to Edward White, on the 16th August, 1586.' 'Englische-Wood, is Englewood or Ingleswood, in Cumberland; and signifies, according to Percy, 'wood for firing;' or, according to Ritson, 'a wood in which extraordinary fires were made on particular occasions.']

ERY it was in grene forest,
Amonge the leves grene,
Wher that men walke east and west,
Wyth bowes and arrowes kene,

To ryse the dere out of theyr denne,
 Such sightes hath ofte bene sene ;
 As by thre yemen of the north countrey,
 By them it is I meane :

The one of them hight Adam Bel,
 The other Clym of the Clough,
 The thyrd was William of Cloudesly,
 An archer good ynough.

They were outlawed for venyson,
 These yemen everechone ;
 They swore them brethren upon a day,
 To Englysshe-wood for to gone.

Now lith and lysten, gentylnen,
 That of myrthes loveth to here :
 Two of them were single men,
 The third had a wedded fere.

Wyllyam was the wedded man,
 Muche more then was hys care,
 He sayde to hys brethren upon a day,
 To Caerlel he would fare.

For to speke with fayre Also hys wife,
 And with hys chyldren thre.
 By my trowth, sayde Adam Bel,
 Not by the counsell of me ;

For if ye go to Caerlel, brother,
 And from thys wylde wode wende,
 If the justice mai you take,
 Your lyfe were at an ende.

If that I come not tomorrowe, brother,
 By pryme to you agayne,
 Trutse not els but that I am take,
 Or else that I am slayne.

He toke hys leave of hys brethren two,
 And to Carlel he is gon,
 There he knocked at hys owne windowe,
 Shortlye and anone.

Where be you, fayre Alyce, my wyfe ?
 And my chyldren three ?
 Lightly let in thyne owne husbnde,
 Wyllyam of Cloudeslè.

Alas! then sayde fayre Alyce,
 And syghed wonderous sore,
 Thys place hath ben besette for you,
 Thys half yere and more.

Now am I here, sayde Cloudeslè,
 I woulde that I in were :—
 Now feche us meate and drynke ynoughe,
 And let us make good chere.

She fetched hym meat and drynke plenty,
 Lyke a true wedded wyfe,
 And pleased hym wyth that she had,
 Whome she loved as her lyfe.

There lay an old wyfe in that place,
 A lytle besyde the fyre,
 Whych Wylliam had found of cherytye
 More then seven yere ;

Up she rose and walked ful styll,
 Evel mote she spede therefoore,
 For she had not set no fote on ground
 In seven yere before.

She went unto the justice hall,
 As fast as she could hye ;
 Thys nyght is come unto this towu
 Wylliam of Cloudeslè.

Thereof the justice was full fayne,
 And so was the shirife also ;
 Thou shalt not travaile hether, dame, for nought,
 Thy meed thou shalt have or thou go.

They gave to her a ryght good gonne,
 Of scarlat it was as I heard sayne,
 She toke the gyft and home she wente,
 And couched her downe agayne.

They raysed the towne of mery Carlel,
 In all the hast that they can, —
 And came thronging to Wylliames house,
 As fast as they myght gone.

Theyr they besette that good yeman,
 Round about on every syde ;
 Wylliam hearde great noyse of folkes,
 That heyther-ward they hyed.

Alyce opened a shot-wyndow,
 And loked all about,
 She was ware of the justice and shirife bothe,
 Wyth a full great route.

Alas ! treason ! cry'd Aleyce,
 Ever wo may thou be !
 Go into my chambre, my husband, she sayd,
 Swete Wyllyam of Cloudeslè.

He toke hys sward and hys bucler,
 Hys bow hys chyldren thre,
 And wente into hys strongest chamber,
 Where he thought surest to be.

Fayre Alice, folowed him as a lover true,
 With a pollaxe in her hande ;
 He shal be dead that here cometh in
 Thys dore whyle I may stand.

Cloudeslè bent a wel good bowe,
 That was of trusty tre,
 He smot the justise on the brest,
 That hys arrowe brest in thre.

Gods curse on his hartt, saide William,
 Thys day thy cote dyd on,
 If it had ben no better then myne,
 It had gone nere thy bone.

Yelde the Cloudeslè, sayd the justise,
 And thy bowe and thy arrowes the fro.
 Gods curse on hys hart, sayde fair Alice,
 That my husband councelleth so.

Set fyre on the house, saide the sherife,
 Syth it wyll no better be,
 And brenne we therin William, he saide,
 Hys wyfe and chyldren thre.

They fyred the house in many a place,
 The fyre flew up on hye ;
 Alas ! then cryed fayr Alice,
 I se we here shall dy.

William openyd hys backe wyndow,
 That was in hys chambre on hie,
 And wyth shetes let hys wyfe downe,
 And hys chyldren thre.

Have here my treasure, sayde William,
My wyfe and my chyldren thre,
For Christes love do them no harme,
But wreke you all on me.

Wylyyam shot so wonderous well,
Tyll hys arrowes were all ygo,
And the fyre so fast upon hym fell,
That hys bowstryng brent in two.

The spercles brent and fell hym on,
Good Wylyyam of Cloudeslè !
But than wax he a wofull man,
And sayde, thys is a cowardes death to me.

Lever I had, sayde Wylyyam,
With my sworde in the route to renne,
Then here among myne ennemyes wode,
Thus cruelly to bren.

He toke hys sward and hys buckler,
And among them all he ran,
Where the people were most in prece,
He smot downe many a man.

There myght no man stand hys stroke,
So fersly on them he ran ;
Then they threw wyndowes and dores on him,
And so toke that good yemàn.

There they hym bounde both hand and fote,
And in depe dongeon hym cast ;
Now, Cloudeslè, sayd the hye justice,
Thou shalt be hanged in hast.

One vow shal I make, sayde the sherife,
A payre of new galowes shall I for the make,
And the gates of Caerlel shal be shutte,
There shall no man come in therat.

Then shall not helpe Clim of the Cloughe,
Nor yet shall Adam Bell,
Though they came with a thousand mo,
Nor all the devels in hell.

Early in the mornyng the justice uprose,
To the gates first gan he gon,
And commaundede to be shut full cloce
Lightilé everychone.

Then went he to the market-place,
 As fast as he coude hye,
 A payre of new gallous there dyd he up set,
 Besyde the pyllory.

A lytle boy stod them amonge,
 And asked what meanted that gallow tre
 They sayde, to hange a good yeaman,
 Called Wyllyam of Cloudeslè.

That lytle boye was the towne swyne-heard,
 And kept fayre Alyce swyne,
 Off he had seene Cloudeslè in the wodde,
 And geven hym there to dyne.

He went out att a creves in the wall,
 And lightly to the wood dyd gone,
 There met he with these wight yongemen,
 Shortly and anone.

Alas! then sayde that lytle boye,
 Ye tary here all to longe;
 Cloudeslè is taken and dampned to death,
 All readye for to honge.

Alas! then sayde good Adam Bell,
 That ever we see thys daye!
 He myght her with us have dwelled,
 So ofte as we dyd him praye!

He myght have taryed in grene foreste,
 Under the shadowes sheene,
 And have kepte both hym and us in reaste,
 Out of trouble and teene!

Adam bent a ryght good bow,
 A great hart sone had he slayne,
 Take that, chylde, he sayde to thy dynner,
 And bryng me myne arrowe agayne.

Now go we hence, sayed these wight yongmen,
 Tary we no lenger here;
 We shall hym borowe, by Gods grace,
 Though we bye it full dere.

To Caerlel went these good yemèn,
 On a mery mornynge of Maye.
 Here is a fyt of Cloudesli,
 And another is for to saye.



THE SECOND FIT.

And when they came to mery Caerlell,
 In a fayre mornyng tyde,
 They founde the gates shut them untyll,
 Round about on every syde.

Alas! than sayd good Adam Bell,
 That ever we were made men!
 These gates be shut so wonderous wel,
 That we may not come here in.

Then spake him Clym of the Clough,
 Wyth a wyle we wyl us in bryng;
 Let us saye we be messengers,
 Streight come nowe from our king.

Adam said, I have a letter written wel,
 Now let us wysely werke,
 We wyl saye we have the kinges seales,
 I holde the portter no clerke.

Then Adam Bell bete on the gate,
 With strokes great and strong,
 The porter herde suche noyse therat,
 And to the gate he throng.

Who is there nowe, sayde the porter,
 That maketh all thys knocking?
 We be tow messengers, sayde Clim of the Clough,
 Be come ryght from our kyng.

We have a letter, sayd Adam Bel,
 To the justice we must it bryng:
 Let us in our messag to do,
 That we were agayne to our kyng.

Here commeth none in, sayd the porter,
 Be hym that dyed upon a tre,
 Tyll a false thefe be hanged,
 Called Wyllyam of Cloudeslè.

Then spake the good yeman Clym of the Clough,
 And swore by Mary fre,
 And if that we stande longe wythout,
 Lyke a thefe hanged shalt thou be.

Lo here we have the kynges seale;
 What! lordeyne, art thou wode?
 The porter went it had ben so,
 And lyghtly dyd of hys hode.

Welcome be my lordes seale, he saide,
 For that ye shall come in.
 He opened the gate full shortlye,
 An evyl openyng for him.

Now are we in, sayde Adam Bell,
 Thereof we are full faine,
 But Christ knows, that harowed hell,
 How we shall com out agayne.

Had we the keys, said Clim of the Clough,
 Ryght wel then shoulde we spede;
 Then might we come out wel ynough,
 When we se tyme and nede.

They called the porter to counsell,
 And wrange hys necke in two,
 And caste him in a depe dongeon,
 And toke hys keys hym fro.

Now am I porter, sayde Adam Bel,
 Se brother the keys have we here,
 The worst porter to merry Caerlel
 That ye had thys hundred yere :

And now wyll we our bowes bend,
 Into the towne wyll we go,
 For to delyver our dere brother,
 That lyveth in care and wo.

And thereupon they bent they bowes,
 And loked theyr stringes were round,
 The market-place in mery Caerlel,
 They beset that stound ;

And as they loked them besyde,
 A paire of new galowes ther thei see,
 And the justice with a quest of squyers,
 That had judged Cloudeslè there hanged to be :

And Cloudeslè hymselfe lay redy in a carte,
 Fast both fote and hande,
 And a stronge rop about hys necke,
 All readye for to hange.

The justice called to him a ladde,
 Cloudeslès clothes should he have,
 To take the measure of that yeman,
 And therafter to make hys grave.

I have seen as great a mearveile, said Cloudesli,
 As betwyene thys and pryme,
 He that maketh thys grave for me,
 Hymselfe may lye therin.

Thou speakest proudli, saide the justice,
 I shall the hange with my hande :
 Full wel herd hys brethren two,
 There styll as they dyd stande.

Then Cloudeslè cast hys eyen asyde,
 And saw hys to brethren stand
 At a corner of the market place,
 With theyr good bows bent in ther hand.

I se comfort, sayd Cloudeslè,
 Yet hope I well to fare ;
 If I might have my handes at wyll,
 Ryght lytle wolde I care.

Then spake good Adam Bell,
 To Clym of the Clough so free,
 Brother, se ye marke the justyce wel,
 Lo yonder ye may him see ;

And at the shyrife shote I wyll,
 Strongly with arrowe kene,
 A better shote in mery Caerlel
 Thys seven yere was not sene.

They loused their arrowes both at once,
 Of no man had they dread,
 The one hyt the justice, the other the sheryfe,
 That both theyr sides gan blede.

All men voyded that them stode nye,
 When the justice fell downe to the grounde,
 And the sherife fell nyghe hym by,
 Eyther had his deathes wounde.

All the citezens fast gan flye,
 They durst no longer abyde,
 They lyghtly then loused Cloudeslè,
 Where he with ropes lay tyde.

Wyllyam searte to an officer of the towne,
 Hys axe out of hys hande he wronge,
 On eche syde he smote them downe,
 Hym thought he taryed all to long.

Wyllyam sayde to hys brethren two,
 Thys daye let us lyve and dye,
 If ever you have nede as I have now,
 The same shall you fynde by me.

They shot so well in that tyde,
 For theyr stringes were of silke ful sure,
 That they kept the stretes on every side !
 That batayle dyd longe endure.

They fought together as brethren tru,
 Lyke hardy men and bolde,
 Many a man to the ground they thru,
 And many a herte made colde.

But when their arrowes were all gon,
 Men preceed to them full fast,
 They drew theyr swordes then anone,
 And theyr bowes from them cast.

They went lyghtlye on theyr way,
Wyth swordes and buclers round,
By that it was myd of the day,
They made mani a wound.

There was an out-horne in Caerlel blowen,
And the belles bacward did ryng,
Many a woman sayd alas!
And many theyr handes dyd wryng.

The mayre of Caerlel forth com was,
And with hym a ful great route,
These yemen dred him full sore,
For of theyr lyves they stode in great doute.

The mayre came armed a full great pace,
With a pollaxe in hys hande,
Many a strong man wyth him was,
There in that stowre to stande.

The mayre smot at Cloudeslè with his bil,
Hys bucler he brust in two,
Full many a yeman with great evyll,
Alas! treason! they cryed for wo.
Kepe we the gates fast they bad,
That these traytours thereout not go.

But al for nought was that they wrought,
For so fast they downe were layde,
Tyll they all thre, that so manfulli fought,
Were gotten without abraide.

Have here your keys, sayd Adam Bel,
Myne office I here forsake,
Yf you do by my counçell,
A new porter do ye make.

He threw theyr keys at theyr heads,
And bad them evell to thryve,
And all that letteth any good yeman
To come and comfort hys wyfe.

Thus be these good yemen gon to the wod,
And lyghtly as lefe on lynde,
They lough and be mery in theyr mode,
Theyr ennemyes were ferre behynd.

When they came to Englyshe-wode,
Under the trusty tre,
They found bowes full good,
And arrowes full great plentye.

So God me help, sayd Adam Bell,
 And Clym of the Clough so fre,
 I would we were in mery Caerlel,
 Before that fayre meyny.

They set them downe and made good chere,
 And eate and drynke full well.
 Here is a fet of these wight yong men,
 An other I wyll you tell.



THE THIRD FIT.

As they sat in Englyshe-wood
 Under theyr trusty tre,
 They thought they herd a woman wepe,
 But her they mought not se.

Sore then syghed the fayre Alyce,
 And sayde, alas! that ever I sawe thys day!
 For now is my dere husband slayne,
 Alas! and wel a way!

Myght I have spoken with hys dere brethren,
 Or with eyther of them twayne,
 To let them know what him befell
 My hart were put out of payne!

Cloudeslè walked a lytle besyde,
And loked under the grenewood linde,
He was ware of hys wife and chyldren thre,
Full wo in hart and mynde.

Welcome wife, then sayde Wylliam,
Under this trusti tre ;
I had wende yesterday, by swete saynt John,
Thou shulde me never have se.

Now well is me, she sayde, that ye be here,
My hart is out of wo.
Dame, he sayde, be mery and glad,
And thanke my brethren two.

Hereof to speake, sayd Adam Bell,
I wis it is no bote ;
The meat that we must supp withall,
It runneth yet fast on fote.

Then went they down into a launde,
These noble archares all thre,
Eche of them slew a hart of greece,
The best they could there se.

Have here the best, Alyce my wyfe,
Sayde Wylliam of Cloudeslè,
By cause ye so bouldly stod by me,
When I was slayne full nye.

Then went they to supper,
Wyth suche meat as they had,
And thanked God of ther fortune,
They were both mery and glad.

And when they had supped well,
Certayne without any leace,
Cloudeslè sayd, we wyll to our kyng,
To get us a charter of peace ;

Alice shal be at our sojournyng,
In a nunry here besyde,
My tow sonnes shall wyth her go,
And ther they shall abyde :

Myne eldest son shall go wyth me,
For hym have I no care,
And he shall you breng worde agayn
How that we do fare.

Thus be these yemen to London gone,
 As fast as they myght hye,
 Tyll they came to the kynges pallace,
 Where they woulde nedes be.

And whan they came to the kynges courte,
 Unto the pallace gate,
 Of no man wold they aske no leave,
 But boldly went in therat.

They preceed prestly into the hall,
 Of no man had they dreade :
 The porter came after, and dyd them call,
 And with them began to chyde.

The ussher sayed, Yemen, what wold ye have ?
 I pray you tell me :
 You myght thus make offyceers shent :
 Good syrs, of whence be ye ?

Syr, we be out lawes of the forest,
 Certayne without any lease ;
 And hether we be come to our kyng,
 To get us a charter of peace.

And whan they came before the kyng,
 As it was the lawe of the lande,
 They kneled downe without lettyng,
 And eche helde up his hand.

They sayed, Lord, we beseeche the here,
 That ye wyll graunt us grace ;
 For we have slaine your fat falow der,
 In many a sondry place.

What be your names ? then said our king,
 Anone that you tell me.
 They sayd, Adam Bel, Clim of the Clough,
 And Wyllyam of Cloudeslè.

Be ye those theves, then sayd our kyng,
 That men have tolde of to me ?
 Here to God I make a vowe,
 Ye shal be hanged al thre :

Ye shal be dead without mercy,
 As I am kyng of this lande.
 He commanded his officers everichone,
 Fast on them to lay hand.

There they toke these good yemen,
 And arested them al thre.
 So may I thryve, sayd Adam Bell,
 Thys game lyketh not me.

But, good lorde, we beseche you now,
 That you graunt us grace,
 Insomuche as we to you be comen,
 Or els that we may fro you passe,

With suche weapons as we have here,
 Tyll we be out of your place ;
 And yf we lyve this hundreth yere,
 We wyll aske you no grace.

Ye speake proudly, sayd the kynge ;
 Ye shal be hanged all thre.
 That were great pitye, then sayd the quene,
 If any grace myght be.

My lorde, whan I came fryst into this lande
 To be your wedded wyfe,
 The fyrst bowne that I wold aske,
 Ye would graunt it me belyfe :

And I asked never none tyll now ;
 Therefore, good lorde, graunt it me.
 Now aske it, madam, sayd the kynge,
 And graunted shall it be.

Then, good my lord, I you beseche,
 These yemen graunt ye me.
 Madame, ye myght have asked a bowne,
 That shuld have ben worth them all three :

Ye myght have asked towres, and townes,
 Parkes and forestes plenty.
 None soe pleasant to mi pay, she said ;
 Nor none so lefe to me.

Madame, sith it is your desyre,
 Your askyng graunted shal be ;
 But I had lever have geven you
 Good market townes thre.

The quene was a glad woman,
 And sayde, Lord, gramarcy ;
 I dare undertake for them,
 That true men shal they be.

But, good lord, speke som mery word,
 That comfort they may se.
 I graunt you grace, then said our king;
 Wasshe, felos, and to meate go ye.

They had not setten but a whyle,
 Certayne without lesynge,
 There came messengers out of the north
 With letters to our kyng.

And whan they came before the kyng,
 They kneled downe on theyr kne ;
 And sayd, Lord, your offycers grete you wel,
 Of Caerlel in the north cuntrè.

How fare my justice, sayd the kyng,
 And my sherife also ?
 Syr, they be slayne, without leasyng,
 And many an officer mo.

Who hath them slayne ? sayd the kyng ;
 Anone thou tell me.
 Adam Bel, and Clime of the Clough,
 And Wylyyam of Cloudeslè.

Alas ! for rewth ! then sayd our kyng ;
 My hart is wonderous sore ;
 I had lever than a thousande pounce,
 I had knowne of thys before ;

For I have graunted them grace,
 And that forthynketh me ;
 But had I knowne all thys before,
 They had been hanged all thre.

The kyng opened the letter anone,
 Hymselfe he red it tho,
 And founde how these thre outlawes had slaine
 Thre hundred men and mo :

Fyrst the justice, and the sheryfe,
 And the mayre of Caerlel towne ;
 Of all the constables and catchipolles
 Alyve were left not one :

The baylyes, and the bedyls both,
 And the sergeauntes of the law,
 And forty fosters of the fe,
 These outlawes had yslaw :

And broke his parks, and slaine his dere ;
 Over all they chose the best ;
 So perelous outlawes as they were,
 Walked not by easte nor west.

When the kyng this letter had red,
 In hys harte he syghed sore :
 Take up the table anone he bad,
 For I may eat no more.

The kyng called hys best archars
 To the buttes wyth hym to go :
 I wyll se these felowes shote, he sayd,
 In the north have wrought this wo.

The kynges bowmen buske them blyve,
 And the quenens archers also ;
 So dyd these thre wyght yemen ;
 With them they thought to go.

There twyse or thryse they shote about,
 For to assay theyr hande ;
 There was no shote these yemen shot,
 That any prycke myght them stand.

Then spake Wyllyam of Cloudeslè ;
 By him that for me dyed,
 I hold hym never no good archar,
 That shuteth at buttes so wyde.

Whereat ? then sayd our kyng,
 I pray thee tell me.
 At suche a but, syr, he sayd,
 As men use in my countree.

Wyllyam went into a fyeld,
 And his to brethren with him,
 There they set up to hasell roddes,
 Twenty score paces betwene.

I hold him an archar, said Cloudeslè,
 That yonder wande eleveth in two.
 Here is none suche, sayd the kyng,
 Nor none that can so do.

I shall assaye, syr, sayd Cloudeslè,
 Or that I farther go.
 Cloudesly, with a bearyng arow,
 Clave the wand in to.

Thou art the best archer, then said the king,
 For sothe that ever I se.
 And yet for your love, sayd Wylliam,
 I wyll do more maystry.

I have a sonne is seven yere olde,
 He is to me full deare ;
 I wyll hym tye to a stake ;
 All shall se, that be here ;

And lay an apele upon hys head,
 And go syxe score paces hym fro,
 And I myselfe with a brode arow
 Shall cleve the apple in two.

Now haste the, then sayd the kyng,
 By hym that dyed on a tre,
 But yf thou do not, as thou hest sayde,
 Hanged shalt thou be.

And thou touche his head or gowne,
 In syght that men may se,
 By all the sayntes that be in heaven,
 I shall hange you all thre.

That I have promised, said William,
 I wyl it never forsake.
 And there even before the kyng
 In the earth he drove a stake ;

And bound therto his eldest sonne,
 And bad hym stande styll thereat ;
 And turned the childe face fro him,
 Because he shuld not sterte.

An apple upon his head he set,
 And then his bowe he bent :
 Syxe score paces they were outmet,
 And thether Cloudeslè went.

There he drew out a fayr brode arrowe,
 Hys bowe was great and longe,
 He set that arrowe in his bowe,
 That was both styffe and stronge :

He prayed the people that was there,
 That they wolde styll stande,
 For he that shooteth for such a wager,
 Behoveth a stedfast hand.

Muche people prayed for Cloudeslè,
 That hys lyfe saved myght be,
 And whan he made hym redy to shote,
 There was many a weping eye.

Thus Cloudeslè clefte the apple in two,
 That many a man myght see ;
 Ouer Gods forbode, sayde the kyng,
 That thou shote at me.

I geve the xviii pence a day,
 And my bowe shalt thou beare,
 And over all the north countrè
 I make the chyfe rydère.

And I geve the xvii pence a day, said the quene,
 By God, and by my fay :
 Come feche thy payment when thou wylt,
 No man shall say the nay.

Wyllyam, I make the a gentelman
 Of clothyng, and of fe :
 And thy two brethren, yemen of my chambre,
 For they are so semely to se.

Your sonne, for he is tendre of age,
 Of my wyne-seller shall he be ;
 And whan he commeth to mannes estate,
 Better avaunced shall he be.

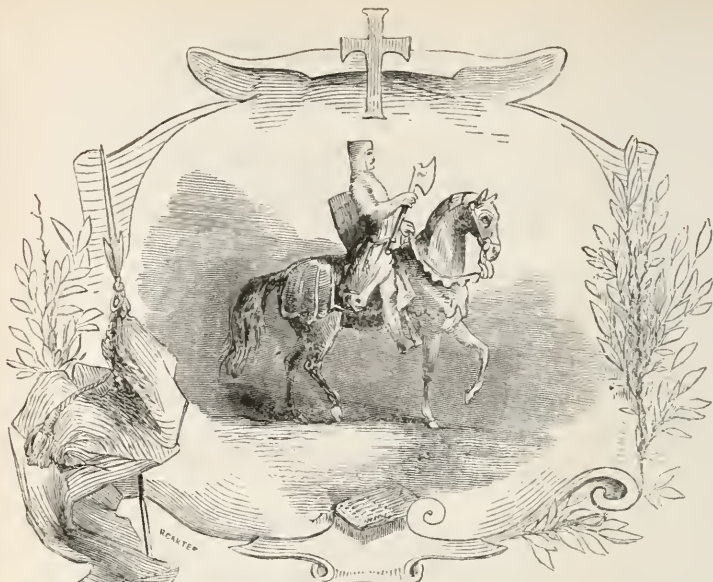
And, Wylliam, bring me your wife, said the quene,
 Me longeth her sore to se :
 She shall be my chefe gentelwoman,
 To governe my nursery.

The yemen thanketh them full curteously,
 And sayde, to some bysshop wyl we wend,
 Of all the synnes, that we have done,
 To be assoyld at his hand.

So forth be gone these good yemen,
 As fast as they might hye,
 And after came and dwelled wyth the kyng,
 And dyed good men all thre.

Thus endeth the lives of these good yemen ;
 God send them eternall blysse !
 And all, that with handbowe shoteth,
 That of heaven may never mysse !

The Red-cross Knight.



[This ballad,—so well known by the beautiful glee for which it has furnished words,—was first published in Evans's 'Old Ballads, Historical and Narrative, with some of modern date;' the first edition of which appeared in 1777, in two volumes, and a second, in four volumes, in 1784. It is understood, as Sir Walter Scott observes, (Introd. Rem. on Pop. Poetry,) to have been the production of William Julius Mickle, translator of the *Lusiad*, though never claimed by him, nor received among his works. 'His facility of versification,' says Sir Walter, 'was so great, that, being a printer by profession, he frequently put his lines into types without taking the trouble previously to put them into writing;' and, as, with this facility, 'he united a power of verbal melody which might have been envied by bards of much greater renown, he must be considered as very successful in these efforts, if his ballads be regarded as avowedly modern productions. If they are to be judged of as accurate imitations of ancient poetry, they have less merit; the deception being only maintained by a huge store of double consonants, strewed at random into ordinary words, resembling the real fashion of antiquity as little as the niches, turrets, and tracery of plaster stuck upon a modern front.' Upon this hint from so high an authority, we have ventured to avoid the incongruity against which it is directed.]

LOW, warder! blow thy sounding horn,
 And thy banner wave on high;
 For the Christians have fought in the holy land,
 And have won the victory!
 Loud, loud the warder blew his horn,
 And his banner waved on high:
 'Let the mass be sung, and the bells be rung,
 And the feast eat merrily.'

Then bright the castle banners shone
On every tower on high,
And all the minstrels sang aloud
For the Christian's victory :
And loud the warder blew his horn,
On every turret high,—
' Let the mass be sung, and the bells be rung,
And the feast eat merrily.'

The warder he lookt from the tower on high,
As far as he could see :
' I see a bold Knight ! and by his red cross,
He comes from the East country.'
Then loud that warder blew his horn ;
And called, till he was hoarse,
' There comes a bold Knight, and on his shield bright
He beareth a flaming cross.'

Then down the lord of the castle came
The Red-cross Knight to meet,
And when the Red-cross Knight he spied,
Right loving he did him greet :
' Thou'rt welcome here, Sir Red-cross Knight,
For thy fame's well known to me !
And the mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be rung,
And we'll feast right merrily.'

' O ! I am come from the holy land,
Where Christ did live and die ;
Behold the device I bear on my shield,
The Red-cross Knight am I :
And we have fought in the holy land,
And we've won the victory ;
For with valiant might did the Christians fight,
And made the proud Pagans fly.'

' Thou'rt welcome here, dear Red-cross Knight !
Come, lay thy armour by ;
And, for the good tidings thou dost bring,
We'll feast us merrily :
For all in my castle shall rejoice,
That we've won the victory ;
And the mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be rung,
And the feast eat merrily !'

‘O, I cannot stay,’ cried the Red-cross Knight,
 ‘But must go to my own country ;
 Where manors and castles will be my reward,
 And all for my bravery.’
 ‘O! say not so, thou Red-cross Knight !
 But if you’ll bide with me,
 With manors so wide, and castles beside,
 I’ll honour thy bravery.’

‘I cannot stay,’ cried the Red-cross Knight,
 ‘Nor can I bide with thee ;
 But I must haste to my king and his knights,
 Who’re waiting to feast with me.’
 ‘O! mind them not, dear Red-cross Knight !
 But stay and feast with me ;
 And the mass shall be sung, and the bells be rung,
 And we’ll banquet merrily.’

‘I cannot stay,’ cried the Red-cross Knight,
 ‘Nor can I feast with thee ;
 But I must haste to a pleasant bower,
 Where a lady’s waiting for me !’
 ‘O say not so, dear Red-cross Knight,
 Nor heed that fond lady ;
 For she can’t compare with my daughter so rare,
 And she shall attend on thee.’

‘Now must I go,’ said the Red-cross Knight,
 ‘For that lady I’m to wed,
 And the feast-guests and bride-maids all are met,
 And prepared the bridal bed !’
 ‘Now nay, now nay, thou Red-cross Knight,
 My daughter shall wed with thee ;
 And the mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be rung,
 And we’ll feast right merrily !’

And now the silver lute’s sweet sound,
 Re-echoed through the hall,
 And in that lord’s fair daughter came,
 With her ladies clad in pall ;
 That lady was deckt in costly robes,
 And shone as bright as day,
 And with courtesy sweet, the knight she did greet,
 And prest him for to stay.

‘ Right welcome, brave Sir Red-cross Knight !
 Right welcome unto me :
 And here I hope long time thou’lt stay,
 And bear us company ;
 And for thy exploits in the holy land,
 That hath gained us the victory,
 The mass shall be sung, and the bells be rung,
 And we’ll feast right merrily.’

‘ Though ever thou press me, lady fair !
 I cannot stay with thee.’
 That lady frowned, to hear that knight
 So slight her courtesy.
 ‘ It grieves me much, thou lady fair,
 That here I cannot stay,
 For a beauteous lady is waiting for me,
 Whom I’ve not seen many a day.’

‘ Now fie on thee, uncourteous knight,
 Thou shouldst not say me nay ;
 As for the lady that’s waiting for thee,
 Go see her another day.
 So say no more, but stay, brave knight,
 And bear us company ;
 And the mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be rung,
 And we’ll feast right merrily.’

 PART II.

And, as the lady prest the knight,
 With her ladies clad in pall ;
 O ! then bespake a pilgrim-boy,
 As he stood in the hall,
 ‘ Now Christ thee save, Sir Red-cross Knight,
 I’m come from the north country ;
 Where a lady is laid all on her death bed,
 And evermore calls for thee.’

‘ Alas ! alas ! thou pilgrim-boy,
 Sad news thou tellest me ;
 Now must I ride full hastily,
 To comfort that dear lady !’
 ‘ O—heed him not !’ the ladies cried,
 ‘ But send a page to see ;
 While the mass is sung, and the bells are rung,
 And we feast merrily.’

Again bespake the pilgrim-boy,
 'Ye need not send to see:
 For know, Sir Knight, that lady's dead,
 And died for love of thee!
 O! then the Red-cross Knight was pale,
 And not a word could say!
 But his heart did swell, and his tears down fell,
 And he almost swooned away.

'Now fie on thee, thou weakly knight,
 To weep for a lady dead:
 Were I a noble knight like thee,
 I'd find another to wed.
 So, come cheer and comfort thy heart,
 And be good company;
 And the mass shall be sung, and the bells be rung,
 And we'll feast thee merrily.'

In vain that wily lady strove,
 The sorrowing knight to cheer,
 Each word he answered with a groan,
 Each soothing with a tear.
 'And now farewell thou noble lord,
 And farewell lady fair!
 In pleasure and joy your hours employ,
 Nor think of my despair.'

'And where is her grave?' cried the Red-cross Knight,
 The grave where she doth lay!
 'O, I know it well,' cried the pilgrim-boy,
 'And I'll show thee on the way.'
 The knight was sad, the pilgrim sighed,
 While the warder loud did cry,
 Let the mass be sung, and the bells be rung,
 And the feast eat merrily.

Meanwhile arose the lord's daughter,
 And to her ladies did call,
 O! what shall we say, to stay the knight,
 For he must not leave the hall!
 For much that lady was in love,
 With the gallant Red-cross Knight,
 And ere many a day, with this knight so gay,
 Had hoped her troth to plight.

‘ O ! ’ then bespake these ladies gay
 As they stood clad in pall,
 ‘ O ! we ’ ll devise how to make this knight
 Stay in the castle hall.’
 ‘ Now that ’ s well said, my ladies dear ;
 And if he ’ ll stay with me,
 Then the mass shall be sung, and the bells be rung,
 And we ’ ll feast right merrily.’

Then softly spake those ladies fair,
 Low whispering at the wall,
 ‘ O, we ’ ve devised how to keep the knight,
 In thy fair castle hall :
 Now, lady, command the warder blithe,
 To come from yon tower high,
 With tidings to say to inveigle away
 Yon wily pilgrim-boy ! ’

‘ Go, run ! go, run, my foot-page dear,
 To the warder take thy way,
 And one of my ladies shall go with thee,
 To tell thee what to say :
 And now if we can but compel the knight,
 To stay in the castle with me,
 Then the mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be rung,
 And we ’ ll all feast merrily.’

The warder came, and blew his horn,
 And thus aloud did cry,
 ‘ Ho ! is there a pilgrim in the hall,
 Come from the north country ?
 For there ’ s a foot-page waits without,
 To speak with him alone.’
 Thus the warder did call till out of the hall
 The pilgrim-boy is gone.

Meanwhile bespake the ladies gay,
 As they stood clad in pall,
 ‘ Right glad, brave knight, we welcome thee
 Unto our castle hall.’
 But the knight he heeded not their talk,
 Although they cried with glee,
 Let the mass be sung, and the bells be rung,
 And feast thee merrily.

' But where's the pilgrim-boy,' he cried,
 ' To show me my lady's grave ?'
 That he should be sought for throughout the place,
 The knight full oft did crave.
 Then loud replied the ladies gay,
 ' Now foul that knave befall ;
 For lucre he hath beguiled thee,
 And now hath fled the hall.

And now, Sir Knight, do not give heed
 To what he said to thee,
 But send a page to the north country,
 That lady fair to see ;
 And, while he's gone to comfort her,
 O ! thou shalt share our glee ;
 While the mass is sung, and the bells are rung,
 And the feast eat merrily.'

But while those ladies, blithe and gay,
 Attuned their lutes to joy,
 The knight was sad, and seareht around,
 To find the pilgrim-boy :
 He searcht the castle all about,
 Through every turn and wind,
 But all in vain his toil and pain,
 The pilgrim-boy to find.

In vain the lord's fair daughter sent
 Her messengers to call
 The knight, he would not heed their words,
 Nor enter the castle hall.
 In vain the wanton ladies sung,
 And clamorous warders cry,—
 Let the mass be sung, and the bells be rung,
 And the feast eat merrily.

O ! then bespake those ladies gay,
 As they stood clad in pall,
 ' Weep not, weep not, dear lady,
 Though he'll not enter the hall ;
 But send to the warder from the tower,
 To bring the pilgrim-boy,
 Whom we'll persuade to lend his aid,
 This proud knight to decoy.

We'll make that boy, on pain of death,
 The Red-cross Knight deceive ;
 So that no more on his account,
 The fair young knight shall grieve,
 And then we'll keep the Red-cross Knight,
 To bear us company ;
 And the mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be rung,
 And we will feast merrily.'

 PART III.

And now 'twas night, all dark and drear,
 And cold cold blew the wind,
 While the Red-cross Knight sought all about,
 The pilgrim-boy to find.
 And still he wept, and still he sighed,
 As he mourned his lady dear !—
 ' And where's the feast ; and where's the guest
 Thy bridal bed to cheer ?'

Again he sighed ; and wept forlorn,
 For his lady that was dead !—
 ' Lady, how sad thy wedding-tide!
 How cold thy bridal bed !'
 Thus the Red-cross Knight roamed sore and sad,
 While all around did cry,
 Let the minstrels sing, and the bells 'yring,
 And the feast be eat merrily.'

And now the gentle moon around
 Her silver lustre shed,
 Brightened each ancient wall and tower,
 And distant mountain's head ;
 By whose sweet light the knight perceived,
 (A sight which gave him joy !)
 From a dungeon dread, the warder led
 The faithful pilgrim-boy !

In vain the warder strove to hide
 The pilgrim-boy from him ;
 The knight he ran and claspt the youth,
 In spite of the warder grim.
 The warder, though wrath, his banner waved :
 And still aloud did cry,
 Let the minstrels sing, and the bells 'yring,
 And the feast eat merrily.

‘I’m glad I’ve found thee, pilgrim-boy,
 And thou shalt go with me ;
 And thou shalt lead to my lady’s grave,
 And great thy reward shall be.’
 The affrighted pilgrim wrung his hands,
 And shed full many a tear :
 ‘Her grave!’ he cried, and mournful sighed,
 ‘I dread’s—not far from here!’

The knight he led the pilgrim-boy,
 Into the castle hall,
 Where sat the lord, and his daughter fair,
 And the ladies clad in pall.
 ‘I go!’ he cried, ‘with the pilgrim-boy,
 So think no more of me,
 But let your minstrels sing, and your bells all ring,
 And feast ye merrily.’

Up then arose the lord’s daughter,
 And called to the pilgrim-boy—
 ‘O come to me! for I’ve that to say
 Will give to thee much joy.’
 Full loth the pilgrim was to go,
 Full loth from the knight to part :
 And, lo! out of spite, with a dagger bright
 She hath stabbed him to the heart.

‘Why art thou pale, thou pilgrim-boy?’
 The knight, all wondering cried,
 ‘Why dost thou faint thou pilgrim-boy,
 When I am by thy side?’
 ‘Oh! I am stabbed, dear Red-cross Knight,
 Yet grieve not thou for me ;
 But let the minstrels sing, and the bells ’yring,
 And feast thee merrily.’

The knight he ran and claspt the youth,
 And oped his pilgrim-vest ;
 And, lo! it was his lady fair,
 His lady dear, he prest !
 Her lovely breast, like ermine white,
 Was panting with the fright ;
 Her dear heart’s blood, in crimson flood,
 Ran pouring in his sight.

'Grieve not for me, my faithful knight !'
 The lady, faint, did cry ;
 'I'm well content, my faithful knight,
 Since in thy arms I die !
 Then comfort thee, my constant love !
 Nor think thee more of me ;
 But let the minstrels sing, and the bells 'yring,
 And feast thee merrily.

Like pilgrim-boy I've followed thee,
 In truth full cheerfully ;
 Resolved, if thou shouldst come to ill,
 Dear knight ! to die with thee :
 And much I feared, some wily fair
 Would keep thee from my sight ;
 And, by her bright charms, lure from my arms,
 My dear loved Red-cross Knight !'

'O Heaven forfend !' the knight replied,
 That thou shouldst die for me ;
 But if so hapless is thy fate,
 Thy knight will die with thee !'
 'O say not so ! for, well my knight
 Hath proved his love for me !
 But let the minstrels sing, and the bells 'yring,
 And feast thee merrily.'

The knight he prest her to his heart,
 And bitterly he sighed :
 The lovely lady strove to cheer,
 Till, in his arms, she died !
 The knight he laid her corpse adown,
 And his deadly sword drew forth ;
 Then lookt he around and grimly frowned,
 All woe-begone with wrath.

O then bespake the ladies fair,
 As they stood clad in pall,
 'O ! this will be our burial-place
 That was our castle hall.—
 No more, to our silver lute's sweet sound,
 Shall we dance with revelry ;
 Nor the mass be sung, nor the bells be rung,
 Nor the feast be eat merrily.'

Then up arose the lord's daughter,
 And never a word spake she,
 But quick upon the knight's drawn sword
 She flung her frantically :
 The knight to his own dear lady turned,
 And laid him by her side,
 With tears embraced her bleeding corpse,
 Sighed her dear name—and died !

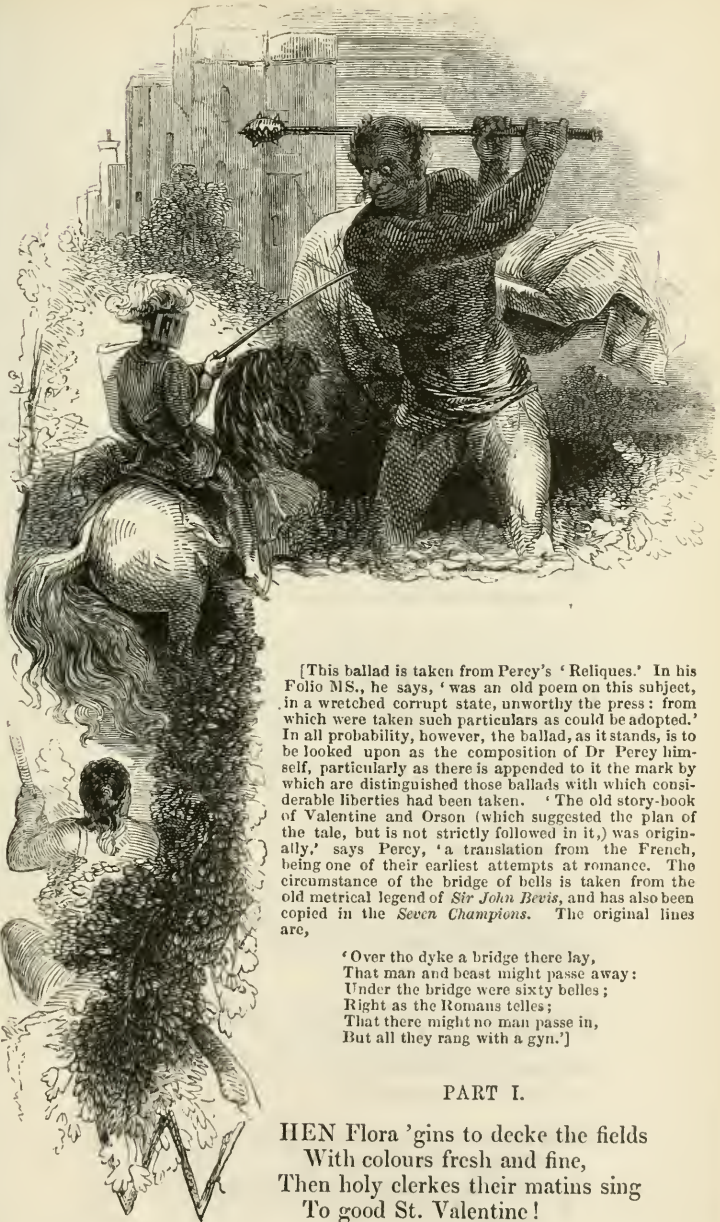
O ! then bespake the affrighted lord,
 And full of woe spake he,
 ' Foul fall the hour this Red-cross knight
 Did come to visit me !
 For now no more will my daughter fair,
 Rejoice my guests and me,
 Nor the mass be sung, nor the bells be rung,
 Nor the feast held merrily.'

And then he spake to the ladies fair,
 As they stood clad in pall,
 ' Lo ! this thy lady's burial place,
 That was her castle hall !
 O then be warned, from her sad fate,
 And hate the wanton love ;
 But in him confide who for thee died
 And now sits throned above.

' Warder, no more resound thy horn,
 Nor thy banner wave on high ;
 Nor the mass be sung, nor the bells be rung,
 Nor the feast eat merrily.'—
 No more the warder blows his horn,
 Nor his banner waves on high,
 Nor the mass is sung, nor the bells 'yrung,
 Nor the feast eat merrily.



Valentine and Ursine.



[This ballad is taken from Percy's 'Reliques.' In his Folio MS., he says, 'was an old poem on this subject, in a wretched corrupt state, unworthy the press: from which were taken such particulars as could be adopted.' In all probability, however, the ballad, as it stands, is to be looked upon as the composition of Dr Percy himself, particularly as there is appended to it the mark by which are distinguished those ballads with which considerable liberties had been taken. 'The old story-book of Valentine and Orson (which suggested the plan of the tale, but is not strictly followed in it,) was originally,' says Percy, 'a translation from the French, being one of their earliest attempts at romance. The circumstance of the bridge of bells is taken from the old metrical legend of *Sir John Bevis*, and has also been copied in the *Seven Champions*. The original lines are,

'Over the dyke a bridge there lay,
That man and beast might passe away:
Under the bridge were sixty belles;
Right as the Romans telles;
That there might no man passe in,
But all they rang with a gyn.']

PART I.

HEN Flora 'gins to decke the fields
With colours fresh and fine,
Then holy clerkes their matins sing
To good St. Valentine!

The king of France that morning fair
He would a hunting ride ;
To Artois forest prancing forth
In all his princely pride.

To grace his sports a courtly train
Of gallant peers attend ;
And with their loud and cheerful cries
The hills and valleys rend.

Through the deep forest swift they pass,
Through woods and thickets wild ;
When down within a lonely dell
They found a new-born child ;

All in a scarlet kercher lay'd
Of silk so fine and thin ;
A golden mantle wrapt him round,
Pinn'd with a silver pin.

The sudden sight surpriz'd them all ;
The courtiers gather'd round ;
They look, they call, the mother seek ;
No mother could be found.

At length the king himself drew near,
And as he gazing stands,
The pretty babe look'd up and smil'd,
And stretch'd his little hands.

Now, by the rood, king Pepin says,
This child is passing fair ;
I wot he is of gentle blood ;
Perhaps some prince's heir.

Goe bear him home unto my court
With all the care ye may :
Let him be christen'd Valentine,
In honour of this day :

And look me out some cunning nurse ;
Well nurtur'd let him bee ;
Nor ought be wanting that becomes
A bairn of high degree.

They look'd him out a cunning nurse ;
And nurtur'd well was hee ;
Nor ought was wanting that became
A bairn of high degree.

Thus grewe the little Valentine,
 Belov'd of king and peers ;
 And shew'd in all he spake or did
 A wit beyond his years.

But chief in gallant feates of arms
 He did himself advance,
 That ere he grewe to man's estate
 He had no peere in France.

And now the early downe began
 To shade his youthful chin ;
 When Valentine was dubb'd a knight,
 That he might glory win.

A boon, a boon, my gracious liege,
 I beg a boon of thee !
 The first adventure that befalls,
 May be reserv'd for mee.

The first adventure shall be thine ;
 The king did smiling say.
 Nor many days, when lo ! there came
 Three palmers clad in graye.

Help, gracious lord, they weeping say'd ;
 And knelt, as it was meet :
 From Artoys forest we be come,
 With weak and wearye feet.

Within those deep and dreary woods
 There wends a savage boy ;
 Whose fierce and mortal rage doth yield
 Thy subjects dire annoy.

'Mong ruthless beares he sure was bred ;
 He lurks within their den :
 With beares he lives, with beares he feeds,
 And drinks the blood of men.

To more than savage strength he joins
 A more than human skill ;
 For arms, ne cunning may suffice
 His cruel rage to still :

Up then rose sir Valentine,
 And claim'd that arduous deed.
 Go forth and conquer, say'd the king,
 And great shall be thy meed.

Well mounted on a milk-white steed,
His armour white as snow ;
As well beseemed a virgin knight,
Who ne'er had fought a foe :

To Artoys forest he repairs
With all the haste he may ;
And soon he spies the savage youth
A rending of his prey.

His unkempt hair all matted hung
His shaggy shoulders round :
His eager eye all fiery glow'd ;
His face with fury frown'd.

Like eagles' talons grew his nails ;
His limbs were thick and strong ;
And dreadful was the knotted oak
He bare with him along.

Soon as sir Valentine approach'd,
He starts with sudden spring ;
And yelling forth a hideous howl,
He made the forests ring.

As when a tyger fierce and fell
Hath spied a passing roe,
And leaps at once upon his throat ;
So sprung the savage foe ;

So lightly leap'd with furious force
The gentle knight to seize :
But met his tall uplifted spear,
Which sunk him on his knees.

A second stroke so stiff and stern
Had laid the savage low ;
But springing up, he raised his club,
And aim'd a dreadful blow.

The watchful warrior bent his head,
And shun'd the coming stroke ;
Upon his taper spear it fell,
And all to shivers broke.

Then lighting nimbly from his steed,
He drew his burnisht brand :
The savage quick as lightning flew
To wrest it from his hand.

Three times he grasp'd the silver hilt ;
Three times he felt the blade ;
Three times it fell with furious force ;
Three ghastly wounds it made.

Now with redoubled rage he roar'd ;
His eye-ball flashed with fire ;
Each hairy limb with fury shook,
And all his heart was ire.

Then closing fast with furious gripe
He clasp'd the champion round,
And with a strong and sudden twist,
He laid him on the ground.

But soon the knight, with active spring,
O'erturned his hairy foe ;
And now between their sturdy fists
Past many a bruising blow.

They roll'd and grappled on the ground,
And there they struggled long :
Skilful and active was the knight ;
The savage he was strong.

But brutal force and savage strength
To art and skill must yield :
Sir Valentine at length prevail'd,
And won the well-fought field.

Then binding strait his conquer'd foe
Fast with an iron chain ;
He tyes him to his horse's tail,
And leads him o'er the plain.

To court his hairy captive soon
Sir Valentine doth bring ;
And kneeling downe upon his knee,
Presents him to the king.

With loss of blood and loss of strength
The savage tamer grew ;
And to sir Valentine became
A servant try'd and true.

And 'cause with beares he erst was bred,
Ursine they call his name ;
A name which unto future times
The Muses shall proclaime.

PART THE SECOND.

In high renown with prince and peere,
 Now liv'd sir Valentine ;
 His high renown with prince and peere
 Made envious hearts repine.

It chanc'd the king upon a day
 Prepar'd a sumptuous feast :
 And there came lords, and dainty dames,
 And many a noble guest.

Amid their cups, that freely flow'd,
 Their revelry and mirth,
 A youthful knight tax'd Valentine,
 Of base and doubtful birth.

The foul reproach, so grossly urg'd,
 His generous heart did wound ;
 And strait he vow'd he ne'er would rest
 Till he his parents found.

Then bidding king and peers adieu,
 Early one summer's day,
 With faithful Ursine by his side,
 From court he took his way.

O'er hill and valley, moss and moor,
 For many a day they pass ;
 At length, upon a moated lake,
 They found a bridge of brass.

Beyond it rose a castle fair,
 Y-built of marble stone :
 The battlements were gilt with gold,
 And glittered in the sun.

Beneath the bridge, with strange device,
 A hundred bells were hung ;
 That man nor beast might pass thereon,
 But strait their larum rung.

This quickly found the youthful pair,
 Who boldly crossing o'er,
 The jangling sound bedeaft their ears,
 And rung from shore to shore.

Quick at the sound the castle gates
 Unlock'd and opened wide,
 And strait a gyant huge and grim
 Stalk'd forth with stately pride.

Now yield you, caitiffs, to my will ;
He cried with hideous roar ;
Or else the wolves shall eat your flesh,
And ravens drink your gore.

Vain boaster, said the youthful knight,
I scorn thy threats and thee :
I trust to force thy brazen gates,
And set thy captives free.

Then putting spurs unto his steed,
He aim'd a dreadful thrust ;
The spear against the gyant glanc'd,
And caus'd the blood to burst.

Mad and outrageous with the pain,
He whirl'd his mace of steel ;
The very wind of such a blow
Had made the champion reel.

It haply mist ; and now the knight
His glittering sword display'd ;
And riding round with whirlwind speed
Oft made him feel the blade.

As when a large and monstrous oak
Unceasing axes hew :
So fast around the gyant's limbs
The blows quick-darting flew.

As when the boughs with hideous fall
Some hapless woodman crush :
With such a force the enormous foe
Did on the champion rush.

A fearful blow, alas ! there came,
Both horse and knight it took,
And laid them senseless in the dust ;
So fatal was the stroke.

Then smiling forth a hideous grin,
The gyant strydes in haste,
And, stooping, aims a second stroke ;
“ Now caytiff breathe thy last ! ”

But ere it fell, two thundering blows
Upon his scull descend :
From Ursine's knotty club they came,
Who ran to save his friend.

Down sunk the gyant gaping wide,
 And rolling his grim eyes :
 The hairy youth repeats his blows :
 He gasps, he groans, he dies.

Quickly sir Valentine reviv'd
 With Ursine's timely care :
 And now to search the castle walls
 The venturous youths repair.

The blood and bones of murder'd knights
 They found where'er they came :
 At length within a lonely cell
 They saw a mournful dame.

Her gentle eyes were dim'd with tears ;
 Her cheeks were pale with woe :
 And long sir Valentine besought
 Her doleful tale to know.

“ Alas ! young knight,” she weeping said,
 Condole my wretched fate ;
 A childless mother here you see ;
 A wife without a mate.

“ These twenty winters here forlorn,
 I've drawn my hated breath ;
 Sole witness of a monster's crimes,
 And wishing aye for death.

“ Know, I am sister of a king,
 And in my early years
 Was married to a mighty prince,
 The fairest of his peers.

“ With him I sweetly liv'd in love
 A twelvemonth and a day :
 When lo ! a foul and treacherous priest
 Y-wrought our love's decay.

“ His seeming goodness wan him pow'r ;
 He had his master's ear :
 And long to me and all the world
 He did a saint appear.

“ One day, when we were all alone,
 He proffered odious love :
 The wretch with horror I repuls'd,
 And from my presence drove.

“ He feign’d remorse, and piteous beg’d
His crime I’d not reveal :
Which, for his seeming penitence,
I promis’d to conceal.

“ With treason, villainy, and wrong,
My goodness he repay’d :
With jealous doubts he fill’d my lord,
And me to woe betray’d.

“ He hid a slave within my bed,
Then rais’d a bitter cry.
My lord, possest with rage, condemn’d
Me, all unheard, to dye.

“ But, ’cause I then was great with child,
At length my life he spar’d :
But bad me instant quit the realme,
One trusty knight my guard.

“ Forth on my journey I depart,
Opprest with grief and woe ;
And tow’rds my brother’s distant court,
With breaking heart I goe.

“ Long time thro’ sundry foreign lands
We slowly pace along :
At length, within a forest wild,
I fell in labour strong.

“ And while the knight for succour sought,
And left me there forlorn,
My childbed pains so fast increast,
Two lovely boys were born.

“ The eldest fair, and smooth, as snow
That tips the mountain hoar :
The younger’s little body rough
With hairs was cover’d o’er.

“ But here afresh begin my woes :
While tender care I took
To shield my eldest from the cold,
And wrap him in my cloak,

“ A prowling bear burst from the wood,
And seiz’d my younger son ;
Affection lent my weakness wings,
And after them I run.

“ But all forewearied, weak, and spent,
 I quickly swooned away :
 And there beneath the greenwood shade
 Long time I lifeless lay.

“ At length the knight brought me relief,
 And rais'd me from the ground :
 But neither of my pretty babes
 Could ever more be found.

And while in search we wander'd far,
 We met that gyant grim ;
 Who ruthless slew my trusty knight,
 And bare me off with him.

“ But charm'd by heav'n, or else my griefs,
 He offer'd me no wrong ;
 Save that within these lonely walls
 I've been immur'd so long.”

Now, surely, said the youthful knight,
 You are lady Bellisance,
 Wife to the Grecian Emperor :
 Your brother's king of France.

For in your royal brother's court
 Myself my breeding had ;
 Where oft the story of your woes
 Hath made my bosom sad.

If so, know your accuser's dead,
 And dying own'd his crime ;
 And long your lord hath sought you out,
 Thro' every foreign clime.

And when no tidings he could learn
 Of his much-wronged wife ;
 He vow'd thenceforth within his court
 To lead a hermit's life.

Now heaven is kind ; the lady said ;
 And dropt a joyful tear :
 Shall I once more behold my lord ?
 That lord I love so dear ?

But madam, said sir Valentine,
 And knelt upon his knee :
 Know you the cloak what wrapt your babe,
 If you the same should see ?

And pulling forth the cloak of gold,
In which himself was found ;
The lady gave a sudden shriek,
And fainted on the ground.

But by his pious care reviv'd,
His tale she heard anon ;
And soon by other tokens found,
He was indeed her son.

But who's this hairy youth ? she said :
He much resembles thee :
The bear devour'd my younger son,
Or sure that son were he.

Madam, this youth with bears was bred,
And rear'd within their den.
But recollect ye any mark
To know your son again ?

Upon his little side, quoth she,
Was stampt a bloody rose.
Here, lady, see the crimson mark
Upon his body grows!

Then clasping both her newfound sons
She bath'd their cheeks with tears :
And soon towards her brother's court
Her joyful course she steers.

What pen can paint king Pepin's joy,
His sister then restor'd !
And soon a messenger was sent
To cheer her drooping lord.

Who came in late with all his peers,
To fetch her home to Greece ;
Where many happy years they reign'd,
In perfect love and peace.

To them sir Ursine did succeed,
And long the scepter bare,
Sir Valentine he stay'd in France,
And was his uncle's heir.

Our Lady's Girdle.



[This ballad is taken from 'The Local Historian's Table-book,' mentioned above, p. 260. It was written by Mr. James Telfer, also there mentioned, and first appeared in 'The Newcastle Magazine,' for January, 1825. In the Introductory remarks of Mr. Robert White, in the former work, it is stated to have been 'a youthful effort, produced several years before the author had an opportunity of examining Percy's 'Reliques,' and while as yet he had not read the 'Faerie Queene.' The idea, therefore, of an enchanted girdle, may have originated with himself. To the reader of Spenser, however, familiar with the girdle of 'Faire Florimell,' it will, of course, not be new. Before him, too, Tasso had, in his 'Jerusalem Delivered,' sung of the enchanted girdle of Armida, and before him, again, Homer, of the Cestus of Venus. 'The Girdle of Florimell,' however, as is well observed by the Rev. Mr. Todd, (Faerie Queene, Bk. iv. e. v., s. 3, note,) 'is of a nature opposite to those of Venus and Armida.' For 'while the objects of Homer and Tasso are to show the efficacy of those allurements which excite loose desires, that of Spenser is to promote the cause of fidelity and chastity.' And the same may be said of 'Our Lady's Girdle.']

OUNG Mary was the loveliest lass
In all green Teviotdale ;
Her cheek outvied the budding rose,
Her breath the rosy gale.

Her een they were twa crystal bowers
Wi' love and life within ;
Her bosom seemed a paradise
Each sinner's soul to win,
And the bedesman said so fair a flower
Could bear no taint of sin.

And woers cam' frae ilka airt
To win that ladye's hand ;
Some wooed her for her beauty rare,
Her gowd but and her land.

Some told their love with ring and glove,
And some with hinny tale,
And some of valour's deeds could vaunt,
But all might not avail.

Some tilted on the castle lea,
Some feasted in the ha',
Some tried unseen to press their love,
But the owreword ay was, na.

And the rose on her cheek wad blench the while,
For she cared na' the tale to hear ;
And oft she wad steal to the lonesome bower,
Whene Jed's waters rin clear,
And pour her vow to the Ladye of might,
To stainless virgins dear.

Her snawy feet she wad lave i' the stream,
While the troutlets around wad play,
As her lovely een were fixed on heaven,
On the blue that ne'er can decay,
And often she langed to follow her thoughts
To the bowers of eternal day.

O ! never I ween, did a lovelier form
The world with its fragrance fill ;
But life is love, and love is life,
Sweet woman will be woman still.

Her father was a gallant knight,
Her mother a lady of high degree ;
Of sons they had five gallant youths,
Of daughters they had only she.

And she was mild as the forest flower
 Whose bloom is fair to view ;
 Her cheek was fanned by the mountain win
 Her hair was wet wi' the dew,
 And, saving the hymn to our Ladye,
 Nae lore the maiden knew.

But the tale I tell, so it befel,
 She loved to stray unseen,
 Where the merle from his liquid throat
 Can melodize the dean.

And it fell on the hour when the ruddy sun
 Began to sink i' the sea,
 When gloaming flang his mantle dun
 Outowre the fauld and lea ;

The maiden stray'd till dark'ning night
 O'erspread the welkin wide ;
 Her een did follow the chambering sun
 To his bed i' the ocean tide,
 And she never wist till a maid of heaven
 Was standing by her side.

All as she lookit the stranger upon
 She deemed her a sister dear—
 When the mind is free from slavish guilt
 It is free from silly fear.

To sing of the maiden of heaven hie,
 Suits not my simple lay ;
 But she smiled on the lovely maid of earth,
 And thus she said her say :

“ Earthly flower of angels' love,
 Beauteous maiden, list to me,
 The stainless Virgin from above
 Sends this precious gift to thee,
 Bids thee wear this girdle free,
 Which her spotless hands have wove ;
 Gentle maiden, prize and prove :
 Blessed, maiden, shalt thou be.

Hapless love shall ne'er betray,
Maiden, mark the dear decree,
Love and worth shalt thou repay
With thy sweet virginitye.
Bright shall ever be thy blee,
Ever cloudless be thy day :
Maiden, I have said my say ;
Beauteous maiden, this to thee."

Young Mary looked up in wild amaze,
But nothing she said ava,
And the maiden of heaven the girdle has ta'en,
Put it round her middle sma',
Above that zone whose brightness shone
As pure as Cheviot's snaw.

The girdle was o' the sun-beam thread,
Spun i' celestial land,
It couldna be seen by mortal een,
Nor felt by mortal hand.

O lithe and listen ladies young,
To my tuneless tale come lend an ear,
But first I'll ask you question one—
Ladies, this girdle wad ye wear ?

O weel I ken that smirking blush
That gives your roses brighter blaw ;
The tongue that sweetly falters, aye,
May hesitate and whisper, na.

The mind may say the promised day
Of happy love may slowly come ;
Virginitye may breed to wae,
If keepit till the day of doom.

The will may be the sweets to prie,
The wily tongue gainsay the will ;
O life is love, and love is life,
Sweet woman will be woman still.

The warder in his tower of gloom
Had toll'd the dreary hour of nine,
And none has seen young Mary's face
Since rung the little hour of dine,
The e'enin' banquet's in the ha',
And none to fill her father's wine.

Her mother's mind was all unrest,
 And every heart impatience wild ;
 Where is your ladye, bower maidens—
 Why tarrieth my darling child ?

Gae seek her i' the wild wood grove,
 And i' the bower aside the linn—
 All as she spoke the door did ope,
 And smilin' cam' the maiden in.

Why tarry ye sae late, my Mary,
 The night grows eerysome to see ;
 The dew is damp, and the wind is cauld,
 My child, it is not good for thee.

The fox is howling on the hill,
 The howlet is screamin drear ;
 It is the hour when the forayers ride—
 Some harm may hap my dear.

I fear nae harm, the maiden said,
 And smiled benignantlye ;
 I have not injured any one—
 Sure none will injure me.

O ! lovely is the Angel of Grace
 Redeeming souls from sin ;
 But lovelier far to the sons of men
 I trow was that maiden.

The seasons cam' and the seasons went,
 O silent time could fleetly flee ;
 The clouds raise up and the rain down fell,
 And rivers ran to the roaring sea.

The seasons cam' and the seasons went,
 The grass could grow and fade ;
 The birdies sang and the wild wood rang,
 And lovelier still was the maid.

And her fame went far and her fame went wide,
 And it spread owre all Scotland ;
 While lord and knight and baron bold
 Did seek that ladye's hand.

And there was tilting on the green
 And dancing in the ha',
 And all to gain the maiden's love,
 But the owerword still was, na.

The Douglass cam' frae Liddisdale,
Wi' the young laird o' Buccleuch ;
And there were Kerrs and Cockburns baith,
All knights of honour true.

Johnstone and Maxwell also cam
Their wooing skill to prove,
And young Cranstoun, of Crailing, too,
But he never told his love.

Among the rest frae southron land
There cam a knight of fame ;
He also sought the ladye's ear
To tell his tale of flame.

But his was the love o' the gude green lands,
But and the gowd sae free—
And his was the love o' the gaudy glare
Which but delights the e'e.

And his was the love o' the faultless form—
The rose and lillye dye—
And he has sought the maiden's side
His artful tale to try.

He try'd at morn, he try'd at e'en,
The maiden's heart to move ;
But when he told his artful tale,
Her answer was na love.

But sae it fell on a bonny summer night
As the light begoud to lower,
The maid did walk in her green mantle
Alane by the lanely bower.

The star o' love frae 'boon the hill
Did glitter on the stream,
And musing was young Mary's mind,
Celestial was her theme—
And never wist she till the southron knight
Did break the waking dream.

Now give me love, thou proud maiden,
Gi'e love for love again ;
Uncourteous was the southron knight,
The ladye all disdain.

O! darksome was the lonely bower,
And tender was her fame—
And he has tried to force the maid
To do the deed o' shame.

She couldna bow the arm o' strength,—
 O, gin her heart was sair!
 But little wist he o' the girdle o' heaven
 That keepit her virtue fair.

There's nane that wears our ladye's belt
 May yield to guilty love;
 And he that tries ungentle skaith
 Himsel' the skaith shall prove.

There was a say, I have heard it said,
 Though I scarce believed it true,
 That the southron knight from that day forth
 No love of ladye knew.

There was a say, I have heard it said,
 Though I gave no ear the while,
 That from that day no am'rous maid
 Upon his love wad smile.

The seasons cam', the seasons went
 In sunshine or in shade;
 The spring could see the flow'rets flush
 And autumn see them fade:
 But Time might come, or Time might go,
 And lovelier still was the maid.

'Tis fair to see the king of day
 Frae the burnished ocean springing—
 'Twas fairer to see the maid walk forth,
 And the little birds a singing.

The matins were meet and the vespers sweet
 In Jedworth's holy fane;
 But far more sweet i' the ear o' heaven
 The maiden's simple strain.

And evermore in hall or bower
 Were gallants not a few—
 And vows they vowed, some false I wis,
 And some I ween were true;
 And aye the angels wad listen and look
 As through the lift they flew.

O some cam' east, and some cam' west,
 And some cam' mony mile to see—
 O she was joy to every heart,
 O she was light to every e'e.

There was young Buccleuch frae Branksome ha,
 And Douglass frae Liddesdale,
 The young Cranstoun frae Crailing tower,
 But he never told his tale.

O his was the love of kind esteem—
 Of kind esteem from friendship sprung ;
 O his was the love o' the constant heart,
 Which sits far deeper than the tongue.

Though narrow was fair Crailing's land,
 And little wealth could he display,
 But a trusty heart and a ready hand—
 Ready alike for friend and fae.

O he was the lord o' the keenest sword,
 And he was the lord o' the lealest love ;
 And he was the lord o' the feeling heart
 That helpless misery aye could move ;
 But rue the hour would pride and power
 The might of Cranstoun's arm to prove.

Why does Lord Cranstoun thoughtfully stray
 In Crailing's flushing vale ?
 O he is in love with a fair maiden,
 And he winna tell his tale.

O some wad ride at Valour's ring,
 Some danced in Beauty's ha'—
 And some to Beauty told their tale,
 But the owerword still was, na.

But it sae fell out in a sweet evening,
 She sought the bower alane,
 And young Cranstoun has followed her
 In love's delicious pain ;
 And he faltered forth revealings soft,
 And the maiden blushed again.

My wealth is sma, quo' the young Cranstoun,
 It canna please the e'e ;
 But the heart of love, and the hand of weir
 I gi'e them baith to thee.
 And the maiden smiled with a kindly smile,—
 Thy love is all to me.

He pledged to her his earliest love,
Sae tender and sae true !
And she gave him her maiden kiss
To seal the solemn vow.

Three little weeks they cam' and went :
O merry was the morning tide,
When a proud array to Jedworth gray,
Through autumn dews could ride,
And a lady bright was led by her knight,
To the holy altar's side.



The Felon Sow of Rokeby and the Friars of Richmond.



[This ballad is taken from the Notes to Sir Walter Scott's poem of 'Rokeby,'—in the fifth canto of which it is referred to,—where it is given from 'a manuscript in the possession of Mr. Rokeby, of Northamptonshire, descended of the ancient Barons of Rokeby.' It was first published, from what Sir Walter calls 'an inaccurate MS., not corrected very happily,' in Whitaker's 'History of Craven;' from whence it was transferred, 'with some well-judged conjectural improvements,' to Evans's 'Old Ballads.' But Sir Walter considers that Mr. Rokeby's MS. furnishes 'a more authenticated and full, though still imperfect, edition of this humorous composition.' 'It is,' he says, 'one of the very best of the ancient minstrel's mock romances, and has no small portion of comic humour. Ralph Rokeby, who, for the jest's sake apparently, bestowed this intractable animal on the convent of Richmond, seems to have flourished in the time of Henry VII., which, since we know not the date of Friar Theobald's Wardenship, to which the poem refers, may indicate that of the composition itself.' It has been suggested to the Editor, by Mr. Dixon, his obligations to whom he has more than once had the pleasure of acknowledging, that 'the ballad is probably the effusion of some waggish monk of Sawlaye, or Bolton, who wished to ridicule the Benedictines of Richmond. The language, Mr. Dixon says, is that of the mountain-district of Craven, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, as spoken by the inhabitants in the present day.' Stanza 22 is defective in the original.]

E men that will of aunter's winne,
 That late within this land hath beene,
 Of one I will you tell;
 And of a sow that was sea strang;
 Alas! that ever she lived sea lang,
 For fell folk did she whell.

She was mare than other three,
 The grisliest beast that ere might be,
 Her head was great and gray :
 She was bred in Rokeby wood,
 There were few that thither goed,
 That came on live away.

Her walk was endlong Greta side ;
 There was no bren that durst her bide,
 That was frae heaven to hell ;
 Nor never man that had that might,
 That ever durst come in her sight,
 Her force it was so fell.

Ralph of Rokeby, with good will,
 The fryers of Richmond gave her till,
 Full well to garre them fare ;
 Fryar Middleton by his name,
 He was sent to fetch her hame,
 That rued him sine full sare.

With him tooke he wicht men two,
 Peter Dale was one of thoe,
 That ever was brim as beare ;
 And well durst strike with sword and knife,
 And fight full manly for his life,
 What time as mister ware.

These three men went at God's will,
 This wicked sew while they came till,
 Liggan under a tree ;
 Rugg and rusty was her haire ;
 She raise up with a felon fare,
 To fight against the three.

She was so grisely for to meete,
 She rave the earth up with her fecte,
 And bark came fro the tree ;
 When Fryar Middleton her saugh,
 Weet ye well he might not laugh,
 Full earnestly look't hee.

Those men of aunter that was so wight,
They bound them bauldly for to fight,
And strike at her full sare :
Until a kiln they garred her flee,
Wold God send them the victory,
They wold ask him noa mare.

The sew was in the kiln hole down,
As they were on the balke aboon,
For hurting of their feet ;
They were so saulted with this sew,
That among them was a stalworth stew,
The kiln began to reeke.

Durst noe man neigh her with his hand,
But put a rape down with his wand,
And haltered her full meete ;
They hurled her forth against her will,
Whiles they came into a hill
A little fro the street.

And there she made them such a fray ;
If they should live to Doomes-day,
They tharrow it ne'er forgett ;
She braded upon every side,
And ran on them gaping full wide,
For nothing would she lett.

She gave such brades at the band
That Peter Dale had in his hand,
He might not hold his feet ;
She chafed them to and fro,
The wight men was never soe woe,
Their measure was not so meete.

She bound her boldly to abide ;
To Peter Dale she came aside,
With many a hideous yell ;
She gaped soe wide and cried soe hee,
The Fryar seid, I conjure thee,
Thou art a fiend of hell.

Thou art come hither for some traine,
 I conjure thee to go agayne
 Where thou wast wont to dwell.
 He sayned him with crosse and creede,
 Took forth a booke, began to reade
 In St. John his gospell.

The sew she would not Latin heare,
 But rudely rushed at the Frear,
 That blinked all his blee ;
 And when she would have taken her hold,
 The Fryar leaped as Jesus wold,
 And bealed him with a tree.

She was as brim as any beare,
 For all their meate to labour there,
 To them it was no boote :
 Upon trees and bushes that by her stood,
 She ranged as she was wood,
 And rave them up by roote.

He sayd, Alas! that I was Frear!
 And I shall be rugged in sunder here,
 Hard is my destinie!
 Wist my brethren in this houre,
 That I was sett in such a stoure,
 They would pray for me.

This wicked beast that wrought this woe,
 Tooke that rape from the other two,
 And then they fledd all three ;
 They fledd away by Watling-street,
 They had no succour but their feet,
 It was the more pity.

The feild it was both lost and wonne ;
 The sew went hame, and that full soone,
 To Morton on the Greene ;
 When Ralph of Rokeby saw the rape,
 He wist that there had been debate,
 Whereat the sew had beene.

He bad them stand out of her way,
 For she had had a sudden fray,—
 I saw never so keene ;
 Some new things shall we heare
 Of her and Middleton the Frear,
 Some battell hath there beene.

But all that served him for nought,
 Had they not better succour sought,
 They were served therefore loe.
 Then Mistress Rokeby came anon,
 And for her brought shee meate full soone,
 The sew came here unto.

She gave her meate upon the flower,
 * * * * *
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 * * * * *
 * * * * *
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When Fryar Middleton came home,
 His brethren was full faine ilkone,
 And thanked God of his life ;
 He told them all unto the end,
 How he had foughten with a fiend,
 And lived through mickle strife.

We gave her battell half a day,
 And sithen was fain to fly away,
 For saving of our life ;
 And Peter Dale would never blinn,
 But as fast as he could ryn,
 Till he came to his wife.

The warden said, I am full of woe,
 That ever ye should be torment so,
 But wee with you had beene !
 Had wee been there your brethren all,
 Wee should have garred the warle fall,
 That wrought you all this teyne.

Fryar Middleton said soon, Nay,
In faith you would have fled away,
 When most mister had been ;
You will all speake words at hame,
A man would ding you every ilk ane,
 And if it be as I weine.

He look't so griesly all that night,
The warden said, Yon man will fight
 If you say ought but good ;
Yon guest hath grieved him so sare,
Hold your tongues and speake noe mare,
 He looks as he were woode.

The warden waged on the morne,
Two boldest men that ever were borne,
 I weine, or ever shall be ;
The one was Gilbert Griffin's son,
Full mickle worship has he wonne,
 Both by land and sea.

The other was a bastard son of Spain,
Many a Sarazin hath he slain,
 His dint hath gart them die.
These two men the battle undertooke,
Against the sew, as says the booke,
 And sealed security,

That they should boldly bide and fight,
And skomfit her in maine and might,
 Or therefore should they die.
The warden sealed to them againe,
And said, In field if ye be slain,
 This condition make I :

We shall for you pray, sing, and read
To doomesday with hearty speede,
 With all our progeny.
Then the letters well was made,
Bands bound with seales brade,
 As deedes of armes should be.

These men of armes that were so wight,
With armour and with brandes bright,
They went this sew to see ;
She made on them slike a rerd,
That for her they were sare afer'd,
And almost bound to flee.

She came roveing them againe ;
That saw the bastard son of Spaine,
He braded out his brand ;
Full spiteously at her he strake,
For all the fence that he could make,
She gat sword out of hand ;
And rave in sunder half his shielde,
And bare him backward in the feilde,
He might not her gainstand.

She would have riven his privich geare,
But Gilbert with his sword of werre,
He strake at her full strong,
On her shoulder till she held the swerd ;
Then was good Gilbert sore afer'd,
When the blade brake in throng.

Since in his hands he hath her tane,
She tooke him by the shoulder bane,
And held her hold full fast,
She strave so stiffly in that stower,
That through all his rich armour
The blood came at the last.

Then Gilbert grieved was sae sare,
That he rave off both hide and haire,
The flesh came fro the bone ;
And with all force he felled her there,
And wann her worthily in werre,
And band her him alone.

And lift her on a horse sea hee,
Into two paniers well-made of a tre,
And to Richmond they did hay :
When they saw her come,
They sang merrily Te Deum,
The Fryers on that day.

They thanked God and St. Francis,
 As they had won the best of pris,
 And never a man was slaine ;
 There did never a man more manly,
 Knight Marcus, nor yett Sir Gui,
 Nor Loth of Louthiyane.

If ye will any more of this,
 In the Fryers of Richmond 'tis
 In parchement good and fine ;
 And how Fryar Middelton that was so kend,
 At Greta-bridge conjured a feind
 In likeness of a swine.

It is well known to many a man,
 That Fryar Theobald was warden than,
 And this fell in his time ;
 And Christ them bless both farre and ueare,
 All that for solace list this to heare,
 And him that made the rhime.

Ralph Rokeby with full good-will,
 The Fryers of Richmond he gave her till,
 This sew to mend their fare :
 Fryar Middleton by his name,
 Would needs bring the fat sew hame,
 That rued him since full sare.



The Birth of St. George.



[This ballad is taken from Percy's 'Reliques.' 'It can not be denied,' says the Doctor, 'but that a great part of it is modern.' 'It may be safely denied, however,' says Ritson, ('Ancient Songs and Ballads,' i. xxxi.) 'that the least part of it is ancient.' The reader will probably agree with the critic, particularly as no mention is made by Dr. Percy of its existing, in any shape or form, in his Folio MS. 'The incidents,' he says, 'are chiefly taken from the old story-book of the 'Seven Champions of Christendom,' written by 'one Richard Johnson, who lived in the reigns of Elizabeth and James; which, though now the plaything of children, was formerly in high repute.' As to St. George himself, 'whose martial history is allowed to be apocryphal,' his very existence has been doubted. The reader who desires to investigate the matter, may consult Pettingal's 'Dissertation on the Origin of the Equestrian Figure of the George and of the Garter,' London, 1753; and Milner's 'Historical and Critical Enquiry into the Existence and Character of Saint George,' &c., London 1792.]

ISTEN lords, in bower and hall,
I sing the wonderous birth
Of brave St. George, whose valorous arm
Rid monsters from the earth.

Distressed ladies to relieve
 He travell'd many a day,
 In honour of the Christian faith,
 Which shall endure for aye.

In Coventry some time did dwell
 A knight of worthy fame,
 High steward of this noble realme ;
 Lord Albret was his name.

He had to wife a princely dame,
 Whose beauty did excell.
 This virtuous lady, being with child,
 In sudden sadness fell.

For thirty nights no sooner sleep
 Had clos'd her wakeful eyes,
 But, lo ! a foul and fearful dream
 Her fancy would surprize :

She dreamt a dragon fierce and fell
 Conceiv'd within her womb ;
 Whose mortal fangs her body rent
 Ere he to life could come.

All woe-begone, and sad was she ;
 She nourisht constant woe :
 Yet strove to hide it from her lord,
 Lest he should sorrow know.

In vaine she strove ; her tender lord,
 Who watch'd her slightest look,
 Discover'd soon her secret pain,
 And soon that pain partook.

And when to him the fearful cause
 She weeping did impart,
 With kindest speech he strove to heal
 The anguish of her heart.

Be comforted, my lady dear,
 Those pearly drops refrain ;
 Betide me weal, betide me woe,
 I'll try to ease thy pain.

And for this foul and fearful dream,
 That causeth all thy woe,
 Trust me I'll travel far away
 But I'll the meaning knowe.

Then giving many a fond embrace,
And shedding many a teare,
To the weird lady of the woods,
He purpos'd to repaire.

To the weird lady of the woods,
Full long and many a day,
Thro' lonely shades and thickets rough
He winds his weary way.

At length he reach'd a dreary dell
With dismal yews o'erhung ;
Where cypress spred its mournful boughs,
And poisonous nightshade sprung.

No chearful gleams here pierc'd the gloom,
He heard no chearful sound ;
But shrill night-ravens' yelling scream,
And serpents hissing round.

The shriek of fiends and damned ghosts
Ran howling thro' his ear ;
A chilling horror froze his heart,
Tho' all unus'd to fear.

Three times he strives to win his way,
And pierce those sickly dews :
Three times to bear his trembling corse
His knocking knees refuse.

At length upon his beating breast
He signs the holy crosse ;
And, rousing up his wonted might,
He treads th' unhallow'd mosse.

Beneath a pendant craggy cliff,
All vaulted like a grave,
And opening in the solid rock,
He found the enchanted cave.

An iron gate clos'd up the mouth,
All hideous and forlorn ;
And, fasten'd by a silver chain,
Near hung a brazed horne.

Their offering up a secret prayer,
Three times he blowes amaine :
Three times a deep and hollow sound
Did answer him againe.

“Sir Knight, thy lady beares a son,
 Who, like a dragon bright,
 Shall prove most dreadful to his foes,
 And terrible in fight.

His name advane'd in future times
 On banners shall be worn :
 But lo ! thy lady's life must passe
 Before he can be born.”

All sore opprest with fear and doubt
 Long time lord Albret stood ;
 At length he winds his doubtful way
 Back thro' the dreary wood.

Eager to clasp his lovely dame
 Then fast he travels back :
 But when he reach'd his castle gate,
 His gate was hung with black.

In every court and hall he found
 A sullen silence reigne ;
 Save where, amid the lonely towers,
 He heard her maidens' plaine ;

And bitterly lament and weep,
 With many a grievous grone :
 Then sore his bleeding heart misgave,
 His lady's life was gone.

With faltering step he enters in,
 Yet half afraid to goe ;
 With trembling voice asks why they grieve,
 Yet fears the cause to knowe.

“Three times the sun bath rose and set ;”
 They said, then stopt to weep :
 “Since heaven hath laid thy lady deare
 In death's eternal sleep.

“For, ah ! in travel sore she fell,
 So sore that she must dye ;
 Unless some shrewd and cunning leech
 Could ease her presentlye.

But when a cunning leech was fet,
 Too soon declared he,
 She, or her babe must lose its life ;
 Both saved could not be.

Now take my life, thy lady said,
My little infant save :
And O commend me to my lord,
When I am laid in grave.

O tell him how that precious babe
Cost him a tender wife ;
And teach my son to lisp her name,
Who died to save his life.

Then calling still upon thy name,
And praying still for thee ;
Without repining or complaint,
Her gentle soul did flee."

What tongue can paint lord Albret's woe,
The bitter tears he shed,
The bitter pangs that wrung his heart,
To find his lady dead ?

He beat his breast : he tore his hair ;
And shedding many a tear,
At length he askt to see his son ;
The son that cost so dear.

New sorrowe seiz'd the damsell all :
At length they faltering say ;
" Alas ! my lord, how shall we tell ?
Thy son is stoln away.

Fair as the sweetest flower of spring,
Such was his infant mien :
And on his little body stampt
Three wondrous marks were seen :

A blood-red cross was on his arm ;
A dragon on his breast ;
A little garter all of gold
Was round his leg exprest.

Three carefull nurses we provide
Our little lord to keep :
One gave him sucke, one gave him food,
And one did lull to sleep.

But lo ! all in the dead of night,
We heard a fearful sound :
Loud thunder clapt ; the castle shook ;
And lightning flasht around.

Dead with affright at first we lay ;
 But rousing up anon,
 We ran to see our little lord :
 Our little lord was gone !

But how or where we could not tell ;
 For lying on the ground,
 In deep and magic slumbers laid,
 The nurses there we found.

O grief on grief ! lord Albret said :
 No more his tongue cou'd say,
 When falling in a deadly swoone,
 Long time he lifeless lay.

At length restor'd to life and sense
 He nourisht endless woe,
 No future joy his heart could taste,
 No future comfort know.

So withers on the mountain top
 A fair and stately oake,
 Whose vigorous arms are borne away
 By some rude thunder-stroke.

At length the castle irksome grew,
 He loathes his wonted home ;
 His native country he forsakes,
 In foreign lands to roame.

There up and downe he wandered far,
 Clad in a palmer's gown :
 Till his brown locks grew white as wool,
 His beard as thistle down.

At length, all wearied, down in death
 He laid his reverend head.
 Meantime amid the lonely wilds
 His little son was bred.

There the weird lady of the woods
 Had borne him far away,
 And train'd him up in feates of armes,
 And every martial play.



[This ballad is taken from 'The Crown Garland of Golden Roses,' Part II., as reprinted, by the Percy Society, from the rare edition of 1659; the author of which was Richard Johnson, mentioned, p. 331, as the author of 'The Seven Champions of Christendom.' The full title of it is as follows:— 'The story of Ill May-Day in the time of King Henry the Eighth, and why it was so called: and how Queen Katherine begged the lives of Two Thousand London 'Prentices. To the tune of 'Essex's Good Night.' It was inserted in the 'Collection of Old Ballads,' London, 1723; in Evans's 'Old Ballads,' and in 'Songs of the London 'Prentices,' which has also been reprinted by the Percy Society. It is stated in Evans to be founded on a fact which happened on the May-eve of the year 1517, the 8th of Henry the Eighth's reign, of which he gives a detailed account, a summary of which will be found in the note, p. 341. The reader of 'The Fortunes of Nigel' will not fail to recognise in Jin Vin and his fellows the worthy successors of the London 'Prentices of 'Ill May-Day.']

ERUSE the stories of this land,
 And with advisement mark the same;
 And you shall justly understand
 How ill May-day first got the name.
 For when King Henry Eighth did reign,
 And rul'd our famous kingdom here;
 His royal queen he had from Spain,
 With whom he liv'd full many a year.

Queen Katherine named, as stories tell,
 Sometime his elder brother's wife,
 By which unlawful marriage fell
 An endless trouble during life.
 But such kind love he still conceiv'd
 Of his fair queen, and of her friends,
 Which being by Spain and France perceiv'd,
 Their journeys fast for England bends.

And with good leave were suffered
 Within our kingdom here to stay ;
 Which multitudes made victuals dear,
 And all things else from day to day.
 For strangers then did so increase,
 By reason of King Henry's queen ;
 And privilege in many a place
 To dwell, as was in London seen.

Poor tradesmen had small dealing then,
 And who but strangers bore the bell ?
 Which was a grief to Englishmen,
 To see them here in London dwell.
 Wherefore, God wot, upon May Eve,
 As prentices on maying went,
 Who made the magistrates believe
 At all to have no other intent.

But such a May-game it was known,
 As like in London never were,
 For by the same full many a one,
 With loss of life did pay full dear.
 For thousands came with Bilboa blade,
 As with an army they could meet ;
 And such a bloody slaughter made,
 Of foreign strangers in the street,

That all the channels ran down with blood
 In every street where they remain'd ;
 Yea, every one in danger stood,
 That any of their part maintain'd.
 The rich, the poor, the old, the young,
 Beyond the seas though born and bred,
 By prentices there suffered wrong,
 When armed thus they gathered head.

Such multitudes together went,
 No warlike troops could them withstand ;
 Nor yet by policy them prevent,
 What they by force thus took in hand :
 Till at the last King Henry's power
 This multitude encompass'd round,
 Where with the strength of London's tower,
 They were by force suppress'd and bound.

And hundreds hang'd, by martial law,
 On sign-posts at their master's doors,
 By which the rest were kept in awe,
 And frighted from such loud uproars.
 And others which the fact repented,
 (Two thousand prentices at last),
 Were all unto the king presented,
 As mayors and magistrates thought best.

With two and two together tied,
 Through Temple-Bar and Strand they go,
 To Westminster, there to be tried,
 With ropes about their necks also.
 But such a cry in every street
 Till then was never heard nor known,
 By mothers for their children sweet,
 Unhappily thus overthrown.

Whose bitter moans and sad laments
 Possess the court with trembling fear ;
 Whereat the queen herself relents,
 Though it concern'd her country dear.
 What if, quoth she, by Spanish blood
 Have Londou's stately streets been wet,
 Yet will I seek this country's good,
 And pardon for these young men get.

Or else the world will speak of me,
 And say Queen Katherine was unkind ;
 And judge me still the cause to be,
 These young men did these fortunes find.
 And so, disrob'd from rich attires,
 With hair hang'd down, she sadly hies,
 And of her gracious lord requires
 A boon, which hardly he denies.

"The lives," (quoth she), "of all the blooms
 Yet budding green, these youths I crave;
 O, let them not have timeless tombs,
 For nature longer limits gave!"
 In saying so, the pearly tears
 Fell trickling from her princely eyes,
 Whereat his gentle queen he cheers,
 And says, "Stand up, sweet lady, rise!"

The lives of them I freely give,
 No means this kindness shall debar,
 Thou hast thy boon, and they may live
 To serve me in my Boulogne war."
 No sooner was this pardon given,
 But peals of joy rung through the hall,
 As though it thunder'd down from heaven,
 The queen's renown amongst them all.

For which, (kind queen), with joyful heart,
 She gave to them both thanks and praise,
 And so from them did gently part,
 And liv'd beloved all her days:
 And when King Henry stood in need
 Of trusty soldiers at command,
 These prentices prov'd men indeed,
 And fear'd no foes of warlike band.

For at the siege of Tours, in France,
 They showed themselves brave Englishmen:
 At Boulogne too they did advance
 Saint George's lusty standard then.
 Let Tourenne, Tournay, and those towns
 That good King Henry nobly won,
 Tell London's prentices' renowns,
 And of their deeds by them were done.

For ill May-day, and ill May-games,
 Perform'd in young and tender days,
 Can be no hindrance to their fames,
 Or strains of manhood any ways,
 But now it is ordain'd by law,
 We see on May-day's eve at night,
 To keep unruly youths in awe,
 By London's watch in armour bright.

Still to prevent the like misdeed,
Which once through headstrong young men came ;
And that's the cause that I do read,
May-day doth get so ill a name.

[The following is a summary of the account, mentioned in the Introductory Note as being given in Evans's 'Old Ballads,' of the 'fact' upon which this ballad is founded. Two apprentices of London, playing in the streets about eleven o'clock on the May-eve of the year 1517, in contravention of an order issued some time previously, requiring all persons to be within doors by nine at night, the alderman of the ward came to arrest them. The apprentices resisted, and by their cries brought so many of their fellows to their assistance, that the alderman was forced to fly. Encouraged by this, and by the increase of their numbers, they hastened to the prisons, and delivered those who had been committed for abusing strangers ; many of whom were at that time settled in England, with particular privileges, to the injury, as was then thought, of the native inhabitants. The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs being unable to restrain them by persuasion or force, they made a furious rush to the house of a very rich foreigner, whom, as he was a great trader, they particularly hated, broke open his doors, killed every one they met with there, and rifled all the goods ; and in other places they committed divers outrages. At length the Earls of Shrewsbury and Surrey, with the assistance of the inns of court men, cleared the streets of the rioters, and took numbers of them prisoners. Two hundred and seventy-eight were found guilty ; but, through the intercession of Queen Katherine, not above twelve or fifteen suffered death, the remainder being ordered to appear before the King at Westminster, in white shirts, and halts about their necks ; whom the King eventually pardoned.]



The Worme of Lambton.



[This ballad is taken from 'The Local Historian's Table-book,' where it is given as 'revised by the author,' the Rev. J. Watson, having, apparently, been first published in 'Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.' It is founded upon a 'family legend,' current in the County of Durham, 'the authority of which,' says Mr. Brockett, in his 'Glossary of North Country Words,' 'the inhabitants will not allow to be questioned.' 'The lapse of three centuries,' he adds, 'has so completely enveloped in obscurity the particular details, that it is impossible to give a narration which could in any degree be considered as complete.' In the Table-book,' however, is given a 'history,' said to have been 'gleaned with much patient and laborious investigation, from the *via voce* narrations of sundry of the elders of both sexes on the banks of the Wear, in the immediate neighbourhood of the scene of action.' This 'history' is almost identical with the story of the ballad; the allusions in which will be found explained in the notes. With regard to the origin of the Legend, which has been 'preserved and repeated almost without variation for centuries,' it is conjectured in the 'Table-book' to have 'arisen from the circumstance of an invasion from a foreign foe, some successful chieftain, with well-disciplined bands, destroying and laying waste with fire and sword, whose advance over unequal ground would convey to the fears of the peasantry the appearance of a rolling serpent; and the power of re-uniting is readily accounted for by the ordinary evolutions of military tactics. And by the knight's 'destroying this legion by his single arm,' is supposed to be signified that he was 'the head and chief in the onslaught.']

THE SINNING.

T is the joyful Easter morn,
 And the bells ring loud and clear,
 Sounding the holy day of rest
 Through the quiet vale of Wear.

Forth at its sound, from his stately hall,
Hath the Lord of Lambton come,
With knight and squire in rich attire,
Page, seneschal, and groom.

The white-hair'd peasant and his dame,
Have left their woodland cot ;
Children of toil and poverty,
Their cares and toil forgot.

And buxom youth and bashful maid,
In holiday array,
Thro' verdant glade and greenwood shade,
To Brigford bend their way.

And soon within its sacred dome
Their wandering steps are stayed ;
The bell is rung, the mass is sung,
And the solemn prayer is prayed.

But why did Lambton's youthful heir,
Not mingle with the throng ?
And why did he not bend his knee,
Nor join in the holy song ?

O, Lambton's heir is a wicked man !
Alike in word and deed ;
He makes a jest of psalm and priest,
Of the Ave and the Creed.

He loves the fight, he loves the chase ;
He loves each kind of sin ;
But the holy church, from year to year,
He is not found within.

And Lambton's heir, at the matin prayer,
Or the vesper, is not seen ;
And on this day of rest and peace
He hath donned his coat of green ;

And with his creel slung on his back,
His light rod in his hand,
Down by the side of the shady Wear
He took his lonely stand.

There was no sound but the rushing stream,
The little birds were still,
As if they knew that Lambton's heir,
Was doing a deed of ill.

Many a salmon and speckled trout
 Through the quiet waters glide ;
 But they all sought the deepest pools,
 Their golden scales to hide.

The soft west wind just rippled the brook,
 And the clouds flew gently by,
 And gleamed the sun,—'twas a lovely day
 To the eager fisher's eye.

He threw his line, of the costly twine,
 Across the gentle stream ;
 Upon its top the dun-flies drop
 Lightly as childhood's dream.

Again, again,—but all in vain,
 In the shallow or the deep ;
 No trout rose to his cunning bait ;
 He heard no salmon leap.

And now he wandered east the stream,
 And now he wandered west ;
 He sought each bank or hanging bush,
 Which fishes love the best.

But vain was all his skilful art ;
 Vain was each deep disguise ;
 Vain was alike the varied bait,
 And vain the mimic flies.

When, tired and vexed, the castle bell,
 Rung out the hour of dine,
 "Now," said the Lambton's youthful heir,
 "A weary lot is mine.

For six long hours, this April morn,
 My line in vain I've cast ;
 But one more throw ; come weal come wo,
 For this shall be the last."

He took from his bag a maggot worm,
 That bait of high renown ;
 His line is wheeled quickly through the air,
 Then sunk in the water down.

When he drew it out, his ready hand
 With no quivering motion shook,
 For neither salmon, trout nor ged,
 Had fastened on his hook.

But a little thing, a strange formed thing,
 Like a piece of muddy weed ;
 But like no fish that swims the stream,
 Nor ought that crawls the mead.

"Twas scarce an inch and a half in length,
 Its colour the darkest green ;
 And on its rough and scaly back
 Two little fins were seen.

It had a long and pointed snout,
 Like the mouth of the slimy eel,
 And its white and loosely hanging jaws,
 Twelve pin-like teeth reveal.

It had sharp claws upon its feet,
 Short ears upon its head,
 A jointed tail, and quick bright eyes,
 That gleamed of a fiery red.

" Art thou the prize," said the weary wight,
 " For which I have spent my time ;
 For which I have toil'd till the hour of noon,
 Since rang the matin chime ?"

From the side of the dell, a crystal well
 Sends its waters bubbling by ;
 "Rest there, thou ugly tiny elf,
 Either to live or die."

He threw it in, and when next he came,
 He saw, to his surprise,
 It was a foot and a half in length ;
 It had grown so much in size.
 And its wings were long, far-stretched and strong,
 And redder were its eyes.

THE CURSE.

But Lambton's heir is an altered man ;
 At the church on bended knee,
 Three times a day he was wont to pray ;
 And now he's beyond the sea.

He has done penance for his sins,
 He has drank of a sainted well,
 He has joined the band from the Holy Land
 To chase the infidel.

Where host met host, and strife raged most,
 His sword flashed high and bright ;
 Where force met force, he winged his course,
 The foremost in the fight.

Where he saw on high th' Oriflamme fly,
 His onward path he bore,
 And the Paynim Knight, and the Saracen,
 Lay weltering in their gore.

Or in the joust, or tournament,
 Of all that valiant band,
 When, with lance in rest, he forward prest,
 Who could the shock withstand ?

Pure was his fame, unstained his shield ;
 A merciful man was he ;
 The friend of the weak, he raised not his hand
 'Gainst a fallen enemy.

Thus on the plains of Palestine,
 He gained a mighty name,
 And, full of honour and renown,
 To the home of his childhood came.

But when he came to his father's lands,
 No cattle were grazing there ;
 The grass in the mead was unmown and rough,
 And the fields untilled and bare.

And when he came to his father's hall,
 He wondered what might ail ;
 His sire but coolly welcomed him,
 And his sisters' cheeks were pale.

" I come from the fight," said the Red-Cross Knight ;
 " I in savage lands did roam ;
 But wherc'er it be, they welcome me,
 Save in my own loved home.

" Now why, now why, this frozen cheer ?
 What is it that may ail ?
 Why tremble thus my father dear ?—
 My sister, why so pale ?"

" O! sad and woful has been our lot,
 Whilst thou wast far away ;
 For a mighty dragon hath hither come
 And taken up its stay ;
 At night or morn it sleepeth not,
 But watcheth for its prey.

'Tis ten cloth yards in length ; its hue
Is of the darkest green ;
And on its rough and scaly back,
Two strong black wings are seen.

It hath a long and pointed snout,
Like the mighty crocodile ;
And, from its grinning jaws, stand out
Its teeth in horrid file.

It hath on each round and webbed foot
Four sharp and hooked claws ;
And its jointed tail, with heavy trail,
Over the ground it draws.

It hath two rough and hairy ears
Upon its bony head ;
Its eyes shine like the winter sun,
Fearful, and darkly red.

Its roar is loud as the thunder's sound,
But shorter, and more shrill ;
It rolls, with many a heavy bound,
Onward from hill to hill.

And each morn, at the matin chime,
It seeks the lovely Wear ;
And, at the noontide bell,
It gorges its fill, then seeks the hill
Where springs the crystal well.

No knight has e'er returned who dared
The monster to assail.
Though he struck off an ear or limb,
Or lopt its jointed tail,
Its severed limbs again unite,
Strong as the iron mail.

My horses, and sheep, and all my kine,
'The ravenous beast hath killed ;
With oxen and deer, from far and near,
Its hungry maw is filled.
'Tis hence the mead is unown and long,
And the corn-fields are untilld.

My son, to hail thee here in health,
My very heart is glad ;
But thou hast heard our tale—and say,
Canst thou wonder that we're sad ?”

THE ASSOILING.

And sorrowful was Lambton's heir :
 "My sinful act," said he,
 "This curse hath on the country brought ;
 Be it mine to set it free."

Deep in the dell, in a ruined hut,
 Far from the homes of men,
 There dwelt a witch the peasants called
 Old Elspat of the Glen.

'Twas a dark night, and the stormy wind
 Howled with a hollow moan,
 As through tangled copsewood, bush, and briar,
 He sought the aged crone.

She sat on a low and three-legged stool,
 Beside a dying fire ;
 As he lifted the latch she stirred the brands,
 And the smoky flames blazed higher.

She was a woman weak and old,
 Her form was bent and thin ;
 And on her lean and shrivelled hand,
 She rested her pointed chin.

He entered with fear, that dauntless man,
 And spake of all his need ;
 He gave her gold ; he asked her aid,
 How best he might succeed.

"Clothe thee," said she, "in armour bright,
 In mail of glittering sheen,
 All studded o'er, behind and before,
 With razors sharp and keen :

"And take in thy hand the trusty brand
 Which thou bore beyond the sea ;
 And make to the Virgin a solemn vow,
 If she grant thee victory,
 What meets thee first, when the strife is o'er,
 Her offering shall be."

He went to the fight, in armour bright
 Equipped from head to heel ;
 His gorget closed, and his vizor shut,
 He seemed a form of steel.

But with razor blades, all sharp and keen,
The mail was studded o'er ;
And his long tried and trusty brand
In his greaved hand he bore.

He made to the Virgin a solemn vow,
If she granted victory,
What met him first on his homeward path
Her sacrifice should be.

He told his sire, when he heard the horn,
To slip his favourite hound ;
"Twill quickly seek its master's side
At the accustomed sound."

Forward he trod, with measured step,
To meet his foe, alone,
While the first beams of the morning sun
On his massy armour shone.

The monster slept on an island crag,
Lulled by the rustling Wear,
Which eddy'd turbid at the base
Though elsewhere smooth and clear.

It lay in repose ; its wings were flat,
Its ears fell on its head,
Its legs stretched out, and drooped its snout,
But his eyes were fiery red.

Little feared he, that armed knight,
As he left the rocky shore ;
And in his hand prepared for fight,
His unsheathed sword he bore.

As he plunged in, the waters' splash
The monster startling hears ;
It spread its wings, and the valley rings,
Like the clash of a thousand spears.

It bristled up its scaly back,
Curled high its jointed tail,
And ready stood with grinning teeth,
The hero to assail ;

Then sprung at the knight with all its might,
And its foamy teeth it gnashed ;
With its jointed tail, like a thrasher's flail,
The flinty rocks it lashed.

But quick of eye, and swift of foot,
He guarded the attack ;
And dealt his brand with skilful hand
Upon the dragon's back.

Again, again, at the knight it flew ;
The fight was long and sore ;
He bravely stood, nor dropped his sword
'Till he could strike no more.

It rose on high, and darkened the sky,
Then with a hideous yell,
A moment winnowed th' air with its wings,
And down like a mountain fell.

He stood prepared for the falling blow,
But mournful was his fate ;
Awhile he reeled, then, staggering, fell
Beneath the monster's weight.

And round about its prostrate foe
Its fearful length it rolled,
And clasped him close, till his armour cracked
Within its scaly fold.

But pierced by the blades, from body and breast,
Fast did the red blood pour ;
Cut by the blades, piece fell by piece,
And quivered in the gore.

Piece fell by piece, foot fell by foot :
No more is the river clear,
But stained with blood, as the severed limbs
Rolled down the rushing Wear.

Piece fell by piece, and inch by inch,
From the body and the tail ;
But the head still hung by the gory teeth
Tight fastened in the mail.

It panted long, and fast it breathed,
With many a bitter groan ;
Its eyes grew dim, it loosed its hold,
And fell like a lifeless stone.

Then loud he blew on his bugle-horn,
The blast of victory ;
From rock to rock the sound was borne,
By Echo, glad and free ;
For, burdened long by the dragon's roar,
She joy'd in her liberty.

But not his hound, with gladdened bound,
Comes leaping at the call ;
With feelings dire, he sees his sire
Rush from his ancient hall.

O! what can equal a father's love,
When harm to his son he fears ;
'Tis stronger than a sister's sigh,
More deep than a mother's tears.

When Lambton's anxious listening lord
Heard the bugle notes so wild,
He thought no more of his plighted word,
But ran to clasp his child.

"Strange is my lot," said the luckless wight,
"How sorrow and joy combine !
When high in fame to my home I came,
My kindred did weep and pine.

This morn my triumph sees, and sees
Dishonour light on me :
For I had vowed to the Holy Maid,
If she gave me victory,
What first I met, when the fight was o'er,
Her offering should be.

I thought to have slain my gallant hound,
Beneath my unwilling knife :
But I cannot raise my hand on him
Who gave my being life !"

And heavy and sorrowful was his heart,
And he hath gone again
To seek advice of the wise woman,
Old Elspat of the Glen.

"Since thy solemn vow is unfulfilled,
Though greater be thy fame,
Thou must a lofty chapel build
To the Virgin Mary's name.

On nine generations of thy race,
A heavy curse shall fall :
They may die in the fight, or in the chase,
But not in their native hall."

He builded there a chapel fair,
 And rich endowment made,
 Where morn and eve, by cowed monk,
 In sable garb arrayed,
 The bell was rung, the mass was sung,
 And the solemn prayer was said.

L'ENVOY.

Such is the tale which, in ages past,
 On the dreary winter's eve,
 In baron's hall, the harper blind,
 In wildest strain, would weave ;
 Till the peasants, trembling, nearer crept,
 And each strange event believe.

Such is the tale which often yet,
 Around the Christmas fire,
 Is told to the merry wassail group,
 By some old dame or sire.

But though they tell that the crystal well
 Still flows by the lovely Wear,
 And that the hill is verdant still,
 His listeners shew no fear.

And though he tell that of Lambton's race
 Nine of them died at sea,
 Or in the battle, or in the chase,
 They shake their heads doubtingly.

And though he say there may still be seen
 The mail worn by the knight,
 Tho' the blades are blunt that once were keen,
 And rusted that once were bright,
 They do but shake their heads the more,
 And laugh at him outright.

For knowledge to their view has spread
 Her rich and varied store ;
 They learn and read, and take no heed,
 Of legendary lore.

And pure religion hath o'er them shed
 A holier heavenly ray ;
 And dragons and witches, and mail-clad knights,
 Are vanished away ;
 As the creatures of darkness flee and hide,
 From the light of the dawning day.

But Lambton's castle still stands by the Wear,
 A tall and stately pile ;
 And Lambton's name is a name of might,
 'Mong the mightiest of our isle.
 Long may the sun of Prosperity
 Upon the Lambtons smile !

[THE WORME OF LAMBTON.—'Orme, or Worme, is, in the ancient Norse, the generic name for serpents.' The Italian poets, Dante, ('Inferno,' c. vi. 22.) and Ariosto, ('Orlando Furioso,' c. 46, 78,) call the infernal serpent of old, 'il gran verme,' that great worm ; and Milton, ('Paradise Lost,' Bk. ix., 1067,) makes Adam reproach Eve with having given 'ear to that false worm.' Cowper, ('Task,' Bk. vi.) adopts the same expression :—

'No foe to man
 Lurks in the serpent now ; the mother sees,
 And smiles to see, her infant's playful hand
 Strech forth to dally with the crested worm'

Shakespeare, too, ('Cymbeline, Act iii., Sc. 4,) speaks of slander's tongue as, 'outvenoming all the worms of Nile.' To these passages, quoted in 'The Local Historian's Table-book,' may be added the following :—Shakespeare, ('Macbeth,' Act iii., Sc. 4,) 'There the grown serpent lies: the worm that's fled,' &c. Massinger, ('Parliament of Love,' Act iv., Sc. 2,]

'The sad father
 That sees his son stung by a snake to death,
 May with more justice stay his vengeful hand,
 And let the worm escape,' &c.

'Piers Plowman,' (iii I. Ed. 1561,) speaks of 'Wyld wormes in woodes ;' and in the old ballad of 'Alison Gross,' (Jamieson's 'Popular Ballads and Songs,' ii. 187, Ed. 1806,) that 'ugliest witch of the north countrie' turns one who would not be her 'lemman sae true' into 'an ugly worm, and gard him toddle about the tree.' The word is also used in the same sense in the ballad, entitled 'The laidly Worm of Spindlestane Heughls.'

St. 27. 'A crystal well'—'known at this day by the name of the Worm Well.'

St. 58. 'Red-Cross Knight,' According to a curious entry in an old MS. pedigree, lately in the possession of the family of Middleton, of Offerton, 'John Lambton that slewe ye worme was Knight of Rhodes and Lord of Lambeton and Wod Apilton after the dethe of fower brothers, sans esshew malle.'

St. 46. 'The hill'—still called 'The Worm Hill, a considerable oval-shaped hill, 345 yards in circumference, and 52 in height, about a mile and a half from old Lambton Hall.'

St. 56. 'All studded oer . . . with razors.' 'At Lambton Castle is preserved a figure, evidently of considerable antiquity, which represents a knight, armed cap-a-pie, his vizor raised, and the back part of his coat of mail closely inlaid with spear blades: with his left hand he holds the head of the worm, and with his right he appears to be drawing his sword out of his throat. The worm is not represented as a reptile, but has ears, legs, and wings.'

St. 88. If popular tradition is to be trusted, 'this prediction was fulfilled, for it holds that during the period of 'the curse' none of the Lords of Lambton died in their beds. Be this as it may, nine ascending generations from Henry Lambton, of Lambton, Esq., M.P., (elder brother to the late General Lambton, would exactly reach Sir John Lambton,) Knight of Rhodes. Sir Wm. Lambton, who was Colonel of a regiment of foot in the service of Charles I., was slain at the bloody battle of Marston Moor, and his son William (his eldest son by his second wife) received his death-wound at Wakefield, at the head of a troop of dragoons, in 1643. The fulfilment of the curse was inherent in the ninth of descent, and great anxiety prevailed during his life-time, amongst the hereditary depositaries of the tradition of the county, to know if the curse would hold good to the end. He died in his chariot, crossing the New-Bridge, thus giving the last link to the chain of circumstantial tradition connected with the history of 'The Worme of Lambton.'—L. H. Table-book.

Sir James the Rose.



[This ballad 'is said to have been written,' says Mr. Motherwell, ('*Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern*,' Glasgow, 1827,) 'by Michael Bruce,' a young Scottish poet, who was born at Kinnesswood, in Kinross-shire, in 1746, and died, of consumption, in 1767, before he had completed his 22nd year. This 'consumption' of his, says Sir Walter Scott, (*Life*, by Lockhart, ch. 65,) 'has been the life of his verses.' His poems were first published in 1770, by his friend the Rev. John Logan, author of the beautiful lines 'To the Cuckoo,' which, however, have been claimed by some of Bruce's relations and friends, as his. The present ballad is one of 'two modern ballads'—the other being 'Elfrida and Sir James of Perth,'—which, according to Mr. Motherwell, 'have sprung out of an old one,' bearing the same name. 'It might be curious,' he says, 'to ascertain which of these mournful ditties is the senior, were it for nothing else than perfectly to enjoy the cool impudence with which the graceless youngster has appropriated to itself, without thanks or acknowledgment, all the best things which occur in the other.' That 'Elfrida and Sir James of Perth,' is a 'mournful ditty,' in more senses than one, few, probably, will be found to deny; but whether Bruce's ballad deserves to be so characterised, may admit of doubt. The original ballad of 'Sir James the Rose,' as given by Motherwell, will be found in the Appendix.]

F all the Scottish northern chiefs,
Of high and warlike name,
The bravest was Sir James the Rose,
A knight of meikle fame.

His growth was as the tufted fir,
That crowns the mountain's brow ;
And, waving o'er his shoulders broad,
His locks of yellow flew.

The chieftain of the brave clan Ross,
A firm undaunted band ;
Five hundred warriors drew their sword,
Beneath his high command.

In bloody fight thrice had he stood,
Against the English keen,
Ere two and twenty opening springs
This blooming youth had seen.

The fair Matilda dear he loved,
A maid of beauty rare ;
Ev'n Margaret on the Scottish throne
Was never half so fair.

Lang had he wooed, lang she refused,
With seeming scorn and pride ;
Yet aft her eyes confest the love
Her fearful words denied.

At last she blest his well-tried faith,
Allowed his tender claim :
She vowed to him her virgin heart
And owned an equal flame.

Her father, Buchan's cruel lord,
Their passion disapproved ;
And bade her wed Sir John the Graeme,
And leave the youth she loved.

Ae nicht they met, as they were wont,
Deep in a shady wood,
Where, on a bank beside a burn,
A blooming saugh-tree stood.

Concealed among the underwood,
The crafty Donald lay,
The brother of Sir John the Graeme ;
To hear what they would say.

When thus the maid began : " My sire
Your passion disapproves,
And bids me wed Sir John the Graeme ;
So here must end our loves.

“ My father’s will must be obeyed ;
 Nocht boots me to withstand ;
 Some fairer maid, in beauty’s bloom,
 Must bless thee with her hand.

“ Matilda soon shall be forgot,
 And from thy mind effaced :
 But may that happiness be thine,
 Which I can never taste.”

“ What do I hear ? Is this thy vow ? ”
 Sir James the Rose replied :
 “ And will Matilda wed the Graeme,
 Though sworn to be my bride ?

“ His sword shall sooner pierce my heart
 Than reave me of thy charms.”
 Then claspt her to his beating breast,
 Fast lockt into his arms.

“ I spake to try thy love,” she said ;
 “ I’ll ne’er wed man but thee :
 My grave shall be my bridal bed,
 Ere Graeme my husband be.

“ Take then, dear youth, this faithful kiss,
 In witness of my troth ;
 And every plague become my lot,
 That day I break my oath ! ”

They parted thus : the sun was set :
 Up hasty Donald flies ;
 And, “ Turn thee, turn thee, beardless youth ! ”
 He loud insulting cries.

Soon turned about the fearless chief,
 And soon his sword he drew ;
 For Donald’s blade, before his breast,
 Had pierced his tartans through.

“ This for my brother’s slighted love ;
 His wrongs sit on my arm.”
 Three paces back the youth retired,
 And saved himself from harm.

Returning swift, his hand he reared,
 Frae Donald’s head above,
 And through the brain and crashing bones
 His sharp-edged weapon drove.

He staggering reeled, then tumbling down,
A lump of breathless clay :
"So fall my foes !" quoth valiant Rose,
And stately strode away.

Through the green-wood he quickly hied,
Unto Lord Buchan's hall ;
And at Matilda's window stood,
And thus began to call :

"Art thou asleep, Matilda dear ?
Awake, my love, awake !
Thy luckless lover on thee calls,
A long farewell to take.

For I have slain fierce Donald Graeme ;
His blood is on my sword :
And distant are my faithful men,
Nor can assist their lord.

To Skye I'll now direct my way,
Where my two brothers bide,
And raise the valiant of the Isles,
To combat by my side."

"O do not so," the maid replies ;
"With me till morning stay ;
For dark and dreary is the night,
And dangerous the way.

All night I'll watch you in the park ;
My faithful page I'll send,
To run and raise the Ross's clan,
Their master to defend."

Beneath a bush he laid him down,
And wrapt him in his plaid ;
While, trembling for her lover's fate,
At distance stood the maid.

Swift ran the page o'er hill and dale,
Till, in a lonely glen,
He met the furious Sir John Graeme,
With twenty of his men.

"Where goest thou, little page ?" he said ;
"So late who did thee send ?"
"I go to raise the Ross's clan,
Their master to defend ;

“ For he hath slain Sir Donald Graeme ;
 His blood is on his sword :
 And far, far distant are his men,
 That should assist their lord.”

“ And has he slain my brother dear ?”
 The furious Graeme replies ;
 “ Dishonour blast my name, but he
 By me, ere morning, dies !”

“ Tell me, where is Sir James the Rose ;
 I will thee well reward.”
 “ He sleeps into Lord Buchan’s park ;
 Matilda is his guard.”

They spurred their steeds in furious mood,
 And scoured along the lee ;
 They reacht Lord Buchan’s lofty towers,
 By dawning of the day.

Matilda stood without the gate ;
 To whom the Graeme did say,
 “ Saw ye Sir James the Rose last night ?
 Or did he pass this way ?”

“ Last day, at noon,” Matilda said,
 “ Sir James the Rose past by :
 He furious prickt his sweaty steed,
 And onward fast did hie.

“ By this he is at Edinburgh,
 If horse and man hold good.”
 “ Your page, then, lied, who said he was
 Now sleeping in the wood.”

She wrung her hands, and tore her hair ;
 “ Brave Rose thou art betrayed ;
 And ruined by those means,” she cried,
 “ From whence I hoped thine aid !”

By this the valiant knight awoke ;
 The virgin’s shrieks he heard ;
 And up he rose and drew his sword,
 Whence the fierce band appeard.

“ Your sword last night my brother slew ;
 His blood yet dims its shine :
 And, ere the setting of the sun,
 Your blood shall reek on mine.”

“ You word it well,” the chief replied ;
“ But deeds approve the man :
Set by your band, and hand to hand,
We'll try what valour can.

“ Oft boasting hides a coward's heart ;
My weighty sword you fear,
Which shone in front of Flodden-field,
When you kept in the rear.”

With dauntless step he forward strode,
And dared him to the fight :
But Graeme gave back, and feared his arm ;
For well he knew its might.

Four of his men, the bravest four,
Sank down beneath his sword :
But still he scorned the poor revenge,
And sought their haughty lord.

Behind him basely came the Graeme,
And pierced him in the side :
Out spouting came the purple tide,
And all his tartans dyed.

But yet his sword quat not the grip,
Nor dropt he to the ground,
Till through his enemy's heart his steel
Had forced a mortal wound.

Graeme, like a tree with wind o'erthrown,
Fell breathless on the clay ;
And down beside him sank the Rose,
And faint and dying lay.

The sad Matilda saw him fall :
“ O ! spare his life !” she cried ;
“ Lord Buchan's daughter begs his life ;
Let her not be denied !”

Her well-known voice the hero heard ;
He raised his death-closed eyes,
And fixt them on the weeping maid,
And weakly thus replies :

“ In vain Matilda begs the life,
By death's arrest denied :
My race is run—adieu, my love”—
Then closed his eyes and died.

The sword, yet warm, from his left side
With frantic hand she drew :
“ I come, Sir James the Rose,” she cried ;
“ I come to follow you !”

She leaned the hilt against the ground,
And bared her snowy breast ;
Then fell upon her lover’s face,
And sank to endless rest.



Gondoline.



[This ballad was written by Henry Kirke White; a name which it is impossible to pronounce or hear without feeling, with Lord Byron, ('English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,') 'the liveliest regret that so short a period was allotted to talents, which would have dignified even the sacred functions they were destined to assume.' He was born at Nottingham, on the 21st March, 1785, and died at Cambridge on the 19th Oct. 1806, in his 22nd year; 'in consequence of too much exertion in the pursuit of studies that,' in the eloquent language of the noble poet already quoted, 'would have matured a mind which disease and poverty could not impair, and which death itself destroyed rather than subdued.' His Lordship's beautiful eulogy: on 'Unhappy White,' in the work above-mentioned, is too well known to require insertion here. With regard to the ballad, it would appear from 'The Remains of Henry Kirke White,' edited by Robert Southey, whose generous assistance of the author while living, and tribute to his memory, after his death, are familiar to all readers, to have first appeared in what his biographer calls 'the little volume which Henry published in 1803.' It is here taken from Southey's edition of his works, above named, London, 1816—22.]

HE night it was still, and the moon it shone,
Serenely on the sea,
And the waves at the foot of the rifted rock,
They murmur'd pleasantly.

When Gondoline roam'd along the shore,
A maiden full fair to the sight ;
Though love had made bleak the rose on her cheek,
And turn'd it to deadly white.

Her thoughts they were drear, and the silent tear
It fill'd her faint blue eye,
As oft she heard, in fancy's ear,
Her Bertrand's dying sigh.

Her Bertrand was the bravest youth
Of all our good king's men,
And he was gone to the Holy Land
To fight the Saracen.

And many a month had past away,
And many a rolling year,
But nothing the maid from Palestine
Could of her lover hear.

Full oft she vainly tried to pierce
The ocean's misty face ;
Full oft she thought her lover's bark
She on the wave could trace.

And every night she placed a light
In the high rock's lonely tower,
To guide her lover to the land,
Should the murky tempest lower.

But now despair had seized her breast,
And sunken in her eye ;
" O tell me but if Bertrand live,
And I in peace will die."

She wander'd o'er the lonely shore,
The curlew scream'd above,
She heard the scream with a sickening heart,
Much boding of her love.

Yet still she kept her lonely way,
And this was all her cry,
" O ! tell me but if Bertrand live,
And I in peace shall die."

And now she came to a horrible rift,
All in the rock's hard side,
A bleak and blasted oak o'erspread
The cavern yawning wide.

And pendant from its dismal top
The deadly nightshade hung ;
The hemlock and the aconite
Across the mouth were flung.

And all within was dark and drear,
And all without was calm ;
Yet Gondoline enter'd, her soul upheld
By some deep-working charm.

And as she enter'd the cavern wide,
The moonbeam gleamed pale,
And she saw a snake on the craggy rock,
It clung by its slimy tail.

Her foot it slipt, and she stood aghast.
She trod on a bloated toad ;
Yet, still upheld by the surest charm,
She kept upon her road.

And now upon her frozen ear
Mysterious sounds arose ;
So, on the mountain's piny top
The blustering north wind blows.

Then furious peals of laughter loud
Were heard with thundering sound,
Till they died away in soft decay,
Low whispering o'er the ground.

Yet still the maiden onward went,
The charm yet onward led,
Though each big glaring ball of sight
Seem'd bursting from her head.

But now a pale blue light she saw,
It from a distance came ;
She follow'd, till upon her sight
Burst full a flood of flame.

She stood appall'd ; yet still the charm
Upheld her sinking soul ;
Yet each bent knee the other smote,
And each wild eye did roll.

And such a sight as she saw there
No mortal saw before,
And such a sight as she saw there
No mortal shall see more.

A burning cauldron stood in the midst,
The flame was fierce and high,
And all the cave so wide and long
Was plainly seen thereby.

And round about the cauldron stout
Twelve withered witches stood :
Their waists were bound with living snakes,
And their hair was stiff with blood.

Their hands were gory too ; and red
And fiercely flamed their eyes ;
And they were muttering indistinct
Their hellish mysteries.

And suddenly they join'd their hands,
And utter'd a joyous cry.
And round about the cauldron stout
They danced right merrily.

And now they stopt ; and each prepared
To tell what she had done,
Since last the lady of the night
Her waning course had run.

Behind a rock stood Gondoline,
Thick weeds her face did veil,
And she leaned fearful forwarder,
To hear the dreadful tale.

The first arose : she said she'd seen
Rare sport since the blind cat mew'd
She'd been to sea in a leaky sieve,
And a jovial storm had brew'd.

She call'd around the winged winds,
And rais'd a devilish rout ;
And she laught so loud, the peals were heard
Full fifteen leagues about.

She said there was a little bark
Upon the roaming wave,
And there was a woman there who'd been
To see her husband's grave.

And she had got a child in her arms,
It was her only child,
And oft its little infant pranks
Her heavy heart beguiled.

And there was too in that same bark,
A father and his son ;
The lad was sickly, and the sire
Was old and woe-begone.

And when the tempest waxed strong,
And the bark could no more it 'bide,
She said it was jovial fun to hear
How the poor devils cried.

The mother claspt her orphan child
Unto her breast and wept ;
And sweetly folded in her arms
The careless baby slept.

And she told how, in the shape of the wind,
As manfully it roar'd,
She twisted her hand in the infant's hair,
And threw it overboard.

And to have seen the mother's pangs,
'Twas a glorious sight to see ;
The crew could scarcely hold her down
From jumping in the sea.

The hag held a lock of the hair in her hand
And it was soft and fair :
It must have been a lovely child,
To have had such lovely hair.

And she said the father in his arms
He held his sickly son,
And his dying throes they fast arose,
His pains were nearly done.

And she throttled the youth with her sinewy hands,
And his face grew deadly blue ;
And the father he tore his thin gray hair,
And kiss'd the livid hue.

And then she told how she bored a hole
In the bark, and it filled away :
And 'twas rare to hear how some did swear,
And some did vow and pray.

The man and woman they soon were dead,
The sailors their strength did urge ;
But the billows that beat were their winding-sheet,
And the wind sung their funeral dirge.

She threw the infant's hair in the fire,
The red flame flamed high,
And round about the cauldron stout
They danced right merrily.

The second begun : She said she had done
The task that Queen Hecate had set her ;
And that the devil, the father of evil,
Had never accomplisht a better.

She said, there was an aged woman,
And she had a daughter fair,
Whose evil habits fill'd her heart
With misery and care.

The daughter had a paramour,
A wicked man was he,
And oft the woman him against
Did murmur grievously.

And the hag had workt the daughter up
To murder her old mother,
That then she might seize on all her goods,
And wanton with her lover.

And one night as the old woman
Was sick and ill in bed,
And pondering solely on the life
Her wicked daughter led,

She heard her footstep on the floor,
And she raised her pallid head,
And she saw her daughter, with a knife,
Approaching to her bed.

And said, My child, I'm very ill,
I have not long to live,
Now kiss my cheek, that ere I die
Thy sins I may forgive.

And the murderess bent to kiss her cheek,
And she lifted the sharp bright knife,
And the mother saw her fell intent,
And hard she begg'd for life.

But prayers would nothing her avail,
And she scream'd aloud with fear,
But the house was lone, and the piercing screams
Could reach no human ear.

And though that she was sick, and old,
She struggled hard, and fought ;
The murderess cut three fingers through
Ere she could reach her throat.

And the hag she held the fingers up,
The skin was mangled sore,
And they all agreed a nobler deed
Was never done before.

And she threw the fingers in the fire,
The red flame flamed high,
And round about the cauldron stout
They danced right merrily.

The third arose : She said she'd been
To holy Palestine ;
And seen more blood in one short day
Than they had all seen in nine.

Now Gondoline, with fearful steps,
Drew nearer to the flame,
For much she dreaded now to hear
Her hapless lover's name.

The hag related then the sports
Of that eventful day,
When on the well-contested field
Full fifteen thousand lay.

She said that she in human gore
Above the knees did wade,
And that no tongue could truly tell
The tricks she there had play'd.

There was a gallant featured youth,
Who like a hero fought ;
He kiss'd a bracelet on his wrist,
And every danger sought.

And in a vassal's garb disguised,
Unto the knight she sues,
And tells him she from Britain comes,
And brings unwelcome news.

That three days ere she had embarkt
His love had given her hand
Unto a wealthy Thane : and thought
Him dead in Holy Land.

And to have seen how he did writhe
When this her tale she told,
It would have made a wizard's blood
Within his heart run cold.

Then fierce he spurr'd his warrior steed,
And sought the battle's bed ;
And soon all mangled o'er with wounds
He on the cold turf bled.

And from his smoking corse she tore
His head, half clove in two.
She ceased, and from beneath her garb
The bloody trophy drew.

The eyes were starting from their socks,
The mouth it ghastly grinn'd
And there was a gash across the brow,
The scalp was nearly skinn'd.

'Twas Bertrand's head ! With a terrible scream
The maiden gave a spring,
And from her fearful hiding place
She fell into the ring.

The lights they fled,—the cauldron sank,
Deep thunders shook the dome,
And hollow peals of laughter came
Resounding through the gloom.

Insensible the maiden lay
Upon the hellish ground,
And still mysterious sounds were heard
At intervals around.

She woke, she half arose—and wild
She cast a horrid glare,
The sounds had ceased, the lights had fled,
And all was stillness there.

And through an awning in the rock
The moon it sweetly shone,
And show'd a river in the cave
Which dismally did moan.

The stream was black, it sounded deep
As it rusht the rocks between,
It offer'd well, for madness fired
The breast of Gondoline.

She plunged in, the torrent moan'd
With its accustom'd sound,
And hollow peals of laughter loud
Again rebellow'd round.

The maid was seen no more.—But oft
Her ghost is known to glide,
At midnight's silent, solemn hour,
Along the ocean's side.



The Battle of Otterbourne.



[This ballad is taken from Percy's 'Reliques,' where it was 'printed from an old MS. in the Cotton Library, (Cleopatra, c. iv.)' In that MS. it has no title; but in a copy in the Harleian Collection [No. 293, fol. 52,] it is, according to Percy, thus inscribed:—'A Song made in R. 2. his tyme of the battele of Otterburne, betweene Lord Henry Percy earle of Northumberlande and the earle Douglas of Scotlande. Anno 1388.' 'But this title,' says Dr. Percy, 'is erroneous: for, 1. The battle was not fought by the Earl of Northumberlande, who was absent, nor is once mentioned in the ballad; but by his son Sir Henry Percy, Knt., surnamed Hotspur; in those times they did not usually give the title of Lord to an earl's eldest son. 2. Although the battle was fought in Richard II.'s time, the song is evidently of later date, as appears from the poet's quoting the Chronicles in Pt. II. ver. 26; and speaking of Percy in the last stanza as dead. It was however written, in all likelihood, as early as 'Chevy Chase.' (Sup. p. 1.) if not earlier, with which poem, it will be observed, it has some lines in common. With regard to the battle itself, which was fought on the 15th August, 1388, the particulars are circumstantially related by Froissart, (Cronycle, by Berners, c. cxlij.) who gives the victory to the Scotch. 'The ground on which it took place,' says Sir Walter Scott, ('Minstrelsy,' i. 347, ed. 1830, still retains the name of the Battle-Cross; and on a neighbouring eminence called Fawdoun Hill, may yet be discerned the vestiges of the Scottish Camp.' The version of the ballad given by Sir Walter, will be found in the Appendix.]

T felle abowght the Lamasse tyde,
 When husbonds wynn ther haye, [ryde,
 The dowghtye Dowglasse bowynd hymn to
 In Ynglond to take a praye :

The yerlle of Fyffe, withowghten stryffe,
 He bowynd hym over Sulway :
 The grete wolde ever together ryde ;
 That race they may rue for aye.

Over Ottercap hyll they came in,
 And so dowyn by Rodelyffe cragge,
 Upon Grene Leyton they lyghted dowyn,
 Styrande many a stagge :

And boldely brente Northomberlonde,
 And haryed many a towyn ;
 They dyd owr Ynglyssh men grete wrange,
 To battell that were not bowyn.

Then spake a berne upon the bent,
 Of comforte that was not colde,
 And sayd, We have brent Northomberlond,
 We have all welth in holde.

Now we have haryed all Bamboroweshyre,
 All the welth in the worlde have wee ;
 I rede we ryde to Newe Castell,
 So styll and stalwurthlye.

Uppon the morowe, when it was daye,
 The standards schone fulle bryght ;
 To the Newe Castelle the toke the waye,
 And thether they cam fulle ryght.

Sir Henry Percy laye at the Newe Castelle,
 I telle yow withowtten drede ;
 He had byn a marche-man all hys dayes,
 And kepte Barwyke upon Twede.

To the Newe Castell when they cam,
 The Skottes they cryde on hyght,
 Syr Harye Percy, and thou hyste within,
 Come to the fylde, and fyght :

For we have brente Northomberlonde,
 Thy eritage good and ryght ;
 And syne my logeyng I have take,
 With my brande dubbyd many a knyght.

Sir Harry Percy cam to the walles,
 The Skottyssh oste for to se ;
 " And thow hast brente Northomberlond,
 Full sore it rewyth me.

Yf thou hast haryed all Bambarowe shyre,
 Thow hast done me grete envye;
 For the trespasse thow hast me done,
 The tone of us schall dye."

Where schall I byde the, sayd the Dowglas?
 Or where wylte thow come to me,
 "At Otterborne in the hygh way,
 Ther maist thow well logeed be.

The roo full rekeles ther sche rinnes,
 To make the game and glee:
 The fawkon and the fesaunt both,
 Amouge the holtes on hee.

Ther maist thow have thy welth at wyll,
 Well looged ther maist be.
 Yt schall not be long, or I com the tyll,"
 Sayd Syr Harry Percye.

Ther schall I byde the, sayd the Dowglas,
 By the fayth of my bodye.
 Thether schall I com, sayd Syr Harry Percy;
 My trowth I plyght to the.

A pype of wyne he gave them over the walles,
 For soth, as I yow saye:
 Ther he mayd the Dowglas drynke,
 And all hys oste that daye.

The Dowglas turnyd hym homewarde agayne,
 For soth withowghten naye,
 He tooke his logeyng at Oterborne
 Uppon a Wedyns-day:

And ther he pyght hys standerd dowyn,
 Hys gettyng more and lesse,
 And syne he warned hys men to goo
 To chose ther geldyngs gresse.

A Skottysshe knyght hoved upon the bent,
 A wache I dare well saye:
 So was he ware on the noble Percy
 In the dawyng of the daye.

He prycked to his pavyleon dore,
 As faste as he myght ronne,
 Awaken, Dowglas, cryed the knyght,
 For hys love, that syttes yn trone.

Awaken, Dowglas, cryed the knyght,
 For thow maiste waken wyth wyne :
 Yender have I spyed the prowde Percy,
 And seven standardes wyth hym.

Nay by my trowth, the Douglas sayed,
 It ys but a fayned taylle :
 He durste not loke on my bred banner,
 For all Ynglonde so haylle.

Was I not yesterdaye at the Newe Castell,
 That stonds so fayre on Tyne ?
 For all the men that Percy hade,
 He cowde not garre me ones to dyne.

He stepped owt at hys pavelyon dore,
 To loke and it were lesse ;
 Araye yow, lordyngs, one and all,
 For here bygynnes no peysse.

The yerle of Mentaye, thow arte my eme,
 The fowarde I gyve to the :
 The yerlle of Huntlay cawte and kene,
 He schall wyth the be.

The lorde of Bowghan in armure bryght
 On the other hand he schall be :
 Lorde Jhonstone, and lorde Maxwell,
 They to schall be with me.

Swynton fayre fylde upon your pryde
 To batell make yow bowen :
 Syr Davy Scotte, Syr Walter Stewarde,
 Syr Jhon of Agurstone.

A FYTTE.

The Perssy came byfore hys oste,
 Wych was ever a gentyll knyght,
 Upon the Dowglas lowde can he crye,
 I wyll holde that I have hyght:

For thow haste brente Northumberlonde,
 And done me grete envye ;
 For thys trespasse thou hast me done,
 The tone of us schall dye.

The Dowglas answerde hym agayne
 With grete wurdz up on hee,
 And sayd, I have twenty agaynst thy one,
 Byholde and thow maiste see.

Wyth that the Percye was grevyd sore,
 For sothe as I yow saye :
 He lyghted dowyn upon his fote,
 And schoote his horsse clene away.

Every man sawe that he dyd soo,
 That ryall was ever in rowght ;
 Every man schoote hys horsse him froo,
 And lyght him rowynde abowght.

Thus Syr Hary Percye toke the fylde,
 For soth, as I yow saye :
 Jesu Cryste in hevyn on hyght
 Dyd helpe hym well that daye.

But nyne thowzand, ther was no moo ;
 The cronykle wyll not layne ;
 Forty thowsande Skottes and fowre
 That day fowght them agayne.

But when the batell byganne to joyne,
 In hast ther came a knyght,
 Then letters fayre furth hath he tayne
 And thus he sayd full ryght :

My lorde, your father he gretes yow well,
 Wyth many a noble knyght ;
 He desyres yow to byde
 That he may see thys fyght.

The Baron of Grastoke ys com owt of the west,
 Wyth hym a noble companye ;
 All they loge at your fathers thys nyght,
 And the Battel fayne wold they see.

For Jesu's love, sayd Syr Harye Percy,
 That dyed for yow and me,
 Wende to my lorde my Father agayne,
 And saye thow saw me not with yee :

My trowth ys plyght to yonne Skottysch knyght,
 It nedes me not to layne,
 That I schulde byde hym upon thys bent,
 And I have hys trowth agayne :

And if that I wende off thys grownde
 For soth unfoughten awaye,
 He wolde me call but a kowarde knyght
 In hys londe another daye.

Yet had I lever tō be rynde and rente,
By Mary that mykel maye ;
Then ever my manhod schulde be reprovyd
Wyth a Skotte another daye.

Wherfore schote, archars, for my sake,
And let scharpe arowes flee ;
Mynstrells, playe up for your waryson,
And well qyt it schall be.

Every man thynke on hys trewe love,
And marke hym to the Trenite :
For to God I make myne avowe
This day wyll I not fle.

The blodye Harte in the Dowglas armes,
Hys standerde stode on hye ;
That every man myght full well knowe :
By syde stode Starres thre.

The whyte Lyon on the Ynglysh parte,
Forsoth as I yow sayne ;
The Lucetts and the Cressawnts both :
The Skotts faught them agayne.

Uppon sent Andrewe lowde cane they crye,
And thrysse they schowte on hyght,
And syne marked them one owr Ynglysshe men,
As I have tolde yow ryght.

Sent George the bryght owr ladyes knyght,
To name they were full fayne,
Owr Ynglysshe men they cryde on hyght
And thrysse the schowtte agayne.

Wyth that scharpe arowes bygan to flee,
I tell yow in sertayne ;
Men of armes byganne to joyne ;
Many a dowghty man was ther slayne.

The Percy and the Dowglas mette,
That ether of other was fayne ;
They schapped together, whyll that the swette,
With swords of fyne Collayne ;

Tyll the blood from ther bassonetts ranne,
As the roke doth in the rayne.
Yelde the to me, sayd the Dowglàs,
Or ells thow schalt be slayne :

For I see, by thy bryght bassonet,
 Thow arte sum man of myght ;
 And so I do by thy burnysshed brande,
 Thow art an yerle, or ells a knyght.

By my good faythe, sayd the noble Percy,
 Now haste thou rede full ryght,
 Yet wyll I never yelde me to the,
 Whyll I may stonde and fyght.

They swapped together, whyll that they swette,
 Wyth swordes scharpe and long ;
 Ych on other so faste they beette,
 Tyll ther helmes cam in pyses down.

The Percy was a man of strength,
 I tell yow in thys stounde,
 He smote the Dowglas at the swordes length,
 That he felle to the growynde.

The sworde was scharpe and sore can byte,
 I tell yow in sertayne ;
 To the harte he cowde hym smyte,
 Thus was the Dowglas slayne.

The stonders stode styll on eke syde
 With many a grevous grone ;
 Ther the fowght the day, and all the nyght,
 And many a dowghty man was slone.

Ther was no freke, that ther wolde flye,
 But styffly in stowre can stond,
 Yehone hewyng on other whyll they myght drye,
 Wyth many a bayllefull bronde.

Ther was slayne upon the Skottes syde,
 For soth and sertenly,
 Syr James a Dowglas ther was slayne,
 That daye that he cowde dye.

The yerle of Mentayne he was slayne,
 Grysely groned uppon the growynd ;
 Syr Davy Scotte, Syr Walter Steward,
 Syr John of Agurstonne.

Syr Charles Morrey in that place
 That never a fote wold flye ;
 Sir Hughe Maxwell, a lord he was,
 With the Dowglas dyd he dye.

Ther was slayne upon the Skottes syde,
For soth as I yow saye,
Of fowre and forty thowsande Scotts
Went but eyghtene awaye.

Ther was slayne upon the Ynglysshe syde,
For soth and sertenlye,
A gentell knyght, Sir John Fitz-hughe,
Yt was the more petye.

Syr James Harebotell ther was slayne,
For hym ther hartes were sore,
The gentyll Lovelle ther was slayne,
That the Percyes standerd bore.

Ther was slayne uppon the Ynglyssh perte,
For soth as I yow saye ;
Of nyne thowsand Ynglyssh men
Fyve hondert cam awaye :

The other were slayne in the fylde,
Cryste kepe ther sowles from wo,
Seyng ther was so fewe fryndes
Agaynst so many many a foo.

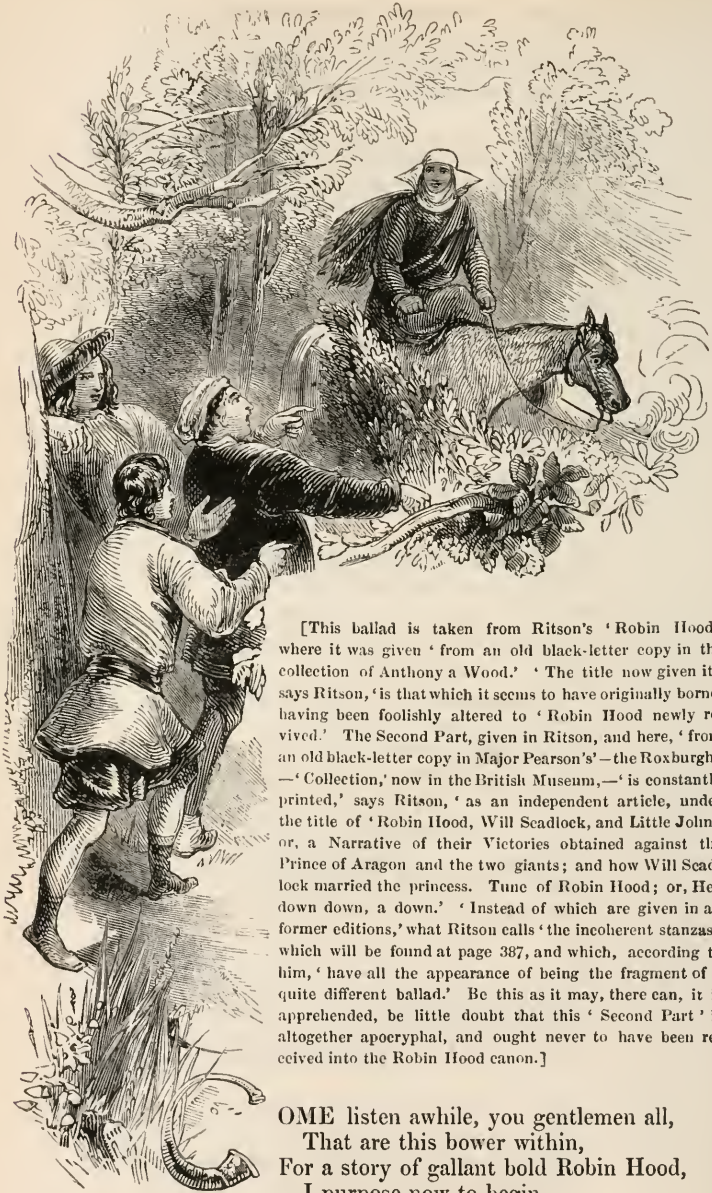
Then one the morne they mayd them beeres
Of byrch, and haysell graye ;
Many a wydowe with wepyng teyres
Ther makes they fette awaye.

Thys fraye bygan at Otterborne
Bytwene the nyghte and the day :
Ther the Dowglas lost hys lyfe,
And the Percy was lede awaye.

Then was ther a Scottyshe prisoner tayne,
Syr Hughe Montgomery was hys name,
For soth as I yow saye
He borowed the Percy home agayne.

Now let us all for the Percy praye
To Jesu most of myght,
To bryng hys sowle to the blysse of heven,
For he was a gentyll knyght.

Robin Hood and the Stranger.



[This ballad is taken from Ritson's 'Robin Hood,' where it was given 'from an old black-letter copy in the collection of Anthony a Wood.' 'The title now given it,' says Ritson, 'is that which it seems to have originally borne, having been foolishly altered to 'Robin Hood newly revived.' The Second Part, given in Ritson, and here, 'from an old black-letter copy in Major Pearson's'—the Roxburghe—'Collection,' now in the British Museum,—'is constantly printed,' says Ritson, 'as an independent article, under the title of 'Robin Hood, Will Scadlock, and Little John; or, a Narrative of their Victories obtained against the Prince of Aragon and the two giants; and how Will Scadlock married the princess. Tune of Robin Hood; or, Hey down down, a down.' 'Instead of which are given in all former editions,' what Ritson calls 'the incoherent stanzas,' which will be found at page 387, and which, according to him, 'have all the appearance of being the fragment of a quite different ballad.' Be this as it may, there can, it is apprehended, be little doubt that this 'Second Part' is altogether apocryphal, and ought never to have been received into the Robin Hood canon.]

OME listen awhile, you gentlemen all,
That are this bower within,
For a story of gallant bold Robin Hood,
I purpose now to begin.

What time of day? quo Robin Hood then,
Quoth Little John, 'tis in the prime.
Why then we will to the green wood gang,
For we have no vittles to dine.

As Robin Hood walkt the forrest along,
It was in the mid of the day,
There he was met of a deft young man,
As ever walkt on the way.

His doublet was of silk tis said,
His stockings like scarlet shone ;
And he walked on along the way,
To Robin Hood then unknown.

A herd of deer was in the bend,
All fee ling before his face :
Now the best of you Ile have to my dinner,
And that in a little space.

Now the stranger he' made no mickle adoe,
But he bends and a right good bow,
And the best of all the herd he slew,
Forty good yards him froe.

Well shot, well shot, quo Robin Hood then,
That shot it was shot in time ;
And if thou wilt accept of the place,
Thou shalt be a bold yeoman of mine.

Go play the chiven, the stranger said,
Make haste and quickly go ;
Or with my fist, be sure of this,
Ile give thee buffets sto'.

Thou hadst not best buffet me, quo Robin Hood,
For though I seem forlorn,
Yet I have those will take my part,
If I but blow my horn.

Thou wast not best wind thy horn, the stranger said,
Beest thou never so much in haste,
For I can draw a good broad sword,
And will quickly cut the blast.

Then Robin Hood bent a very good bow,
To shoot, and that he would fain ;
The stranger he bent a very good bow,
To shoot at bold Robin again.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, quo Robin Hood,
To shoot it would be in vain ;
For if we should shoot the one at the other,
The one of us may be slain.

But let's take our swords and our broad bucklers,
And gang under yonder tree.
As I hope to be saved, the stranger he said,
One foot I will not flee.

Then Robin lent the stranger a blow,
'Most scared him out of his wit ;
Thou never felt blow, the stranger he said,
That shall be better quit.

The stranger he drew out a good broad sword,
And hit Robin on the crown,
That from every haire of bold Robin's head
The blood ran trickling down.

God a mercy, good fellow, quod Robin Hood then,
And for this that thou hast done,
Tell me, good fellow, what thou art,
Tell me where thou dost won.

The stranger then answered bold Robin Hood,
He tell thee where I do dwell ;
In Maxwell town I was bred and born,
My name is young Gamwell.

For killing of my own father's steward,
I am forc'd to this English wood ;
And for to seek an uncle of mine,
Some call him Robin Hood.

But art thou a cousin of Robin Hood, then
The sooner we should have done.
As I hope to be saved, the stranger then said
I am his own sister's son.

But, lord, what kissing and courting was there,
When these two cousins did greet !
And they went all that summer's day,
And Little John did not meet.

And when they met with Little John,
He unto them did say,
O! master, pray where have you been,
You have tarried so long away ?

I met with a stranger, quo Robin Hood,
 Full sore he hath beaten me.
 Then Ile have a bout with him, quod Little John,
 And try if he can beat me.

O no, O no, quo Robin Hood then,
 Little John, it may not be so ;
 For he is my own dear sister's son,
 And cousins I have no mo.

But he shall be a bold yeoman of mine,
 My chief man next to thee ;
 And I Robin Hood, and thou Little John,
 And Scadlock he shall be.

And well be three of the bravest outlaws,
 That live in the north country.
 If you will hear more of bold Robin Hood,
 In the second part it will be.

PART THE SECOND.

Now Robin Hood, Will Scadlock, and Little John,
 Were walking over the plain,
 With a good fat buck, which Will Scadlock
 With his strong bow had slain.

Jog on, jog on, cries Robin Hood,
 The day it runs full fast ;
 For tho' my nephew me a breakfast gave,
 I have not broke my fast.

Then to yonder lodge let us take our way,
 I think it wondrous good,
 Where my nephew, by my bold yeomèn,
 Will be welcom'd unto the green wood.

With that he took his bugle horn,
 Full well he could it blow :
 Straight from the woods came marching down,
 One hundred tall fellows and mo.

Stand, stand to your arms, says Will Scadlock,
 Lo ! the enemies are within ken.
 With that Robin Hood he laugh'd aloud,
 Crying, they are my bold yeomen.

Who when they arriv'd, and Robin espy'd,
Cry'd, master, what is your will?
We thought you had in danger been,
Your horn did sound so shrill.

Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,
The danger is past and gone;
I would have you welcome my nephew here,
That has paid me two for one.

In feasting and sporting they passed the day,
Till Phœbus sunk into the deep;
Then each one to his quarters hied,
His guard there for to keep.

Not long had they walked within the green-wood,
But Robin he soon espy'd,
A beautiful damsel all alone,
That on a black palfrey did ride.

Her riding-suit was of a sable hue black,
Cypress over her face,
Thro' which her rose-like cheeks did blush,
All with a comely grace.

Come tell me the cause, thou pretty one,
Quoth Robin, and tell me a right,
From whence thou comest, and whither thou goest,
All in this mournful plight?

From London I came, the damsel reply'd,
From London upon the Thames,
Which circled is, O, grief to tell!
Besieged with foreign arms,

By the proud Prince of Arragon,
Who swears by his martial hand,
To have the princess to his spouse,
Or else to waste this land,

Except such champions can be found,
That dare fight three to three,
Against the prince, and giants twain,
Most horrid for to see;

Whose grisly looks, and eyes like brands,
Strike terror where they come;
With serpents hissing on their helms,
Instead of feathered plume.

The princess shall be the victor's prize,
The King hath vow'd and said ;
And he that shall the conquest win,
Shall have her to his bride.

Now we are four damsels sent abroad,
To the east, west, north, and south,
To try whose fortune is so good,
To find these champions out.

But all in vain we have sought about,
For none so bold there are,
Who dare adventure life and blood,
To free a lady fair.

When is the day ? quoth Robin Hood,
Tell me this and no more ;
On midsummer next, the damsel said,
Which is June the twenty-four.

With that the tears trickled down her cheeks,
And silent was her tongue ;
With sighs and sobs she took her leave,
And away her palfrey sprung.

The news struck Robin to the heart,
He fell down on the grass,
His actions and his troubled mind
Shew'd he perplexed was.

Where lies your grief ? quoth Will Scadlock,
O master, tell to me ;
If the damsel's eyes have pierc'd your heart,
I'll fetch her back to thee.

Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,
She doth not cause my smart ;
But 'tis the poor distressed princess,
That wounds me to the heart :

I'll go fight the giants all,
To set the lady free ;
The devil take my soul, quoth Little John,
If I part with thy company.

Must I stay behind ? quoth Will Scadlock,
No, no, that must not be ;
He make the third man in the fight,
So we shall be three to three.

These words cheer'd Robin to the heart,
Joy shone upon his face ;
Within his arms he hugged them both,
And kindly did embrace.

Quoth he, we'll put on motley grey,
And long staves in our hands,
A script and bottle by our sides,
As come from the holy land.

So we may pass along the highway,
None will ask us from whence we came ;
But take us pilgrims for to be,
Or else some holy men.

Now they are on their journey gone,
As fast as they may speed ;
Yet for all their haste, ere they arriv'd,
The princess forth was led,

To be delivered to the prince,
Who in the list did stand,
Prepar'd to fight, or else receive
His lady by the hand.

With that he walk'd about the list,
With giants by his side ;
Bring forth, quoth he, your champions,
Or bring me forth my bride.

This is the four and twentieth day,
The day prefixt upon ;
Bring forth my bride, or London burns,
I swear by Alcaron.

Then cries the King, and Queen likewise,
Both weeping as they spake,
Lo ! we have brought our daughter dear,
Whom we are forc'd to forsake.

With that stept bold Robin Hood,
Cries, my liege, it must not be so,
Such beauty as the fair princess
Is not for a tyrant's mow.

The prince he then began to storm,
Cries, fool, fanatic, baboon !
How dare thou stop my valour's prize ?
I'll kill thee with a frown.

Thou tyrant Turk, thou infidel,
Thus Robin began to reply,
Thy frowns I scorn ; lo ! here's my gage,
And thus I thee defy.

And for those two Goliahs here,
That stand on either side,
Here are two little Davids by,
That soon shall tame their pride.

Then did the king for armour send,
For lances, swords, and shields ;
And thus all three in armour bright
Came marching into the field.

The trumpets began to sound a charge,
Each singled out his man ;
Their arms in pieces soon were hew'd,
Blood sprang from every vein.

The prince he reacht Robin Hood a blow,
He struck with might and main,
Which made him to reel about the field,
As though he had been slain.

God a mercy, quoth Robin, for that blow,
The quarrel shall soon be try'd,
This stroke shall shew a full divorce
Betwixt thee and thy bride.

So from his shoulders he cut his head,
Which on the ground did fall,
And grumbled sore at Robin Hood,
To be so dealt withal.

The giants then began to rage,
To see their prince lie dead :
Thou's be the next, quoth Little John,
Unless thou wilt guard thy head.

With that his faulchion he wherl'd about,
It was both keen and sharp,
He clove the giant to the belt,
And cut in twain his heart.

Will Scadlock well had play'd his part,
The giant he had brought to his knee ;
Quoth Will, the devil cannot break his fast,
Unless he have you all three.

So with his faulchion he ran him through,
A deep and ghastly wound ;
Who damn'd and foam'd, curst and blasphem'd,
And then fell to the ground.

Now all the lists with shouts were fill'd,
The skies they did resound,
Which brought the princess to herself,
Who had fallen into a swound.

The king and queen, and princess fair,
Came walking to the place,
And gave the champions many thanks,
And did them farther grace.

Tell me, quoth the king, whence you are,
That thus disguised came,
Whose valour speaks that noble blood
Doth run through every vein.

A boon, a boon, quoth Robin Hood,
On my knees I beg and crave ;
By my crown, quoth the king, I grant,
Ask what, and thou shalt have.

Then pardon I beg for my merry men,
Which are in the green wood,
For Little John and Will Scadlock,
And for me, bold Robin Hood.

Art thou Robin Hood? quoth the king ;
For the valour thou hast shown,
Your pardons I do freely grant,
And welcome every one.

The princess I promis'd the victor's prize,
She cannot have you all three.
She shall choose, quoth Robin ; said Little John,
Then little share falls to me.

Then did the princess view all three,
With a comely lovely grace,
And took Will Scadlock by the hand,
Saying, here I make my choice.

With that a noble lord stept forth,
Of Maxfield earl was he,
Who look'd Will Scadlock in the face,
And wept most bitterly.

Quoth he, I had a son like thee,
Whom I lov'd wondrous well ;
But he is gone, or rather dead,
His name it is young Gamwell.

Then did Will Scadlock fall on his knees,
Crying, father! father! here,
Here kneels your son, your young Gamwell,
You said you lov'd so dear.

But, lord! what embracing and kissing was there,
When all these friends were met!
They are gone to the wedding, and so to the bedding;
And so I bid you good night.

[The following are the Stanzas mentioned in the Introductory Notice, p. 378.]

Then bold Robin Hood to the north he would go,
With valour and mickle might,
With sword by his side, which oft had been tried,
To fight and recover his right.

The first that he met was a bonny bold Scot,
His servant he said he would be:
No, quoth Robin Hood, it cannot be good,
For thou wilt prove false unto me.

Thou hast not been true to sire nor cuz,
Nay, marry, the Scot he said,
As true as your heart, Ile never part,
Gude master, be not afraid.

Then Robin turned his face to the east,
Fight on, my merry men stout,
Our cause is good, quo brave Robin Hood,
And we shall not be beaten out.

The battel grows hot on every side,
The Scotchman made great moan;
Quoth Jockey, gude faith, they fight on each side,
Would I were with my wife Joan!

The enemy compass brave Robin about,
'Tis long ere the battel ends;
There's neither will yield, nor give up the field,
For both are supplied with friends.

This song it was made in Robin Hood's dayes;
Let's pray unto Jove above,
To give us true peace, that mischief may cease,
And war may give place unto love.

[Pt. 2. St. 22. 'Alcaron,' says Ritson, 'is a deity formed by metathesis from Alcoran, a' [the] 'book.' Thus in the old metrical romance of 'The Sowdon of Babylone,'

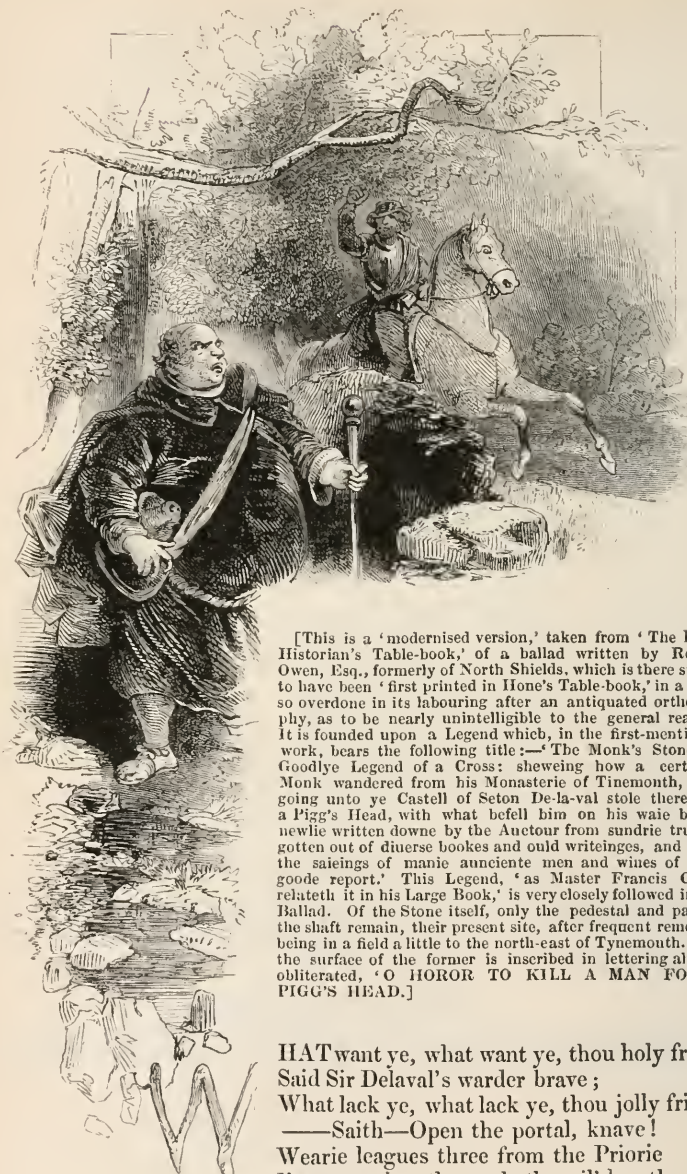
'And songe the dirige of Alkaron,
That bibill is of here laye;'

Alkaron is expressly the name of a book, (i. e., The Koran): in the following passage it is that of a god:

'He defyed Mahounde, and Apolyne,
Jubiter, Astarot, and Alcaron also.'

Wynken de Worde printed 'A lytell treatyse of the Turkes law, called Alcaron, &c.' See Herbert, 224. It was, at the same time, a proper name in the East; as, 'Accaron princeps insulæ Cypri', is mentioned by Roger Hoveden, 786.]

Sir Delaval and the Monk.



[This is a 'modernised version,' taken from 'The Local Historian's Table-book,' of a ballad written by Robert Owen, Esq., formerly of North Shields, which is there stated to have been 'first printed in Hone's Table-book,' in a style so overdone in its labouring after an antiquated orthography, as to be nearly unintelligible to the general reader.' It is founded upon a Legend which, in the first-mentioned work, bears the following title:—'The Monk's Stone: A Goodlye Legend of a Cross: sheweing how a certayne Monk wandered from his Monasterie of Tynemouth, And going unto ye Castell of Seton De-la-val stole therefrom a Pigg's Head, with what befell him on his waie back: newlie written downe by the Auctour from sundrie truths gotten out of diuerse bookes and ould writeinges, and from the saieings of manie aunciente men and wines of verie goode report.' This Legend, 'as Master Francis Grose relateth it in his Large Book,' is very closely followed in the Ballad. Of the Stone itself, only the pedestal and part of the shaft remain, their present site, after frequent removal, being in a field a little to the north-east of Tynemouth. On the surface of the former is inscribed in lettering almost obliterated, 'O HOROR TO KILL A MAN FOR A PIGG'S HEAD.']

HAT want ye, what want ye, thou holy friar,
 Said Sir Delaval's warder brave;
 What lack ye, what lack ye, thou jolly friar?
 —Saith—Open the portal, knave!
 Wearie leagues three from the Priorie
 I've come since the sun hath smil'd on the sea.

Now nay! now nay! thou holy friar,
I may not let ye in;
Sir Delaval's mood is not for the rood,
And he cares not to shrive his sin;
And should he return with his hound and horn,
He will gar thy holiness rin.

For Christ his sake! now say not nay,
But open the portal to me;
And I will donne a rich benison
For thy gentlesse and courtesie;
By mass and by rood! if this boon is withstood
Thou shalt perish by sorcerie.

Then quicklie the portal was open'd wide,
Sir Delaval's hall was made free,
And the table was spread for the friar with speed,
And he feasted right plentifulle.
Did a friar wicht ever lack of might
When he tooke cheap hostelrie?

And the friar he ate, and the friar he drank,
Till the cellarman wondered full sore,
And he wish'd him at home at St. Oswin's tomb,
With his relicks and missal lore:
But the friar did eat of the venison meat,
And the friar he drunk the more!

Now this day was a day of wassail kept,
Sir Delaval's birth day, I ween,
And many a knight and ladye bright,
In Sir Delaval's castle was seen;
But since the sun on the blue sea shone,
They'd hunted the woods so green.

And rich and rare was the feast prepar'd
For the knights and ladyes gay;
And the field and the flood both yielded their brood,
To grace the festal day:
And the wines from Spain which long had lain
And spices from far Cathay.

But first and fairest of all the feast,
 By Sir Delaval priz'd most dear,
 A fat boar roasted in seemly guise,
 To grace his lordly cheer :
 The reek from the fire sore hunger'd the friar,
 In spite of refeeting gear.

And thus thought the friar as he sate,
 This Boar is right savourie !
 I wot 'tis no sin its hede to win
 If I mote right cunninglie ;
 This godless knight is a church-hating wicht,
 To filch him, no knaverie.

With that he took his leathern poke,
 And whetted his knife so sheen,
 And he patiently sat at the kitchen grate
 Till no villeins were thither seen ;
 Then with meikle drede cut off the boar's hede,
 As tho' it never had been.

Then the friar he nimbly footed the sward,
 And bent him to holy pile ;
 For once within its sacred shrine,
 He'd laugh and joke at his guile ;
 But hie thee fast with thy utmost haste,
 For thy gate is many a mile.

Now Christ ye save ! when the villeins saw,
 The boar without his hede,
 They wist and grie that witcherie
 Had done the fearsome deed :
 In sore distraught the friar they sought,
 To help them in their need.

They sought and sought, and long they sought,
 No friar, no hede, could find,
 For friar and hede, far o'er the meade,
 Were scudding it like the wind :
 But haste, but haste ! thou jolly friar,
 Where bolt and bar will bind.

The sun was high in his journey's flight,
And homeward the fisher boat rowed,
When the deep sounding horn told Sir Delaval's return,
With his knights and ladyes proud :
The bagpipes did sound, and the jest went round,
And revelrie merrie and loud.

But meikle, but meikle was the rage,
Of the host and the companie,
When the tale was told of the deed so bold,
Which was laid to witcherie ;
And how in distraught, the monk they sought,
The monk of the Priorie.

Now rightlie I trow, Sir Delaval knew,
When told of the friar knave,
By my knighthood I vow he shall dearly rue,
This trick he thought so brave :
And away flew the knight like an eagle's flight,
O'er the sands of the northern wave.

And fast and fast Sir Delaval rode
Till the Priorie gate was in view,
And the knight was aware of a friar tall,
With a look both tired and grue,
Who with rapid span o'er the green-sward ran,
The wrath of the knight to eschew.

But stay! but stay! thou friar knave,
But stay and shew to me,
What thou hast in that leathern poke,
Which thou mayest carry so hie!—
Now, Christ ye save! said the friar knave,
Fire-wood for the Priorie.

Thou liest! thou liest! thou knavish priest,
Thou liest unto me!—
The knight he took the leathern poke,
And his boar's hede did espie,
And still the reek from the scorched check,
Did seem right savourie.

Gods'wot ! but had ye seen the friar,
 With his skin of livid hue,
 When the knight drew out the reeking snout,
 And flourished his hunting thew ;
 Gramercie, gramercie ! Sir Knight on me,
 As the Virgin will mercy shew !”

But the knight he banged the friar about,
 And beat his hide full sore ;
 And he beat him as he rolled on the sward,
 Till the friar did loudly roar :
 No mote he spare the friar maire,
 Than Mahound on eastern shore.

Now take ye that ye dog of a monk !
 Now take ye that from me ;—
 And away rode the knight, in great delight,
 At his feat of flagellrie :
 And the sands did resound to his war-steed's bound,
 As he rode near the margined sea.

But who's that hies from the Priorie gate,
 With a cross so holie and tall,
 And of monks a crowd all yelping loud,
 At what might the friar befall,
 For they saw the deed from the Priorie hede,
 And heard him piteous call ?

The friar he lay in sore distraught,
 All writhing in grim dismay,
 Each lashèd wound spread blood on the ground,
 And tinged the daisy gay :
 Woe fall the deede ! and there lay the hede,
 Both reeking as well might they.

No word he spake, no cry could make
 When the prior came breathless nigh ;
 But the tears yran from the holy man,
 As he heavéd many a sigh :
 Then the prior was rede of the savourie hede,
 That near the monk did lie.

Then they bore the monk to the Priorie gate,
 In dolorous step and slow ;
 They vengeance vowed, in curses loud,
 On the horseman wicht I trow ;
 The welkin rang with their yammerings lang,
 As they came the Priorie to.

A leech of skill, with meikle care,
 And herbs and conjurie,
 Soon gave the monk his wonted spunk,
 For his quippes and knaverie ;
 When he told how the knight, Sir Delaval hight,
 Had done the batterie.

But woe for this knight of high degree,
 And greet as well he may !
 For the friar I wot he battered and bruised
 Took ill, as the churchmen say,
 And is surely deade withouten remede,
 Within year and eke a day.

Farewell to youre lands, Sir Delaval bold,
 Farewell to youre castles three,
 They're gone from thy heir, tho' grievest thou sair,
 They're gone to the Priorie ;
 And thou must thole a woollen stole,
 And lack thy libertie.

Three long long years in dolefull guise,
 In Tynemouth Abbey pray,
 And many a mass to heavenward pass
 For the friar that thou didst slay ;
 Thou mayest look o'er the sea, and wish to be free,
 But the prior of Tynemouth sayeth naye.

When thou hast spent three long long years
 To the holy land thou must hie,
 Thy falchion wield on the battle field,
 'Gainst the Paynim chivalrie ;
 Three crescents bright, must thou win in fight,
 Ere thou winn'st thy dear countrie.

And on the spot where the ruthless deed
Ystained the meadow greene,
All fair to see in masonrie,
As tall as anie oaken treene,
Thou must set a stone, with a legend thereon,
That a murder there had been.

The masses most grieved Sir Delaval sore,
But pray he must and may,
He thummelled his bead, and beat his head
Through the night and through the day,
Till the three years o'er he leapt to the shore,
And cried—To the battle away!

He doffed his stole of woollen coarse,
And donned in knightly pride
His blade and cuirass, and said no more mass,
While he crossed the billowy tide:
No candle! no rood! but the fighting mood
Was the mood of the border side.

Soon, soon, midst the foes of the holy land,
Where the lances thickly grew,
Was Sir Delaval seen, with his brand so keen
On his steed so strong and true;
The Pagans they fell, and passed to hell,
And he many a Saracen slew.

Gallantly rode sir Delaval on,
Where lethal wounds were given,
And the onsets brave, like a sweeping wave,
Roll'd the warriors of Christ to heaven:
But for each holy knight ysleine in fight,
A hundred false hearts were riven.

And he soon from the ranks of Saladin bore
Three crescents of silver sheen,
No Pagan knight might withstand his might,
Who fought for wife and wean;
Saint George! cried the knight, and England's might!
Or a bed 'neath the hillock green!

Now brave Sir Delaval's penance was done,
 He homeward sought his way,
 From the battle plain, across the main,
 To fair England's welcome bay ;
 To see his lone bride to the north he hied,
 Withouten stop or stay.

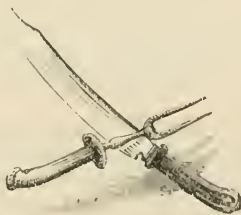
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Once more is merrie the border land,
 Hark ! through the midnight gale
 The bagpipes again play a wassail strain,
 Round round flies the joyous tale :
 Many a joke of the friar's poke
 Is passed o'er hill and dale.

The Ladye Delaval once more smiled,
 And sang to her wean on her knee,
 And prayed her knight in fond delight
 While he held her lovinglie :
 Nor grieved he more of his dolours sore,
 Tho' stripped of land and fee.

At Warkworth castle which proudly looks
 O'er the stormy northern main,
 The Percy greeted the Border knight,
 With his merriest minstrel strain :
 'Thronged was the hall with nobles all,
 To welcome the knight again.

Now at this day while years roll on,
 And the knight doth coldly lie,
 A stone doth stand on the silent land,
 To tellen the strangers nigh,
 That a horrid deede for a pig his hede
 Did thence to heavenward cry.



The Gay Goss-Hawk.



[This ballad is taken from 'The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' where it was given, as 'never before published, partly from one, under the same title, in Mrs. Brown's Collection, and partly from a MS. of some antiquity, penes Edit. The stanzas appearing to possess most merit were selected from each copy.' It is to be regretted that Sir Walter Scott did not give the two versions in their genuine state rather than a third made up of them. Some idea, however, of what they were may be gotten from comparing the ballad, as given by him, with what Mr. Motherwell calls 'a less complete version' of it, which he prints in his 'Minstrelsy,' under the title of 'The Jolly Goshawk;' and which will be found in the Appendix. With regard to the story of the ballad, 'there is,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'some resemblance betwixt it and an Irish Fairy Tale, called 'The Adventures of Faravla, Princess of Scotland, and Carral O'Daly, son of Donogho More O'Daly, Chief Bard of Ireland.' The princess, being desperately in love with Carral, despatches in search of him a faithful confidante, who, by her magical art, transforms herself into a hawk, and, resting upon the windows of the bard, conveys to him information of the distress of the Princess of Scotland.']



WALY, waly, my gay goss-hawk,
Gin your feathering be sheen !"
" And waly, waly, my master dear,
Gin ye look pale and lean !

“ O have ye tint, at tournament,
Your sword, or yet your spear ?
Or mourn ye for the Southern lass,
Whom you may not win near ? ”

“ I have not tint, at tournament,
My sword, nor yet my spear ;
But sair I mourn for my true love,
Wi’ mony a bitter tear.

“ But weel’s me on ye, my gay goss-hawk,
Ye can baith speak and flee ;
Ye sall carry a letter to my love,
Bring an answer back to me.”

“ But how sall I your true love find,
Or how suld I her know ?
I bear a tongue ne’er wi’ her spake,
An eye that ne’er her saw.”

“ O weel sall ye my true love ken,
Sae sune as ye her see ;
For, of a’ the flowers of fair England,
The fairest flower is she.

“ The red, that’s on my true love’s cheik,
Is like blood drops on the snaw ;
The white, that is on her breast bare,
Like the down o’ the white sea-maw.

“ And even at my love’s bour door
There grows a flowering birk ;
And ye maun sit and sing thereon
As she gangs to the kirk.

“ And four-and-twenty fair ladyes
Will to the mass repair ;
But well may ye my ladye ken,
The fairest ladye there.”

Lord William has written a love letter,
Put it under his piunion gray ;
And he is awa’ to Southern land
As fast as wings can gae.

And even at that ladye’s bour
There grew a flowering birk ;
And he sat down and sung thereon
As she gaed to the kirk.

And weel he kent that ladye fair
 Amang her maidens free ;
 For the flower, that springs in May morning,
 Was not sae sweet as she.

He lighted at the ladye's gate,
 And sat him on a pin ;
 And sang fu' sweet the notes o' love,
 Till a' was cosh within.

And first he sang a low low note,
 And syne he sang a clear ;
 And aye the o'erword o' the sang
 Was—" Your love can no win here."

" Feast on, feast on, my maidens a',
 The wine flows you amang,
 While I gang to my shot-window,
 And hear yon bonnie bird's sang.

" Sing on, sing on, my bonnie bird,
 The sang ye sung yestreen :
 For weel I ken, by your sweet singing,
 Ye are frae my true love seen."

O first he sang a merry sang,
 And syne he sang a grave ;
 And syne he peck'd his feathers gray,
 To her the letter gave.

" Have there a letter from lord William :
 He says he's sent ye three,
 He canna wait your love langer,
 But for your sake he'll die."

" Gae bid him bake his bridal bread,
 And brew his bridal ale ;
 And I shall meet him at Mary's kirk,
 Lang, lang ere it be stale."

The lady's gane to her chamber,
 And a moanfu' woman was she ;
 As gin she had ta'en a sudden brash,
 And were about to die.

" A boon, a boon, my father deir
 A boon I beg of thee !"
 Ask not that paughty Scottish lord,
 For him you ne'er shall see.

“ But, for your honest asking else
Weel granted it shall be.”

“ Then, gin I die in Southern land,
In Scotland gar bury me.

“ And the first kirk that ye come to,
Ye’s gar the mass be sung ;
And the next kirk that ye come to,
Ye’s gar the bells be rung.

And when ye come to St. Mary’s kirk,
Ye’s tarry there till night.”
And so her father pledged his word,
And so his promise plight.

She has ta’en her to her bigly bour
As fast as she could fare ;
And she has drank a sleepy draught,
That she had mix’d wi’ care.

And pale, pale grew her rosy cheek,
That was sae bright of blee,
And she seemed to be as surely dead
As any one could be.

Then spak’ her cruel step-minnie,
“ Tak’ ye the burning lead,
And drap a drap on her bosome,
To try if she be dead.”

They took a drap o’ boiling lead,
They drapp’d on her breast ;
“ Alas ! alas !” her father cried,
“ She’s dead without the priest.”

She neither chatter’d with her teeth,
Nor chiver’d with her chin ;
“ Alas ! alas !” her father cried,
“ There is nae breath within.”

Then up arose her seven brethren,
And hew’d to her a bier ;
They hew’d it frae the solid aik,
Laid it o’er wi’ silver clear.

Then up and gat her seven sisters,
And sewed to her a kell ;
And every steek that they put in
Sewed to a siller bell.

The first Scots kirk that they cam' to,
 They garr'd the bells be rung,
 The next Scots kirk that they cam' to,
 They garr'd the mass be sung.

But when they cam' to St. Mary's kirk,
 There stood spearmen all in a raw ;
 And up and started lord William,
 The chieftane amang them a'.

“Set down, set down the bier,” he said ;
 “And let me look her upon :”
 But as soon as lord William touched her hand,
 Her colour began to come.

She brightened like the lily flower,
 Till her pale colour was gone ;
 With rosy cheik, and ruby lip,
 She smiled her love upon.

“A morsal of your bread, my lord,
 And one glass of your wine :
 For I ha'e fasted these three lang days,
 All for your sake and mine.

“Gae hame, gae hame, my seven bauld brothers !
 Gae hame and blaw your horn !
 I trow ye wad ha'e gi'en me the skaith,
 But I've gi'en you the scorn.

“Commend me to my grey father,
 That wish'd my saul gude rest !
 But wae be to my cruel step-dame,
 Garr'd burn me on the breast.”

“Ah ! woe to you, you light woman !
 An ill death may you dee !
 For we left father and sisters at hame
 Breaking their hearts for thee.”



The Hermit of Warkworth.



[This ballad was written by Dr. Percy, afterwards Bishop of Dromore in Ireland; 'a poet and a man of taste,' says Sir Walter Scott, ('Minstrelsy,' i. 44, &c.) 'who, commanding access to the individuals and institutions which could best afford him materials for executing the task of collecting and illustrating ancient popular poetry, gave the public the result of his researches in a work entitled 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,' (London, 1765); a work which must always be held among the first of its class in point of merit, and which the taste with which the materials were chosen, the extreme felicity with which they were illustrated, the display at once of antiquarian knowledge and classical reading which the collection indicated, render it difficult to imitate, and impossible to excel.' How deeply indebted to the 'learned and amiable prelate's, work the present collection is, the reader of it does not require to be reminded. It was not merely as a collector and illustrator, however, 'a gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff,' that the doctor excelled: for 'in the actual imitation of the ancient ballad,' says the great authority already quoted, 'he was eminently successful. The 'Hermit of Warkworth,' and other minstrel tales of his composition, must always be remembered with fondness by those who have perused them in that period of life when the feelings are strong, and the taste for poetry, especially of this simple nature, is keen and poignant.' The ballad was first published in 1771, under the title, 'The Hermit of Warkworth. A Northumberland Ballad. In three Fits or Cantos.' London; 4to; from which edition it is here taken. It was accompanied with an Introduction and Notes, such parts of which as are necessary to the understanding, or pertinent in illustrating it, will be found in the Notes.]



ARK was the night, and wild the storm,
And loud the torrent's roar;
And loud the sea was heard to dash
Against the distant shore.

Musing on man's weak hapless state,
The lonely hermit lay,
When, lo ! he heard a female voice
Lament in sore dismay.

With hospitable haste he rose,
And waked his sleeping fire,
And snatching up a lighted brand,
Forth hied the reverend sire.

All sad beneath a neighbouring tree
A beauteous maid he found,
Who beat her breast, and with her tears
Bedewed the mossy ground.

O weep not, lady, weep not so,
Nor let vain fears alarm ;
My little cell shall shelter thee,
And keep thee safe from harm.

It is not for myself I weep,
Nor for myself I fear,
But for my dear and only friend,
Who lately left me here :

And while some sheltering bower he sought
Within this lonely wood,
Ah ! sore I fear his wandering feet
Have slipt in yonder flood.

O! trust in Heaven, the hermit said,
And to my cell repair ;
Doubt not but I shall find thy friend,
And ease thee of thy care.

Then climbing up his rocky stairs,
He scales the cliff so high,
And calls aloud and waves his light
To guide the stranger's eye.

Among the thickets long he winds,
With careful steps and slow,
At length a voice returned his call,
Quick answering from below :

O tell me, father, tell me true,
If you have chanced to see
A gentle maid I lately left
Beneath some neighbouring tree :

But either I have lost the place,
 Or she hath gone astray :
 And much I fear this fatal stream
 Hath snatcht her hence away.

Praise Heaven, my son, the hermit said,
 The lady's safe and well :
 And soon he joined the wandering youth,
 And brought him to his cell.

Then well was seen, these gentle friends
 They loved each other dear :
 The youth he prest her to his heart,
 The maid let fall a tear.

Ah ! seldom had their host, I ween,
 Beheld so sweet a pair :
 The youth was tall with manly bloom ;
 She slender, soft, and fair.

The youth was clad in forest green,
 With bugle-horn so bright ;
 She in a silken robe and scarf,
 Snatcht up in hasty flight.

Sit down, my children, says the sage ;
 Sweet rest your limbs require :
 Then heaps fresh fuel on the hearth,
 And mends his little fire.

Partake, he said, my simple store,
 Dried fruits, and milk, and curds ;
 And spreading all upon the board,
 Invites with kindly words.

Thanks, father, for thy bounteous fare,
 The youthful couple say ;
 Then freely ate, and made good cheer,
 And talkt their cares away.

Now say, my children (for perchance
 My counsel may avail),
 What strange adventure brought you here
 Within this lonely dale ?

First tell me, father, said the youth
 (Nor blame mine eager tongue,)
 What town is near ? What lands are these ?
 And to what lord belong ?

Alas! my son, the hermit said,
Why do I live to say,
The rightful lord of these domains
Is banisht far away?

Ten winters now have shed their snows
On this my lowly hall,
Since valiant Hotspur (so the North
Our youthful lord did call)

Against Fourth Henry Bolingbroke
Led up his northern powers,
And stoutly fighting, lost his life
Near proud Salopia's towers.

One son he left, a lovely boy,
His country's hope and heir;
And, oh! to save him from his foes,
It was his grandsire's care.

In Scotland safe he placed the child
Beyond the reach of strife,
Not long before the brave old earl
At Bramham lost his life.

And now the Percy name, so long
Our northern pride and boast,
Lies hid, alas! beneath a cloud;
Their honours reft and lost.

No chieftain of that noble house
Now leads our youth to arms;
The bordering Scots despoil our fields,
And ravage all our farms.

Their halls and castles, once so fair,
Now moulder in decay;
Proud strangers now usurp their lands,
And bear their wealth away.

Not far from hence, where yon full stream
Runs winding down the lea,
Fair Warkworth lifts her lofty towers,
And overlooks the sea.

Those towers, alas! now lie forlorn,
With noisome weeds o'erspread,
Where feasted lords and courtly dames,
And where the poor were fed.

Meantime, far off, 'mid Scottish hills,
The Percy lives unknown ;
On stranger's bounty he depends,
And may not claim his own.

O might I with these aged eyes
But live to see him here,
Then should my soul depart in bliss !—
He said, and dropt a tear.

And is the Percy still so loved
Of all his friends and thee ?
Then bless me, father, said the youth,
For I, thy guest, am he.

Silent he gazed, then turned aside
To wipe the tears he shed ;
And lifting up his hands and eyes,
Poured blessings on his head :

Welcome, our dear and much-loved lord,
Thy country's hope and care :
But who may this young lady be,
That is so wondrous fair ?

Now, father, listen to my tale,
And thou shalt know the truth ;
And let thy sage advice direct
My unexperienced youth.

In Scotland I've been nobly bred
Beneath the Regent's hand,
In feats of arms, and every lore
To fit me for command.

With fond impatience long I burned
My native land to see ;
At length I won my guardian friend
To yield that boon to me.

Then up and down, in hunter's garb,
I wandered as in chase,
Till, in the noble Neville's house,
I gained a hunter's place.

Sometime with him I lived unknown,
Till I'd the hap so rare
To please this young and gentle dame,
That baron's daughter fair.

Now, Percy, said the blushing maid,
The truth I must reveal ;
Souls great and generous, like to thine,
Their noble deeds conceal.

It happened on a summer's day,
Led by the fragrant breeze,
I wandered forth to take the air
Among the greenwood trees.

Sudden a band of rugged Scots,
That near in ambush lay,
Moss-troopers from the border-side,
There seized me for their prey.

My shrieks had all been spent in vain ;
But Heaven that saw my grief,
Brought this brave youth within my call,
Who flew to my relief.

With nothing but his hunting spear,
And dagger in his hand,
He sprung like lightning on my foes,
And caused them soon to stand.

He fought till more assistance came ;
The Scots were overthrown ;
Thus freed me, captive, from their bands,
To make me more his own.

O happy day ! the youth replied ;
Blest were the wounds I bare !
From that fond hour she deigned to smile,
And listen to my prayer.

And when she knew my name and birth,
She vowed to be my bride ;
But oh ! we feared (alas, the while)
Her princely mother's pride :

Sister of haughty Bolingbroke,
Our house's ancient foe,
To me I thought a banisht wight
Could ne'er such favour show.

Despairing then to gain consent,
At length to fly with me
I won this lovely timorous maid ;
To Scotland bound are we.

This evening, as the night drew on,
 Fearing we were pursued,
 We turned adown the right-hand path,
 And gained this lonely wood ;

Then lighting from our weary steeds
 To shun the pelting shower,
 We met thy kind conducting hand,
 And reacht this friendly bower.

Now rest ye both, the hermit said ;
 Awhile your cares forego :
 Nor, lady, scorn my humble bed ;—
 We'll pass the night below.

FIT II.

Lovely smiled the blushing morn,
 And every storm was fled ;
 But lovelier far, with sweeter smile,
 Fair Eleanor left her bed.

She found her Henry all alone,
 And cheered him with her sight :
 The youth, consulting with his friend,
 Had watcht the livelong night.

What sweet surprise o'erpowered her breast,
 Her cheeks what blushes dyed,
 When fondly he besought her there
 To yield to be his bride !

Within this lonely hermitage
 There is a chapel meet ;
 Then grant, dear maid, my fond request,
 And make my bliss complete.

O Henry, when thou deigust to sue,
 Can I thy suit withstand ?
 When thou, loved youth, hast won my heart,
 Can I refuse my hand ?

For thee I left a father's smiles
 And mother's tender care ;
 And whether weal or woe betide,
 Thy lot I mean to share.

And wilt thou, then, O generous maid,
Such matchless favour show,
To share with me, a banisht wight,
My peril, pain, or woe ?

Now Heaven, I trust, hath joys in store
To crown thy constant breast ;
For, know, fond hope assures my heart
That we shall soon be blest.

Not far from hence stands Coquet Isle,
Surrounded by the sea ;
There dwells a holy friar, well known
To all thy friends and thee :

'Tis Father Bernard, so revered
For every worthy deed :
To Raby Castle he shall go,
And for us kindly plead.

To fetch this good and holy man
Our reverend host is gone ;
And soon, I trust, his pious hands
Will join us both in one.

Thus they in sweet and tender talk
The lingering hours beguile :
At length they see the hoary sage
Come from the neighbouring isle.

With pious joy and wonder mixt
He greets the noble pair,
And glad consents to join their hands
With many a fervent prayer.

Then straight to Raby's distant walls
He kindly wends his way :
Meantime in love and dalliance sweet
They spend the livelong day.

And now, attended by their host,
The hermitage they viewed,
Deep-hewn within a craggy cliff,
And overhung with wood.

And near a flight of shapely steps,
All cut with nicest skill,
And piercing through a stony arch,
Ran winding up the hill.

There, deckt with many a flower and herb,
His little garden stands ;
With fruitful trees in shady rows,
All planted by his hands.

Then, scoopt within the solid rock,
Three sacred vaults he shows :
The chief a chapel, neatly archt,
On branching columns rose.

Each proper ornament was there
That should a chapel grace :
The latice for confession framed,
And holy-water vase.

O'er either door a sacred text
Invites to godly fear ;
And in a little scutcheon hung
The cross, and crown, and spear.

Up to the altar's ample breadth
Two easy steps ascend ;
And near, a glimmering solemn light
Two well-wrought windows lend.

Beside the altar rose a tomb,
All in the living stone,
On which a young and beauteous maid
In goodly sculpture shone.

A kneeling angel, fairly carved,
Leaned hovering o'er her breast ;
A weeping warrior at her feet,
And near to these her crest.

The cliff, the vault, but chief the tomb,
Attract the wondering pair :
Eager they ask, What hapless dame
Lies sculptured here so fair ?

The hermit sighed, the hermit wept,
For sorrow scarce could speak ;
At length he wiped the trickling tears
That all bedewed his cheek :

Alas ! my children, human life
Is but a vale of woe ;
And very mournful is the tale
Which ye so fain would know.



THE HERMIT'S TALE.

Young lord, thy grandsire had a friend
 In days of youthful fame ;
 Yon distant hills were his domains ;
 Sir Bertram was his name.

Where'er the noble Percy fought,
 His friend was at his side ;
 And many a skirmish with the Scots
 Their early valour tried.

Young Bertram loved a beauteous maid,
 As fair as fair might be ;
 The dew-drop on the lily's cheek
 Was not so fair as she.

Fair Widdrington the maiden's name,
Yon towers her dwelling-place ;
Her sire an old Northumbrian chief,
Devoted to thy race.

Many a lord, and many a knight,
To this fair damsel came ;
But Bertram was her only choice ;
For him she felt a flame.

Lord Percy pleaded for his friend ;
Her father soon consents ;
None but the beauteous maid herself
His wishes now prevents.

But she with studied fond delays
Defers the blissful hour,
And loves to try his constancy,
And prove her maiden power.

That heart, she said, is lightly prized
Which is too lightly won,
And long shall rue that easy maid,
Who yields her love too soon.

Lord Percy made a solemn feast
In Alnwick's princely hall,
And there came lords, and there came knights,
His chiefs and barons all.

With wassail, mirth, and revelry,
The castle rung around :
Lord Percy called for song and harp,
And pipes of martial sound.

The minstrels of thy noble house,
All clad in robes of blue,
With silver crescents on their arms,
Attend in order due.

The great achievements of thy race
They sung : their high command :
" How valiant Mainfred o'er the seas
First led his northern band.

Brave Galfrid next to Normandy
With venturous Rollo came ;
And from his Norman castles won,
Assumed the Percy name.

They sung how in the Conqueror's fleet
 Lord William shipt his powers,
 And gained a fair young Saxon bride
 With all her lands and towers.

Then journeying to the Holy Land,
 There bravely fought and died :
 But first the silver crescent wan,
 Some Paynim Soldan's pride.

They sung how Agnes, beauteous heir,
 The queen's own brother wed,
 Lord Josceline, sprung from Charlemagne,
 In princely Brabant bred.

How he the Percy name revived,
 And how his noble line
 Still foremost in their country's cause
 With godlike ardour shine."

With loud acclaims the listening crowd
 Applaud the master's song,
 And deeds of arms and war became
 The theme of every tongue.

Now high heroic acts they tell,
 Their perils past recall :
 When lo ! a damsel young and fair
 Stept forward through the hall.

She Bertram courteously addrest ;
 And kneeling on her knee—
 Sir knight, the lady of thy love
 Hath sent this gift to thee.

Then forth she drew a glittering helme,
 Well-plated many a fold,
 The casque was wrought of tempered steel,
 The crest of burnisht gold.

Sir knight, thy lady sends thee this,
 And yields to be thy bride,
 When thou hast proved this maiden gift
 Where sharpest blows are tried.

Young Bertram took the shining helme,
 And thrice he kist the same :
 Trust me, I'll prove this precious casque
 With deeds of noblest fame.

Lord Percy and his barons bold
Then fix upon a day
To scour the marches, late opprest,
And Scottish wrongs repay.

The knights assembled on the hills,
A thousand horse and more :
Brave Widdrington, though sunk in years,
The Percy standard bore.

Tweed's limpid current soon they pass,
And range the borders round :
Down the green slopes of Tiviotdale
Their bugle-horns resound.

As when a lion in his den
Hath heard the hunter's cries,
And rushing forth to meet his foes,
So did the Douglas rise.

Attendant on their chief's command
A thousand warriors wait :
And now the fatal hour drew on
Of cruel keen debate.

A chosen troop of Scottish youths
Advance before the rest ;
Lord Percy markt their gallant mien,
And thus his friend address.

Now, Bertram, prove thy lady's helme,
Attack yon forward band ;
Dead or alive I'll rescue thee,
Or perish by their hand.

Young Bertram bowed, with glad assent,
And spurred his eager steed,
And calling on his lady's name,
Rusht forth with whirlwind speed.

As when a grove of sapling oaks
The livid lightning rends,
So fiercely 'mid the opposing ranks
Sir Bertram's sword descends.

This way and that he drives the steel,
And keenly pierces through ;
And many a tall and comely knight
With furious force he slew.

Now closing fast on every side,
They hem Sir Bertram round ;
But dauntless he repels their rage,
And deals forth many a wound.

The vigour of his single arm
Had well-nigh won the field,
When ponderous fell a Scottish axe,
And clove his lifted shield.

Another blow his temples took,
And reft his helme in twain—
That beauteous helme, his lady's gift !—
His blood bedewed the plain.

Lord Percy saw his champion fall
Amid the unequal fight ;
And now, my noble friends, he said,
Let's save this gallant knight.

Then rushing in, with stretcht-out shield
He o'er the warrior hung,
As some fierce eagle spreads her wing
To guard her callow young.

Three times they strove to seize their prey,
Three times they quick retire :
What force could stand his furious strokes,
Or meet his martial fire ?

Now, gathering round on every part,
The battle raged amain ;
And many a lady wept her lord,
That hour untimely slain.

Percy and Douglas, great in arms,
There all their courage showed ;
And all the field was strewed with dead,
And all with crimson flow'd.

At length the glory of the day
The Scots reluctant yield,
And, after wonderous valour shown,
They slowly quit the field.

All pale, extended on their shields,
And weltering in his gore,
Lord Percy's knights their bleeding friend
To Wark's fair castle bore.

Well hast thou earned my daughter's love,
Her father kindly said ;
And she herself shall dress thy wounds,
And tend thee in thy bed.

A message went, no daughter came ;
Fair Isabel ne'er appears ;
Beshrew me, said the aged chief,
Young maidens have their fears.

Cheer up, my son, thou shalt her see
So soon as thou canst ride,
And she shall nurse thee in her bower,
And she shall be thy bride.

Sir Bertram at her name revived ;
He blest the soothing sound ;
Fond hope supplied the nurse's care,
And healed his ghastly wound.

FIT III.

One early morn, while dewy drops
Hung trembling on the tree,
Sir Bertram from his sick-bed rose,
His bride he would go see.

A brother he had in prime of youth,
Of courage firm and keen,
And he would tend him on the way,
Because his wounds were green.

All day o'er moss and moor they rode,
By many a lonely tower ;
And 'twas the dew-fall of the night
Ere they drew near her bower.

Most drear and dark the castle seemed,
That wont to shine so bright ;
And long and loud Sir Bertram called
Ere he beheld a light.

At length her aged nurse arose,
With voice so shrill and clear :
What wight is this that calls so loud,
And knocks so boldly here ?

'Tis Bertram calls, thy lady's love,
 Come from his bed of care :
 All day I've ridden o'er moor and moss,
 To see thy lady fair.

Now out, alas ! (she loudly shriekt)
 Alas! how may this be ?
 For six long days are gone and past
 Since she set out to thee.

Sad terror seized Sir Bertram's heart,
 And oft he deeply sighed ;
 When now the drawbridge was let down,
 And gates set open wide.

Six days, young knight, are past and gone
 Since she set out to thee,
 And sure, if no sad harm had hapt,
 Long since thou wouldst her see.

For when she heard thy grievous chance,
 She tore her hair, and cried,
 Alas! I've slain the comeliest knight
 All through my folly and pride !

And now to atone for my sad fault,
 And his dear health regain,
 I'll go myself, and nurse my love,
 And soothe his bed of pain.

Then mounted she her milk-white steed
 One morn by break of day,
 And two tall yeomen went with her
 To guard her on the way.

Sad terror smote Sir Bertram's heart,
 And grief o'erwhelmed his mind :
 Trust me, said he, I ne'er will rest
 Till I thy lady find.

That night he spent in sorrow and care ;
 And with sad boding heart,
 Or ever the dawning of the day,
 His brother and he depart.

Now, brother, we'll our ways divide,
 O'er Scottish hills to range ;
 Do thou go north, and I'll go west,
 And all our dress we'll change.

Some Scottish carle hath seized my love
And borne her to his den,
And ne'er will I tread English ground
Till she is restored agen.

The brothers straight their paths divide,
O'er Scottish hills to range ;
And hide themselves in quaint disguise,
And oft their dress they change.

Sir Bertram, clad in gown of gray,
Most like a palmer poor,
To halls and castles wanders round,
And begs from door to door.

Sometimes a minstrel's garb he wears,
With pipes so sweet and shrill ;
And wends to every tower and town,
O'er every dale and hill.

One day as he sat under a thorn,
All sunk in deep despair,
An aged pilgrim passed him by,
Who marked his face of care.

All minstrels yet that ever I saw,
Are full of game and glee :
But thou art sad and wo-begone ;
I marvel whence it be !

Father, I serve an aged lord,
Whose grief afflicts my mind ;
His only child is stolen away,
And fain I would her find.

Cheer up, my son ; perchance (he said)
Some tidings I may bear ;
For oft when human hopes have failed,
Then heavenly comfort's near.

Behind yon hills, so steep and high,
Down in the lowly glen,
There stands a castle fair and strong,
Far from th' abode of men.

As late I chanced to crave an alms,
About this evening hour,
Methought I heard a lady's voice
Lamenting in the tower.

And when I asked what harm had hapt,
What lady sick there lay ?
They rudely drove me from the gate,
And bade me wend away.

These tidings caught Sir Bertram's ear ;
He thanked him for his tale ;
And soon he hasted o'er the hills,
And soon he reacht the vale.

'Then drawing near those lonely towers,
Which stood in dale so low,
And sitting down beside the gate,
His pipes he 'gan to blow.

Sir porter, is thy lord at home
To hear a minstrel's song ?
Or may I crave a lodging here,
Without offence or wrong ?

My lord, he said, is not at home
To hear a minstrel's song ;
And should I lend thee lodging here,
My life would not be long.

He playd again so soft a strain,
Such power sweet sounds impart,
He won the churlish porter's ear,
And moved his stubborn heart.

Minstrel, he said, thou playst so sweet,
Fair entrance thou shouldst win ;
But, alas ! I'm sworn upon the rood
To let no stranger in.

Yet, minstrel, in yon rising cliff
Thou'lt find a sheltering cave ;
And here thou shalt my supper share,
And there thy lodging have.

All day he sits beside the gate,
And pipes both loud and clear :
All night he watches round the walls,
In hopes his love to hear.

The first night, as he silent watcht,
All at the midnight hour,
He plainly heard his lady's voice
Lamenting in the tower.

The second night the moon shone clear,
And gilt the spangled dew ;
He saw his lady through the grate,
But 'twas a transient view.

The third night, wearied out, he slept
Till near the morning tide,
When, starting up, he seized his sword,
And to the castle hied.

When lo ! he saw a ladder of ropes
Depending from the wall ;
And o'er the moat was newly laid
A poplar strong and tall.

And soon he saw his love descend,
Wrapt in a tartan plaid,
Assisted by a sturdy youth,
In Highland garb y-clad.

Amazed, confounded at the sight,
He lay unseen and still ;
And soon he saw them cross the stream,
And mount the neighbouring hill.

Unheard, unknown of all within,
The youthful couple fly ;
But what can 'scape the lover's ken,
Or shun his piercing eye ?

With silent step he follows close
Behind the flying pair,
And saw her hang upon his arm
With fond familiar air.

Thanks, gentle youth, she often said ;
My thanks thou well hast won :
For me what wiles hast thou contrived !
For me what dangers run !

And ever shall my grateful heart
Thy services repay :—
Sir Bertram would no farther hear,
But cried, Vile traitor, stay !

Vile traitor ! yield that lady up !—
And quick his sword he drew :
The stranger turned in sudden rage,
And at Sir Bertram flew.

With mortal hate their vigorous arms
Gave many a vengeful blow ;
But Bertram's stronger hand prevailed,
And laid the stranger low.

Die, traitor, die!—A deadly thrust
Attends each furious word ;
Ah ! then fair Isabel knew his voice,
And rusht beneath his sword.

O stop, she cried ; O stop thy arm,
Thou dost thy brother slay !—
And here the hermit paused and wept :
His tongue no more could say.

At length he cried, Ye lovely pair,
How shall I tell the rest ?
Ere I could stop my piercing sword,
It fell, and stabbed her breast.

Wert thou thyself that hapless youth ?
Ah ! cruel fate ! they said.
The hermit wept, and so did they :
They sighed ; he hung his head.

O ! blind and jealous rage, he cried,
What evils from thee flow ?
The hermit paused ; they silent mourned ;
He wept, and they were woe.

Ah ! when I heard my brother's name,
And saw my lady bleed,
I raved, I wept, I curst my arm,
That wrought the fatal deed.

In vain I claspt her to my breast,
And closed the ghastly wound ;
In vain I prest his bleeding corpse,
And raised it from the ground.

My brother, alas ! spake never more ;
His precious life was flown ;
She kindly strove to soothe my pain,
Regardless of her own.

Bertram, she said, be comforted,
And live to think on me :
May we in heaven that union prove,
Which here was not to be !

Bertram, she said, I still was true ;
Thou only hadst my heart :
May we hereafter meet in bliss !
We now, alas ! must part.

For thee I left my father's hall,
And flew to thy relief ;
When, lo ! near Chiviot's fatal hills
I met a Scottish chief,

Lord Malcolm's son, whose proffered love
I had refused with scorn ;
He slew my guards, and seized on me
Upon that fatal morn.

And in these dreary hated walls
He kept me close confined,
And fondly sued and warmly prest
To win me to his mind.

Each rising morn increased my pain,
Each night increased my fear :
When wandering in this northern garb,
Thy brother found me here.

He quickly formed his brave design
To set me captive free ;
And on the moor his horses wait,
Tied to a neighbouring tree.

Then haste, my love, escape away,
And for thyself provide,
And sometime fondly think on her
Who should have been thy bride.

Thus pouring comfort on my soul
Even with her latest breath,
She gave one parting fond embrace,
And closed her eyes in death.

In wild amaze, in speechless woe,
Devoid of sense I lay :
Then sudden all in frantic mood
I meant myself to slay :

And rising up in furious haste,
I seized the bloody brand :
A sturdy arm here interposed,
And wrenched it from my hand.

A crowd, that from the castle came,
Had mist their lovely ward,
And seizing me, to prison bare,
And deep in dungeon barred.

It chanced that on that very morn
Their chief was prisoner ta'en :
Lord Percy had us soon exchanged,
And strove to soothe my pain.

And soon those honoured dear remains
To England were conveyed,
And there within their silent tombs
With holy rites were laid.

For me, I loathed my wretched life,
And oft to end it sought ;
Till time, and thought, and holy men,
Had better counsels taught.

They raised my heart to that pure source
Whence heavenly comfort flows :
They taught me to despise the world,
And calmly bear its woes.

No more the slave of human pride,
Vain hope, and sordid care,
I meekly vowed to spend my life
In penitence and prayer.

The bold Sir Bertram now no more,
Impetuous, haughty, wild,
But poor and humble Benedict,
Now lowly, patient, mild.

My lands I gave to feed the poor,
And sacred altars raise,
And here, a lonely anchoret,
I came to end my days.

This sweet sequestered vale I chose,
These rocks, and hanging grove ;
For oft beside that murmuring stream
My love was wont to rove.

My noble friend approved my choice ;
This blest retreat he gave ;
And here I carved her beauteous form,
And scoopt this holy cave.

Full fifty winters, all forlorn,
My life I've lingered here ;
And daily o'er this sculptured saint
I drop the pensive tear.

And thou, dear brother of my heart,
So faithful and so true,
The sad remembrance of thy fate
Still makes my bosom rue !

Yet not unpitied passed my life,
Forsaken, or forgot,
The Percy and his noble son
Would grace my lowly cot.

Oft the great earl, from toils of state
And cumbrous pomp of power,
Would gladly seek my little cell
To spend the tranquil hour.

But length of life is length of woe ;
I lived to mourn his fall :
I lived to mourn his godlike son,
Their friends and followers all.

But thou the honours of thy race,
Loved youth, shalt now restore,
And raise again the Percy name
More glorious than before.

He ceased, and on the lovely pair
His choicest blessings laid,
While they with thanks and pitying tears
His mournful tale repaid.

And now what present course to take,
They ask the good old sire,
And, guided by his sage advice,
To Scotland they retire.

Meantime their suit such favour found
At Raby's stately hall,
Earl Neville and his princely spouse
Now gladly pardon all.

She, suppliant at her nephew's throne,
The royal grace implored :
To all the honours of his race
The Percy was restored.

The youthful earl still more and more
 Admired his beauteous dame :
 Nine noble sons to him she bore,
 All worthy of their name.

[Warkworth Castle, in Northumberland, stands very boldly on a neck of land near the sea-shore, almost surrounded by the river Coquet, (called by our old Latin historians Coqueda,) which runs with a clear rapid stream, but when swollen with rain becomes violent and dangerous.

About a mile from the Castle, in a deep romantic valley, are the remains of an Hermitage; of which the chapel is still entire. This is hollowed with great elegance in a cliff near the river, as are also two adjoining apartments, which probably served for the sacristy and vestry, or were appropriated to some other sacred uses: for the former of these, which runs parallel with the chapel, is thought to have had an altar in it, at which mass was occasionally celebrated, as well as in the chapel itself.

Each of these apartments is extremely small; for that which was the principal chapel does not in length exceed eighteen feet; nor is more than seven feet and a half in breadth and height; it is, however, very beautifully designed and executed in the solid rock; and has all the decorations of a complete gothic Church, or Cathedral in miniature. But what principally distinguishes the chapel, is a small tomb or monument, on the south side of the altar; on the top of which lies a female figure, extended in the manner that effigies are usually exhibited, praying on ancient tombs. This figure, which is very delicately designed, some have ignorantly called an image of the Virgin Mary; though it has not the least resemblance to the manner in which she is represented in the Romish churches, who is usually erect, as the object of adoration, and never in a prostrate or recumbent posture. Indeed the real image of the blessed Virgin probably stood in a small nich, still visible behind the altar; whereas the figure of a Bull's Head, which is rudely carved at this Lady's feet, the usual place for the crest in old monuments, plainly proves her to have been a very different personage.

About the tomb are several other figures; which, as well as the principal one above-mentioned, are cut in the natural rock, in the same manner as the little chapel itself, with all its ornaments, and the two adjoining apartments. What slight traditions are scattered through the country concerning the origin and foundation of this hermitage, tomb, &c., are delivered to the reader in the preceding rhymes.

It is universally agreed, that the founder was one of the Bertram family, which had once considerable possessions in Northumberland, and were anciently Lords of Bothel Castle, situate about ten miles from Warkworth, he has been thought to be the same Bertram that endowed Brinkburn Priory, and built Brenkshaugh Chapel; which both stand in the same winding valley, higher up the river.

But Brinkburn Priory was founded in the reign of King Henry I., whereas the form of the Gothic windows in this chapel, especially of those near the altar, is founded rather to resemble the style of architecture that prevailed about the reign of King Edward III. And indeed that the sculpture in this chapel cannot be much older, appears from the crest which is placed at the Lady's feet on the tomb; for Camden informs us, that armorial crests did not become hereditary till about the reign of King Edward II.

These appearances, still extant, strongly confirm the account given in the poem, and plainly prove that the Hermit of Warkworth was not the same person that founded Brinkburn Priory in the twelfth century, but rather one of the Bertram family who lived at a later period.

It will, perhaps, gratify the curious reader to be informed, that from a word or two formerly legible over one of the chapel doors, it is believed that the text there inscribed was that Latin verse of the Psalmist, which is in our translation, (Ps. xlii. 3.)

MY TEARS HAVE BEEN MY MEAT DAY AND NIGHT.

It is also certain, that the memory of the first Hermit was held in such regard and veneration by the Percy family, that they afterwards maintained a Chantry Priest, to reside in the Hermitage, and celebrate Mass in the chapel, whose allowance, uncommonly liberal and munificent, was continued down to the dissolution of the monasteries; and then the whole salary, together with the Hermitage and all its dependencies, reverted back to the family, having never been endowed in Mortmain.

St. 54. Adjoining to the Cliff, which contains the Chapel of the Hermitage, are the remains of a small building, in which the Hermit dwelt. This consisted of one lower apartment, with a little bed-chamber over it, and is now in ruins: whereas the Chapel, cut in the solid rock, is still very entire and perfect.

St. 63. In the little island of Coquet, near Warkworth, are still seen the ruins of a Cell, which belonged to the Benedictine Monks of Tinemouth-Abbey.

St. 77. This is a Bull's Head, the crest of the Widdrington family. All the figures, &c. here described are still visible, only somewhat effaced with length of time.

St. 93. In Lower Normandy are three places of the name of Percy: whence the family took the surname De Percy.

St. 123. Wark Castle, a fortress belonging to the English, and of great note in ancient times, stood on the southern bank of the river Tweed, a little to the east of Tiviotdale, and not far from Kelso. It is now entirely destroyed.—PERCY.



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